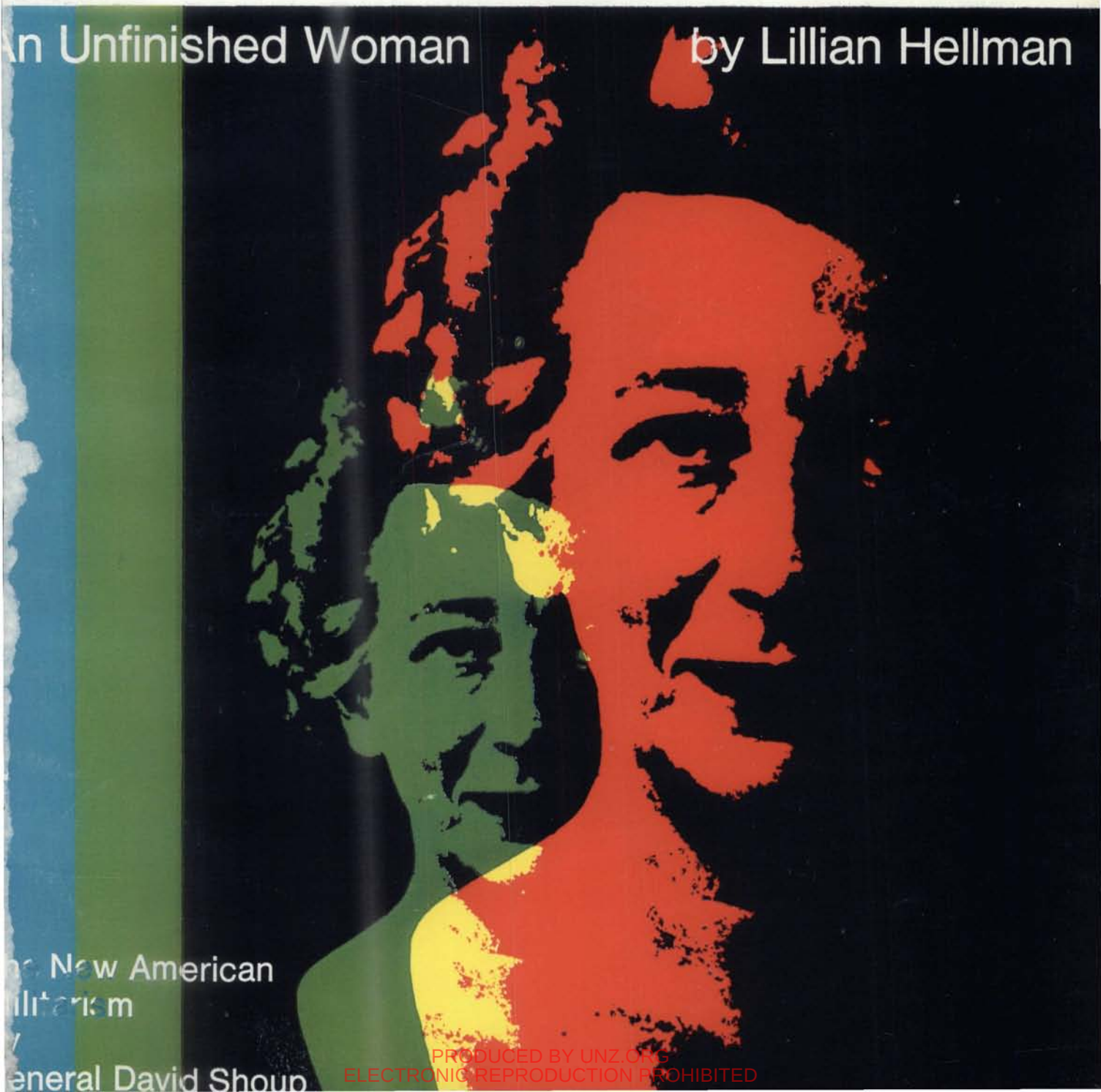


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The New American
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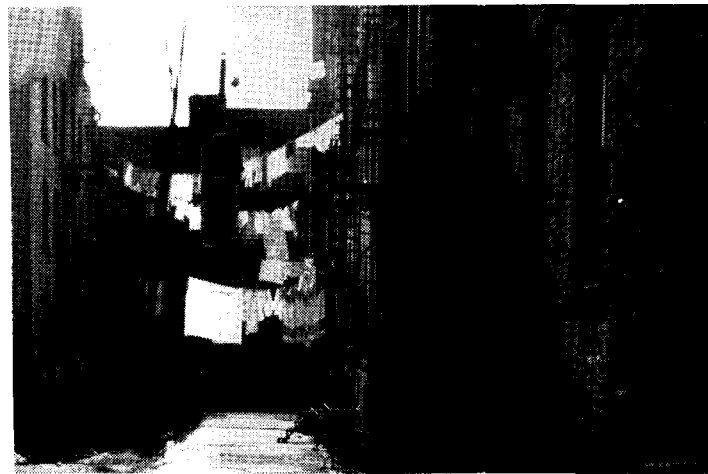
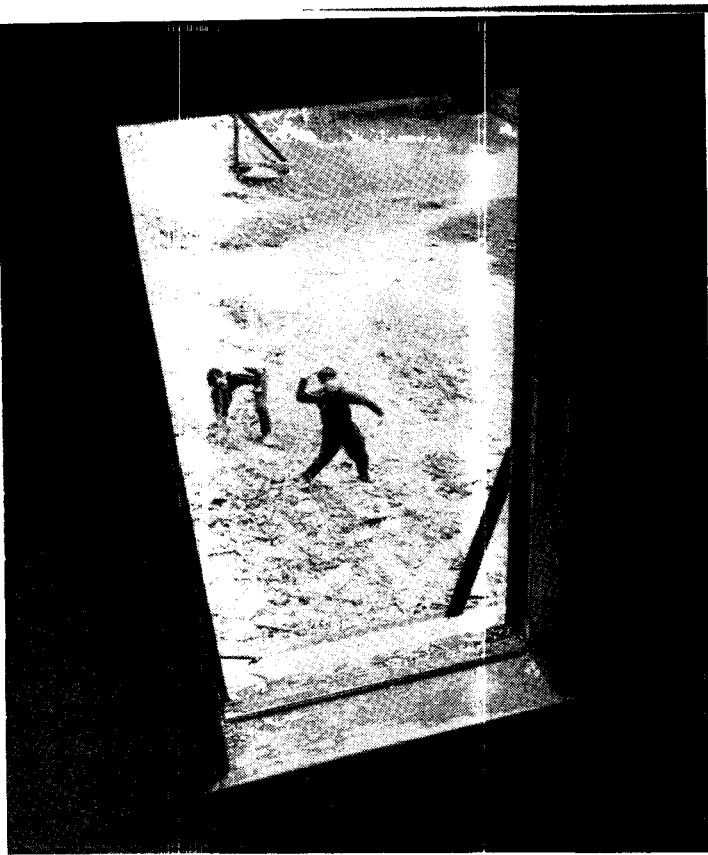
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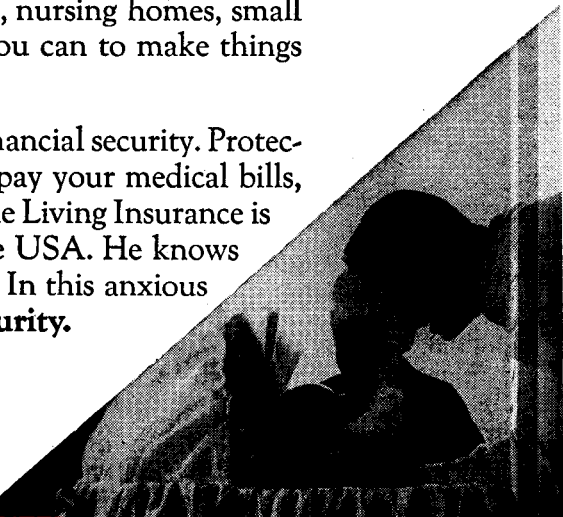
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reports

Washington

There may be no more peculiar period in the life of the nation's capital than when the government changes hands, and there is probably no analogue elsewhere. Status, careers, contacts, incomes, and inside knowledge are all suddenly unset-

Nixon, they still saw the specter of Mr. Johnson's rambling, sometimes frightening, responses. Democrats began to sense they were in deeper trouble than they had thought. As the new group makes its first moves, the old-timers, who have seen it all before, cluck quietly over its naïveté. But for the most part, in the beginning, press, Democrats, and Republicans are all very polite. Within the

Moreover, the White House staff being his direct employees, a President is likely to trust in them more than in Cabinet officers, who have pasts, special constituencies, congressional committees, and futures to serve, in addition to serving the Chief Executive.

When the staff of Daniel P. Moynihan sat down with that of Joseph Califano in the week before the inauguration, the incoming group already numbered twice as many as the departing one. The talk inevitably turned to how to make the Cabinet Departments respond to the White House staff. The Nixon White House was shaping up, one of its members commented, as "a cross between Roosevelt and Eisenhower—organized confusion." What there is not, at least yet, is any single person with the status or the power of a Sherman Adams or, more recently, a Califano. (This is not to say that none of Mr. Nixon's staff coveted such a role. Nor when a Nixon aide asserts, "There is no Califano on this staff," can one be certain whether he is pleased or sorry.) H. R. Haldeman acts as a sort of chief of staff, and daily "action memos" are issued from his office, but, his colleagues say, thus far at least he has not interfered in policy. The positioning of Arthur Burns as an unprecedented counselor with Cabinet rank caused some uneasy stirring inside and outside the White House. Burns's staff is more conservative than that of the Urban Affairs Council, and he is in a position to have an impact on all domestic and economic policies. But Mr. Burns does not appear to have strong instincts for power, and there is even a theory among knowledgeable people that Mr. Nixon placed him there, among other reasons, so that no "czar" could emerge.



tled, and it is some time before new and perceivable patterns become fixed. The town becomes preoccupied, almost obsessed, with sorting out the new order of things, and with counting up one's own debits and credits as a result of the change. There is an unconquerable tendency to compare everything with the way things were before, making all of us suddenly sound, and feel, very old. The *Götterdämmerung* exit of Lyndon Johnson and the slow, almost mysterious entrance of Mr. Nixon heightened the sense of displacement. Longtime Nixon-haters, who are plentiful here—they include members of the press—were unhinged by the President's good beginning; the acclaim for the President's press conferences was intensified by the fact that as the reporters sat in the East Room watching Mr.

new Administration, there is a good deal of going about and reassuring that one has no ambitions but to do one's job, no desire for power or territory—just one team.

None of this will last, of course, and everyone knows it, but it is a rather civilized and even restful ritual.

White House positioning

Campaign talk and obediently printed newspaper leaks notwithstanding, Mr. Nixon has built up the largest and potentially most powerful White House staff in history. It is standard litany to talk about "downgrading" the White House staff. Government being as complex as it is, however, if the President wants to be in charge, he has no choice but to make his own staff very strong.

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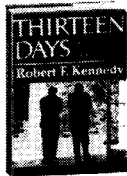
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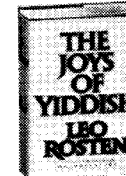
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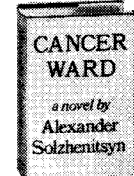
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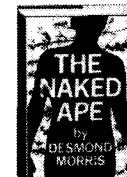
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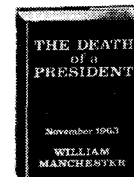
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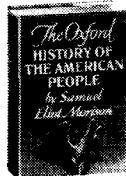
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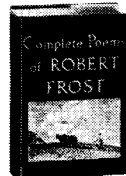
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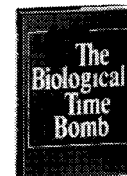
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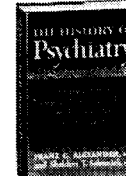
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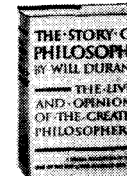
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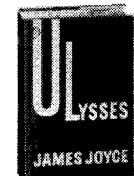
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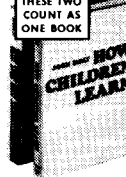
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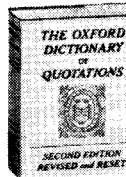
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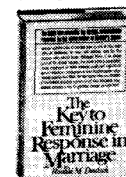
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Washington

Interestingly enough, for a government not exactly marked by a bounce to its step, there are more men under thirty on the Nixon White House staff than there have been on all previous White House staffs combined. Part of this has to do simply with the sheer size of the staff, and part with its origins. Most of the young men are technicians drawn from the Nixon presidential campaign, and some are bright young men plucked by Moynihan, through his Harvard contacts, for his own staff.

The speed with which Henry Kissinger assembled a staff of some of the ablest men, in and out of Washington, regardless of party, even snatching some of the really first-class minds in the State Department, shook foreign policy and defense circles here. Some of these men formerly had held very high jobs elsewhere in the government, and everyone knows that they would turn in a title only in exchange for power. At this point, the new foreign policy machinery is a highly—without doubt overly—structured affair. There are several levels and groupings to the Kissinger staff itself: one for general oversight of government policies in each of the regions—Latin America, Africa, the Middle East, and so on—or subjects such as arms control or economics; “program assistants,” who are senior people to handle specific crisis areas, such as the Middle East at present, or Vietnam, or events such as the visit of a foreign minister; and some junior members to do long-range studies and planning. Among the members of the staff are Helmut Sonnenfeldt, formerly of the State Department and perhaps the brightest student of Soviet affairs in Washington, and Morton Halperin, formerly of the Defense Department's International Security Affairs staff, the group which turned Clark Clifford, and ultimately Lyndon Johnson, around on the Vietnam War. Having been noticed and written about, Kissinger's National Security Council staff has been instructed not to talk to the press and has been “discouraged” from having its own dealings with embassies; Mr. Nixon has been at pains to point out how important the State Department is, and what a

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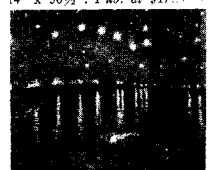
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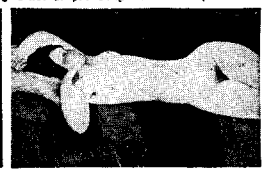
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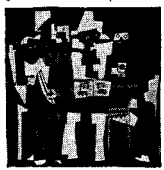
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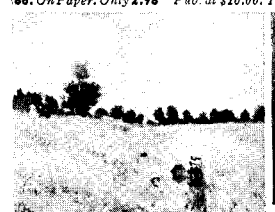
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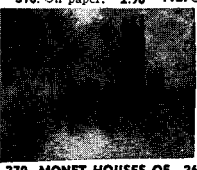
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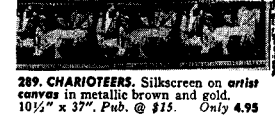
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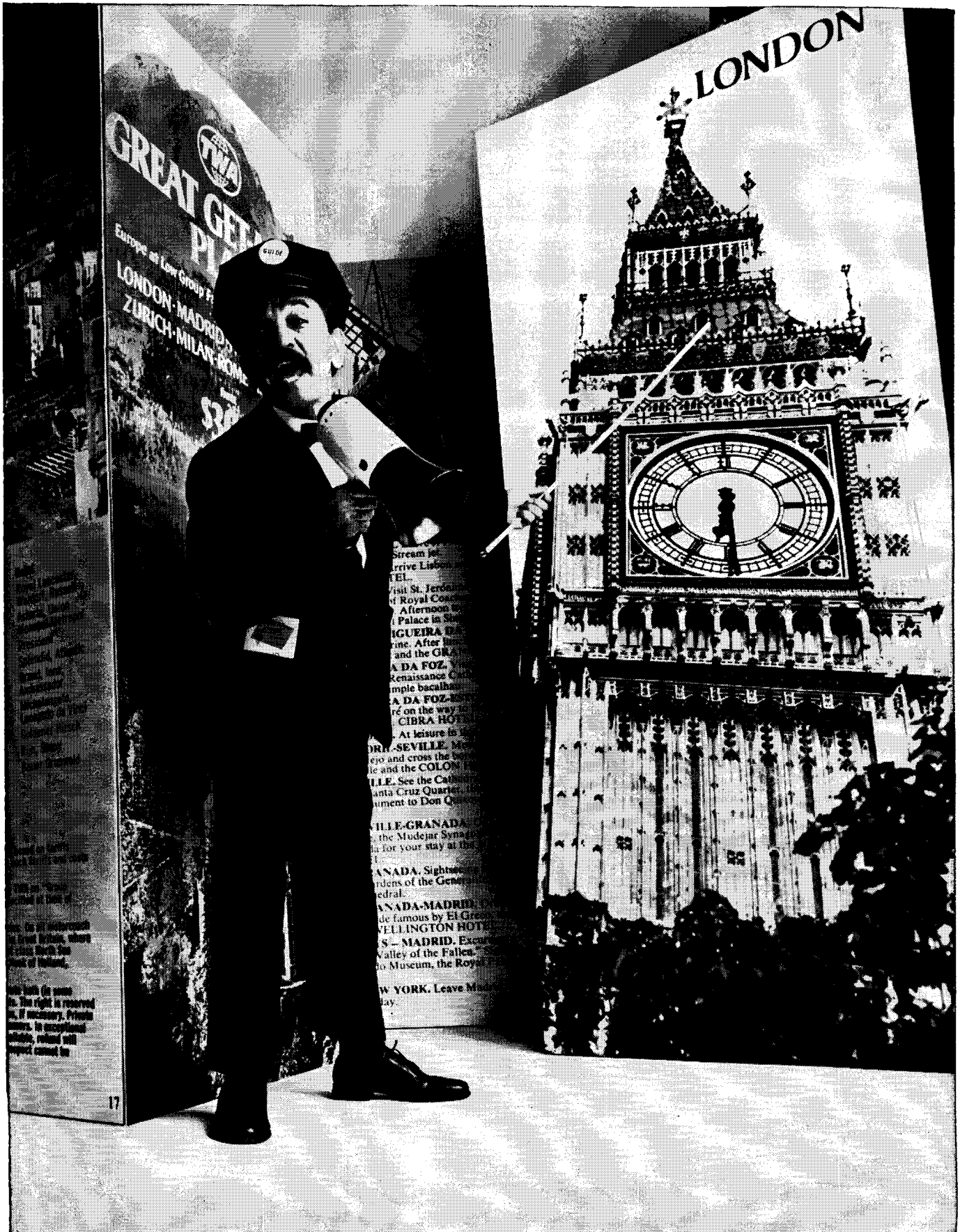
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good friend Bill Rogers has always been.

Mr. Nixon, however, appears to be proceeding with no illusions about the capacities of the State Department to provide him with fresh policy options or detached information. Moreover, in January, before most of the rest of the new government officials had found their offices, there was a subterranean power struggle between the NSC staff, which persuaded the President to dismantle the State Department's key (if largely unused) instrument for coordinating government-wide foreign policy—the Senior Interdepartmental Group—and State Department staff men who persuaded Undersecretary U. Alexis Johnson to persuade Secretary Rogers to fight back. The result was a compromise and, inevitably, more interagency committees—one for the Undersecretary and another one, called the Review Committee, for the NSC.

The State Department is, in fact, even more firmly in the grip of the traditional Foreign Service than before. The Service had battled for the establishment of an Undersecretary for Political Affairs, to be filled by a career Foreign Service Officer. Ironically, the Young Turks of the Foreign Service waged the battle in order to improve their own status and morale within a top-heavy organization, only to see the post given to Johnson, the most senior of the Foreign Service, a devoted supporter of President Johnson's Vietnam policy and a friend of Dean Rusk, who lobbied hard for Alexis Johnson to receive the job. The Foreign Service was also able to entrench itself during the lengthy time Rogers spent establishing his own men in the Department, a process that was not completed while the President was making fundamental decisions about Vietnam and the Middle East and taking his trip to Europe.

The key point about the Kissinger staff, as about Moynihan's, is that they were off and running early, and well chosen, and therefore in positions to do work which is "better staffed-out," as they say here, than were the Cabinet officers, who were still selecting assistants. Moreover, they are in the building, with more opportunity to catch the king's ear.

As George Ball has put it, "Nothing propinques like propinquity."

Committee-happy

This Administration is committee-happy, but the older hands around town are betting that it won't last long. One can get odds on whether some of the committees or the Sunday White House prayer meetings will be the first to go. Mr. Nixon was warned in the report of the task force on government organization that no committee of more than three can operate successfully for any length of time. They tend to become bureaucratic in themselves, wanting everything presented to them, and on paper, before there is a decision, slowing action even further. They are time-consuming for the principals, who must sit through discussions of issues of no concern to them. Committees therefore have a way of withering away in disuse. The real work is done around them, or under them, by the people most involved in the problem at hand.

Sic transit

About a month after the election, there appeared a story in the *Washington Post* with the headline, "Nixon Plans Wide Housecleaning in Government, Key Aide Says." John Mitchell told a group of investment bankers, the story said, that "Nixon considered the lack of a thorough changeover one of the biggest errors of the Eisenhower Administration." Those who were here at the time say that the incoming Eisenhower group talked much the same way. Yet the most striking thing about the Nixon take-over was how long it took and how thin it was, and how many lives and even entire government agencies were suspended in confusion. An astonishing number of Johnson Administration officials have been kept on, and, accustomed to the power and the inside poop, they are delighted.

Around the middle of January, one Cabinet officer came to the office of a Department official who had been assuming, with regret, that his future lay elsewhere, and said, "I hope you're not thinking of leaving." Surprised, the official replied, "Well, among other things, I worked for Mr. Humphrey's election." "Hubert?" replied the Cabinet officer.

"Great guy!" The official is still there.

There are a number of reasons why Mitchell's prediction did not pan out. For one thing, Republicans, almost by definition, do not seem to have the same zest for government as Democrats. For another, the group that has come in seems largely to be one with limited contacts, and also limited daring for reaching out to the unknown. The law firms and universities which virtually staffed the past Democratic Administrations have barely been touched. Businessmen, in general, are not all that interested in serving, except perhaps at the very top. Once here, moreover, they often have a miserable time of it. They are accustomed to a command structure, clear organization charts, and the ability to fire employees, none of which are features of office life here. Younger businessmen have expressed reluctance to leave their firms, for fear of losing their slot on the promotion list. This bespeaks failure to understand the interconnections that have developed between business and government in the past eight years. It is difficult to think of any recent government man with any sort of responsibility and exposure who, if he wanted to, did not land in a handsome business position afterward. Finally, the difficulty in attracting people into the new Administration has also been attributed to the extent to which crime in the streets of Washington was discussed during the campaign.

One result of all this was that despite all the publicity about a "smooth" transition, there was little transition at all. Johnson officials had earnestly collected data and briefing books, but often found that there was no one to "transish" with. This meant, in turn, that the Nixon Administration lost time, which, for all of their talk about the virtues of moving slowly, they may come to regret as the congressional season warms up.

Togetherness

There are two kinds of Nixon associates: those who, when one says "Spiro Agnew," stare at the carpet; and those who, when the Vice President is mentioned, respond, "He won the election for us." There are a number of people around Nixon who

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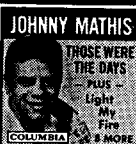
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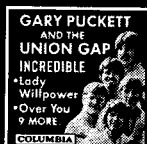
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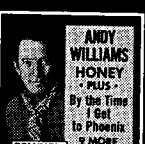
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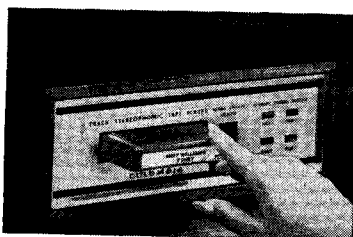
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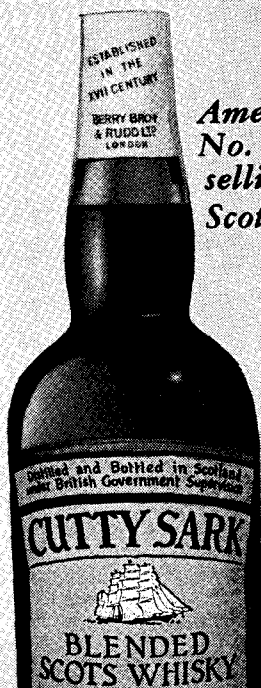


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Washington

did argue and still maintain that he could have won a larger victory with a vice presidential candidate more identified with the cities and the young; yet they have only hypothesis, not victory, on their side.

Mr. Nixon has been talking, as Presidents do, about being President of all the people, but a major preoccupation here is watching the struggle for the Administration's conscience, and its signals to the North or to the South. The obvious trouble with trying to emit both is that they can become mixed, as in the Administration's first moves on school desegregation, where HEW Secretary Robert Finch is the man in the middle. Yet sometimes it works: Mr. Nixon went to 7th Street, which had been left in rubble since the riot last April, and announced a project to clean it up (he even got himself called "soul brother" by someone in the crowd, an event his aides say was a surprise to all), both very important signals. That afternoon he announced a crime package, most of which picked up proposals of a Johnson-appointed commission on crime, but which also included provisions for preventive detention.

The Office of Economic Opportunity was preserved, less the Job Corps, which goes to the Labor Department, and Head Start, which goes to HEW. OEO has no reason to feel secure; neither has it been wiped entirely from the map, as had been expected. "These people are working late into the night," said one Negro Democrat here, in grudging admiration. The task forces appointed to advise the President-elect were largely liberal, and there has been a great deal of informal solicitation of advice and help from people here far more liberal than Mr. Nixon, at least as he sounded in his campaign. (Leonard Garment, a former Nixon law partner and the most liberal of the campaign entourage, has set up a law office in Washington, but seems to spend most of his time acting as a go-between for liberals and the White House, and troubleshooting for the President. It is a convenient arrangement. A law firm with a former partner who is President of the United States can well afford it; Garment can do little chores and make in-

quiries which might be too delicate for an official White House representative, and he is a useful line into the Administration for outsiders.)

How much of this is just for show will become clearer in the coming months, and as the Administration finds its own policies, there will inevitably be a tightening of some of the lines of communication and power. In the meantime, it is a rather pleasant change from former Administrations, which came in believing that they had inherited all knowledge. More fundamentally, it would appear that Mr. Nixon realizes that he was elected with a mandate that could spell trouble; that the country cannot be governed with the blacks and the cities up in arms.

On the other side are the Southerners, in particular renegade Southern Democrats, who have been given high Administration jobs. J. Phil Campbell, for example, the Undersecretary of Agriculture, comes out of the Georgia agricultural establishment—he was Commissioner of Agriculture for the state—traditionally a stronghold of white landowner supremacy. Winton M. Blount announced at his first press conference that in addition to trying to get pieces of mail to their destination—which would be a major achievement—he will be looking into the possibility of getting Southern Democrats into the Republican Party. John Mitchell, now Attorney General, was Nixon's campaign manager and a major supporter of the Agnew strategy, and his deputy, Richard Kleindienst, was a key Goldwater aide.

Yet Strom Thurmond and Barry Goldwater and their followers have reason, from their role in securing Mr. Nixon's nomination, to expect more deference than has yet been shown them. There will be continuing, serious ideological struggles within the Administration. It is very possible that the 1968 Nixon coalition will come apart under the strain, and that it will be the right and the South which take a walk.

Cabinet notes

Robert Finch is the star of the Cabinet here so far, an important reason being that he enjoys the press, and the members of the press, like most human beings, respond to that

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sort of thing. Moreover, he is the youngest of the Secretaries, and he comes on as the can-do guy, a style that is very popular around here. He is a liberal in an essentially liberal town. Mr. Romney, to be sure, is a can-do type, and his zeal to get on with things is very much in order at the Department of Housing and Urban Development. But there is also some feeling that his evangelism and volubility will get him in trouble (he reportedly does not hold his peace in Cabinet meetings, even to the President), and he has been readier than others to fight with his colleagues over turf.

Conservation is like civil rights in that there are certain code words and phrases that everyone understands. The point about Mr. Hickel's early mishaps is that he uttered all of the code words—federal lands should not be put "under lock and key," no point in "conservation for conservation's sake," and so on—revealing a state of mind which sent the conservationists to arms. Conservationists are among the most vigorous letter writers in the country, and they have just about doubled in number in the past few years, so that congressional offices were deluged. The Democrats, of course, loved it, though there was never a chance that Hickel would not be confirmed. The Interior Department, usually ignored by the press, has now become a popular beat, and the oil lobbyists are said to be suffering a bad case of nerves. It could just turn out that Mr. Hickel, who will be watched as no Interior Secretary before him, unwittingly advanced the cause of conservation in a way that would make Gifford Pinchot proud.

Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard has taken over so much of the responsibility of running the Pentagon that not long ago an exchange between Secretary Melvin R. Laird and the press, interrupted by the loud sound of a drilling machine, included the following asides:

Laird: We are carefully going over all of these items to see that the priorities which have been established within the budget are correct. . . . I think we had better get that drill turned off right now.

(Laughter)

(Applause)

Drill starts.

(Laughter)

Laird: Well, I don't know what we're going to do about that.

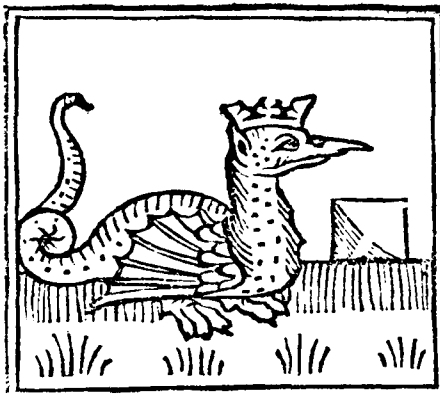
Reporter: Assign that to Packard.

Laird: I think Mr. Packard has been given enough responsibility.

Packard was assigned the thorough review of all weapons systems and the budget and of the *Pueblo* mess. Moreover, he was given responsibility by the President for a government-wide review of the United States's strategic position and world commitments, the sort of review that was suggested, not coincidentally, in Carl Kaysen's chapter in the Brookings Institution's "Agenda for the Nation." The study was pushed by the National Security Council staff, in the hope that Packard would become convinced that a fundamental revision of policy is in order. It was made government-wide so that he would hear other views than those prevailing at the Pentagon. And the assignment, it is said, was given to him not only because of the strong role he was already playing, but also in the hope—how justified, no one yet knows—that his record of enormous contributions to education, Negro, and urban causes could lead to his becoming the "humanist" of the Pentagon.

—Elizabeth B. Drew

Brazil



For a year intermittent riots, bombings, angry street demonstrations, daylight violence, and other forms of popular manifestations against the Costa e Silva regime have erupted throughout the country. At least a score have been killed, hundreds injured, and thousands arrested. (Exact figures are unknown since the government does not make them public.) The diverse elements in Brazilian society—labor, the Church, the press, academe, and the arts—have felt, with justification, estranged from the government since

the 1964 revolution ushered in the "reign of the generals" and led to the creation of a hybrid form of government which defies definition except in the eye of the partisan beholder.

For four years Brazil's governing military elite has been offering with artless deception the notion that it was fashioning a popular revolution. By mid-December this elaborately contrived charade was unmasked. In one impetuous stroke, President-Marshal Artur da Costa e Silva invoked the "Fifth Institutional Act," which declared a state of siege, closed Congress, imposed tight press censorship, suspended individual rights, including that of habeas corpus, and led to the imprisonment of some 200 oppositionists and journalists. The act, in reality a decree beyond judicial appeal, was the vehicle which formally returned this sprawling, untamed giant of a country back to the folds of totalitarianism reminiscent of the Vargas era.

Following the adoption of the sweeping new powers by Costa e Silva last December (predictably provoked, according to the government, by the increasing intrusion of "subversive elements"), Washington expressed the hope that the crack-down was only temporary and would soon be relaxed. This proved to be wishful thinking. In subsequent action, the military regime further tightened its grip; it broadened its purge of public figures to include thirty-three members of Congress, recessed five state legislatures, decreed that foreigners may be expelled from the country without investigation on charges of "acting against the national security," and removed from the Supreme Court three justices who had been associates of Goulart and Kubitschek. The latter measure, unprecedented in Brazilian history, caused Chief Justice Antonio Goncalves de Oliveira to resign. The Chief Justice gave no reason, other than to say, "Silence speaks for me, for my gesture speaks louder than words."

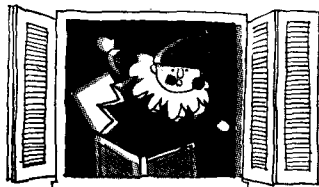
In another significant development, Interior Minister General Afonso de Albuquerque Lima resigned in January, the first member of Costa e Silva's cabinet to do so, leading to outside speculation of internal dissension in the government. More likely, however, Albuquerque

The C guide to



le Voyage par Air France

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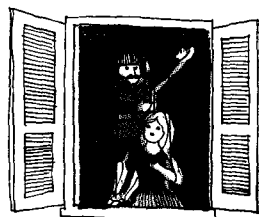


Magasins de jouets

Superb continental toys can be seen and bought at: Le Chaperon Bleu 14-bis, ave. Hoche, Farandole 48, ave. Victor-Hugo, Au Nain Bleu 406-410, rue St.-Honoré, Paris' oldest toy store with celebrity customers from all over the world and a stock to fit Baby Train 9, rue du Petit-Pont, fantastic miniature train store, the bulk of whose customers, needless to say, are adults.

les Baby-sitters

You can find suitable baby-sitters through these organizations: L'Association des Etudiants en Médecine ODEon 25-44, Comité des Oeuvres d'Etudiants DANton 07-49, Azur Baby-Sitter 265-69-26. In addition, For Children Only offers half-day and full-day chaperoned excursions for young people through Taylor Travel Service ANJou 68-31. The number to call for help concerning children helping in Paris alone is 225-91-88.



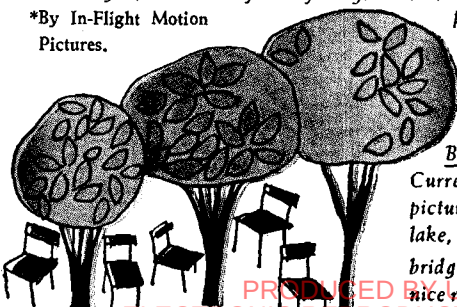
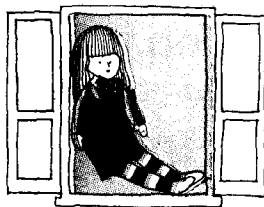
Marionnettes

The famous Guignol shows are performed during the summer months once or twice every afternoon in the Tuileries, Luxembourg and Champs-Élysées Gardens (the last being the oldest puppet show in Paris). In the winter months: André Blin Marionnettes 77, rue de Bagneux (Thursdays only), and Claude & Daniel Brazillier 76, rue Mouffetard.

Vêtements

The children's wear departments of the large department stores are a good place to find reasonably-priced clothes—the kind Parisian children wear. In addition, the following shops offer the fancier type of things you'd expect to find in Paris: Bellina 7, Fbg. St.-Honoré, top luxury togs; Celine 3, ave. Victor-Hugo, shoes for boys and girls; La Châtelaine 170, ave. Victor-Hugo, the kind of clothes visiting royalty buys to bring home; Jones 39, ave. Victor-Hugo, extraordinary collection of clothes for boys and girls from infancy to 18; Baby Dior 28, ave. Montaigne, the name says everything.

*By In-Flight Motion Pictures.



Curiosités

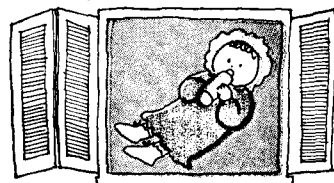
Excursions to the following will delight almost any child: Dog Market 106, rue Brancion, Sundays, 2-4 PM; Donkey and Mule Market, same place, Mon. Wed. Fri. mornings; Miniature Trains 6, cité du Midi, 3 & 8 PM (except Wed.), children can drive miniature trains; Musée Grevin 10, blvd. Montmartre, 2-7 PM daily, fantastic and historical waxworks tableaux; Open-Air Stamp Market corner, aves. Garbriel & Marigny, Thurs. Sat. Sun., Paris Metro, the illuminated mechanical map is a must—you press a button for your destination and the route lights up; Eiffel Tower, a trip up, up, up, is even more fun for children than for adults. You can arrange to have the Eiffel Tower flood-lit just for the kids at a time of your choice; all you need is two days' notice to the Cabinet du Préfet de la Seine, and \$55.00 an hour; Seine Boat Rides, from Alma (right bank) and Jena (left bank) Bridges, boat tours leave almost every half-hour from 10:30 AM to 5 PM.

Parcs

There's a real amusement park with rides, funny mirrors, a miniature train, and a miniature motor-racing track at the Jardin d'Acclimatation (zoo to you). The zoo part has lions, bears, etc. Open from 9 AM to nightfall. Also here, a bowling alley open until 2 AM. Plus a miniature golf-course 57 rue Cuvier. Other parks with special-interest events include: Jardin des Plantes, with a winter-garden, live animals, reptiles, aquarium, stuffed animals, paleontology, etc.; Buttes Chaumont, Place Armand Currell at Belleville, is the most picturesque park in Paris—small lake, 100 ft. waterfall, a suspension bridge, puppet theater, swings, nice restaurant.

Théâtres

For the very young (for whom language is not yet a problem): Théâtre des Enfants Modèles, Salle-Chopin-Pleyel 252, Fbg. St.-Honoré, 3 PM; Théâtre des Enfants, Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, 3 PM; Théâtre le Kaleïdoscope 5, rue Frédérique-Sauton, 2:30 and 4:45 PM.



les Snacks

The best ice-cream in Paris? Try Berthillon 31, rue St. Louis-en l'Île. When the kids must have a hamburger or milkshake, Le Drugstore 133, Champs-Élysées, and the Pam-Pam and Wimpy luncheonettes.

Vocabulaire

yes: oui
toilet: lavabo
I am hungry: j'ai faim
I am thirsty: j'ai soif
ice-cream: la glace
please: s'il vous plaît

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Washington, 337-8711
Los Angeles, 625-7171
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Miami, 379-6444
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Brazil

Lima's decision presages an extension of the military's reign. Shortly before his resignation, he advocated the prolongation of the revolutionary movement for another decade. Albuquerque Lima has now returned to the army, the ideal base in these times for launching a bid for the presidency.

Paranoid reaction

Ironically, the incident which provoked the military into a paranoid reaction—or, at least, the pretext given for it—was a relatively minor one involving an indifferent political figure. Its genesis dates back to August when Sr. Marcio Moreira Alves, a demagogic federal deputy from Guanabara (Rio de Janeiro), uttered a string of blasphemous remarks about the armed forces from the sanctuary of the floor of Congress. The military, already pushed to the limits of restraint by student demonstrations, haughtily contended its honor had been impugned and demanded retribution. Properly incensed, Justice Minister Luiz An-

tonio Gama e Silva directed the federal Supreme Court to require Congress to lift Sr. Alves' parliamentary immunity so he could be tried for his transgressions within the confines of revolutionary justice.

Since the government party, ARENA (National Renovating Alliance), enjoyed a 2-to-1 majority in Congress, the bemedaled brass surrounding Costa e Silva confidently presumed the proposed action would be merely an exercise in parliamentary procedure. But the Congress, misused in the past and now seeing its limited prerogatives further trampled, defiantly voted 216 to 141 to deny the government's request. More than seventy ARENA members crossed over to the opposition, sending the military into something like a state of apoplexy.

Once the shock over Congress' recalcitrance had subsided, the hard-line general officers perceived that this was the moment to press their claims for tighter control. Caught between the public unrest and his autocratic generals, the harassed Costa e Silva abandoned his moderate position and assumed extraor-

dinary powers, converting his government to a full-dress military dictatorship. It was not lost on Costa e Silva that the military had put him in office and the military could just as easily put him out of office. The threat was implicit in their demands.

Carnival of blunders

A mild-mannered, slow-moving man who enjoys card playing, Western movies, and three-hour siestas (Brazilians say that if an alarm clock were thrown in the presidential bedroom, it would cause a government crisis), Costa e Silva has neither the disposition nor the experience for popular leadership. His two years in office have been marked by a paralysis of leadership, a carnival of blunders, and a lack of cohesion within the government. On one notable occasion, three different ministries released different versions of the government's new minimum-wage law.

Another time one minister declared unconstitutional a program proudly unveiled by a colleague. And for more than a year the armed forces have been locked in an internecine quarrel over whether to buy French or U.S. jet fighters. Compounding the confusion, at least three ministers have their eye on the 1971 presidential election, an event which might well have been scuttled by recent developments. As the highly respected newspaper *Jornal do Brasil* put it last fall: "No previous government was ever endowed with so many powers to tackle questions, but no other previous government ever showed such a lack of decision and initiative."

Costa e Silva's principal accomplishment has been to maintain planned economic development on the pattern of his predecessor, Humberto Castelo Branco. Yet it was only a matter of time before public discontent would boil over because of repressive social and political measures. This, in turn, led to the "Fifth Institutional Act."

Crackdown

The mass of Brazilians will probably not find much variance in their daily lives under the new dictatorship. The right of habeas corpus, for instance, was commonly abused during the regimes of Castelo Branco and Costa e Silva. People were often

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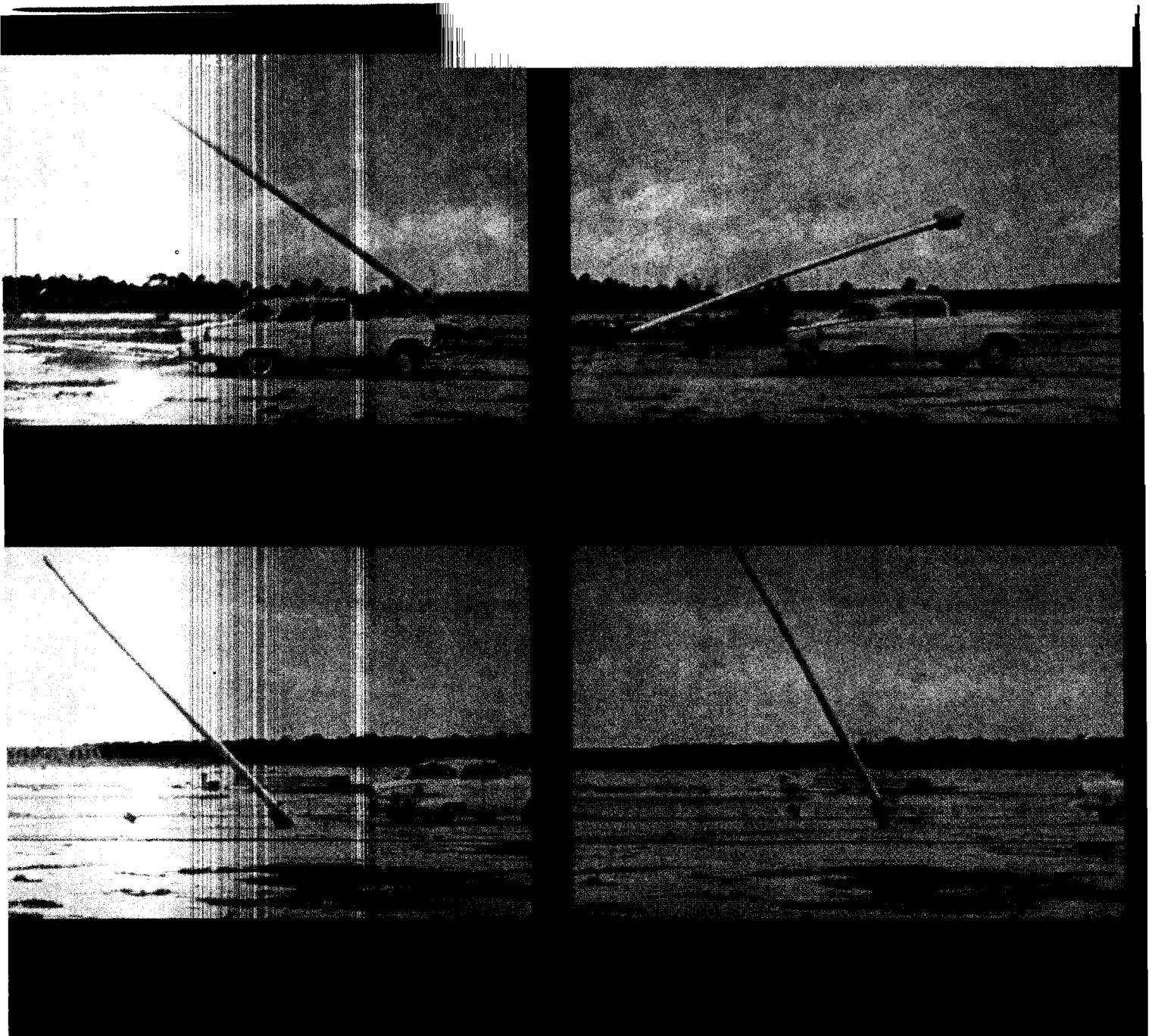
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in highway safety?"...the men at Reynolds
helped develop
aluminum light poles
that give the
driver a break.**



Photos taken during impact test at University of Miami; speed of car — 55 m.p.h.

It's a grim fact that many of the more serious highway accidents occur just off the highway: cars veering off the road, hitting trees, signs, butments, light poles.

State highway commissions are fighting this problem with properly engineered lighting systems. And for even greater safety, many are using aluminum breakaway light poles, developed by leading manufacturers working with the men at Reynolds.

These poles are strong enough to stand up in hurricanes, but they'll break off at the base when a speeding car hits them. The pole absorbs most of the shock of impact.

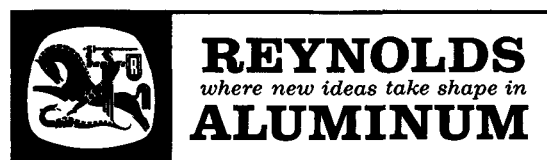
The life-saving ability of aluminum light poles is a matter of record in New Jersey, where they've been used for years. In one five-year period, cars crashed into the aluminum poles some 2,000 times without a fatality. In most cases there were no major injuries and no secondary accidents caused by the lightweight poles falling.

Weighing about half as much as steel, aluminum poles cost less to install, are moved more easily when damaged, never need painting.

Light poles are just one example of the way aluminum is being put to work for safer, more economical highway applications. Highway departments are specifying more and more aluminum signs, transition and bridge rails, median barriers, aluminum fences and glare screens.

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ATL-4-69

Brazil

arrested and jailed without formal charges being filed against them. Various individual rights were dishonored; protest demonstrations, as a case in point, were summarily banned last summer. I know of a young woman who was harassed by the secret police because she had been to Moscow as a student and continued to take Russian language lessons in Rio de Janeiro. Censorship of the arts has long been enforced: every movie, stage play, and TV program has to be approved by a federal censorship board prior to exhibition.

Before Costa e Silva's move, however, the nation's newspapers and magazines were more or less free to criticize the government, which they did with increasing gusto. Freedom of the press was proudly cited by both Castelo Branco and Costa e Silva as tangible proof of a representative government. But today, the Brazilian press is silenced.

Almost equally significant in the government's crackdown was the arrest of former President Juscelino Kubitschek and Carlos Lacerda, a perennial dissenting politician whose tongue and pen have toppled governments. The regime's action against the two gives evidence of its deep sense of insecurity. Kubitschek, whose political rights have long been suspended, remains one of the most popular political figures in Brazil, and Lacerda is regarded as a dragon slayer.

School scandal

If public disturbances had centered on the country's educational system alone, there would have been reason enough for trouble. Archaic, neglected, and formalized to a fault, it ranks as one of the worst in the hemisphere and undoubtedly is a contributing factor to Brazil's sluggish development. An idea of the magnitude of its ineptness can be gained from a few facts and statistics.

Although Brazil boasts a population of almost 90 million, it has but 50 universities with facilities for only an estimated 180,000 university students (Argentina with one quarter the population has more); only slightly more than 7 percent of the federal budget is allocated for education, less than half as much as is

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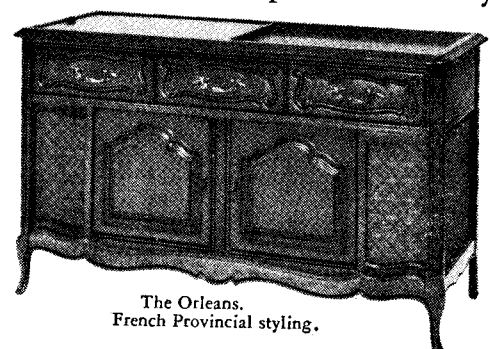
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spent on the military; universities, which charge only a nominal tuition, are preserved for the sons and daughters of the elite and the influential since most secondary schools are expensive private institutions beyond the reach of the underprivileged; the country's 30,000 professors spend only an average of three to six hours a week teaching and more often than not turn their classes over to assistants. Despite Brazil's crying need for technicians, the university system continues to emphasize the classics in the old French manner (the Brazilians are avid admirers of French culture).

Perhaps the saddest commentary on Brazil's educational operation was pointed up in a Latin-American survey which showed that in 1957 there were 6 million children in the country without schools, while eight years later in 1965 the figure rose to 8 million. The illiteracy rate was pegged at higher than 50 percent of the total population.

Over the last several years the United States has poured more than \$100 million into Brazilian educational projects. But this has met with indifferent success because of the xenophobic conviction that the United States was bent on exporting "cultural imperialism" to brainwash Brazilians.

Trend to the right

The effects of the assumption of dictatorial powers by the Costa e Silva government are far-reaching and foreboding:

Costa e Silva's action settles once and for all the intragovernment struggle between the hard-liners and those espousing a more conciliatory posture. It makes a mockery of his pledge to "humanize" the revolutionary government.

It demolishes the unorthodox governmental structure built after the 1964 coup and betrays the revolution's original intent of leading Brazil back to a form of limited democracy.

It will probably produce a new government party, since the ARENA failed (in one noble gesture) to match the military's concept of (blind) party loyalty.

It almost certainly will drive the antigovernment movement underground and perhaps eventually give rise to guerrilla warfare.

It makes the United States, which

was an active accomplice in the 1964 revolution, look like a bad broker, and puts Washington in the position of providing a repressive military dictatorship with a sizable measure of foreign aid.

It confirms the antidemocratic trend in Latin America.

Today, Costa e Silva is a captive of his own generals. He may be excused the privilege of laboring under the illusion that he is the leader of his country, but unless he acquiesces to the wishes of the hard-line military cabal, he will likely find he is dispensable to its plans.

—Dom Bonafede

The Deep-Sea Bed

A nation with a chance to expand its borders double- or triple-fold would normally be considered quite fortunate. The United States is faced with such a prospect but finds it less a fortuitous circumstance than a very deceptive dilemma.

The real estate involved is the seabed of the deep ocean. The opportunity for the United States lies in muscular marine technology and permissive international law. The emergence of marine mineral extraction, particularly oil, makes the seabed a target for exploitation and vulnerable to claims of sovereignty. In 1945, the United States extended its sovereignty to include the seabed of the adjacent continental shelf (which goes out to a depth of 200 meters) and invited other nations to do likewise. In 1958, the international Law of the Sea Conference exceeded this invitation by adopting a Convention on the Continental Shelf. The convention declares that a nation's shelf can extend "to a depth of 200 metres or, beyond that limit, to where the depth of the superjacent waters admits of the exploitation of the natural resources." Dr. Wilbert Chapman, a former State Department official in marine matters, observes, "A fishing vessel may not wreck on such a defined continental shelf, but a Ship of State could."

This generous extension—or loophole, as many critics claim—could provide a means for the United States, with its broad ocean frontage and its marine technology, to claim eventually much of the seabed of the North Atlantic and the North and

Central Pacific. At the same time, the obvious international implications of such claims provide a rationale for some sort of international control over the deep-sea bed.

Undersea power

In a speech in 1967 advocating international control over the seabed, Malta's delegate to the UN, Dr. Arvid Pardo, put forth four general reasons for such a move. First, international control could prevent a "land grab" conducive to tense diplomatic confrontations. ("We would see a scramble for land like the one in Africa and Asia in the last century.") Second, international control could prevent an arms race from engulfing the seabed. Third, international control could regulate marine pollution that might affect seabed resources such as sea disposal of radioactive wastes. Fourth, international control could ensure that the financial gains from seabed exploitation "be used primarily to promote the development of poor countries."

This proposal was submitted to the UN as a suggestion, not a resolution. In response, the UN Assembly voted (93 to zero) to form an Ad Hoc Committee to Study the Peaceful Uses of the Seabed and Ocean Floor Beyond the Limits of Jurisdiction. Better known as the Ad Hoc Committee of 35—based on the number of member nations—this committee submitted its report last fall to the UN Assembly. Despite the shortage of time and the wide range of nations represented—from landlocked Austria to sea-girt Ceylon to Russia and the United States—the report announced a "measure of agreement" on the need for an international regime on seabed exploitation, and on restriction to peaceful purposes.

Now the UN has unanimously agreed to establish a Permanent Committee on Peaceful Uses of the Seabed to see if agreement could be reached on deep-sea bed boundaries, and an international authority to manage it. The UN also by unanimous vote approved a U.S.-originated proposal for an international decade of ocean exploration.

Race to grab

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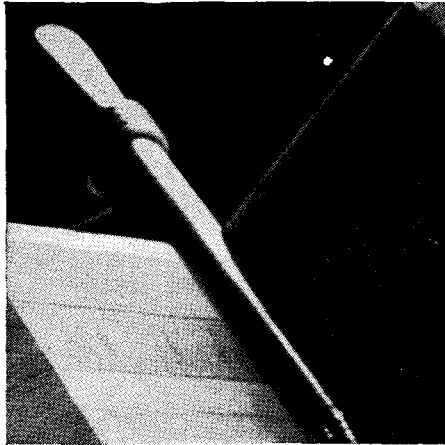
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Deep-Sea Bed

first appeared to fit in with U.S. policy. As the outgrowth of a U.S. proposal in 1966, the Secretary-General of the UN is supposed to recommend ways to expand international cooperation in marine exploration. In fact, one U.S. official appeared to have contributed to the reasoning—if not some of the wording—used by Dr. Pardo. "Under no circumstances, we believe, must we ever allow the prospects of rich harvest and mineral wealth to create a new form of colonial competition among the maritime nations. We must be careful to avoid a race to grab and to hold the lands under the high seas. We must ensure that the deep seas and the ocean bottoms are, and remain, the legacy of all human beings," President Johnson remarked in commissioning an oceanographic vessel some time ago. The President even invoked the sentiment of an American poet. " 'The sea,' in the words of Longfellow, 'divides and yet unites mankind.' "

But in giving such abstract pronouncements a more specific flavor, the Maltese proposal aroused some very vocal opposition, particularly in the House Subcommittee on Oceanography. While most liberal in the funding of U.S. marine programs, many committee members are quite conservative about matters of international relations, and about the UN in particular. "I think any alternative would be preferable to giving the bottom of the sea to the United Nations," observed former Congressman Ed Reinecke of California. Congressman Thomas Pelly of Washington preferred to give the UN something else. "I think you might rather turn over the resources of the moon to them than the resources of the sea."

Stalking-horse

Tipped off beforehand of the Maltese proposal, these congressmen raised sinister questions whether Malta was a stalking-horse for the British. Pardo had to preface his UN speech by saying, "I can categorically state that we are not a sounding board for any state and that nobody 'put the Maltese government up to it.' " Governor Ronald Reagan even felt compelled to send

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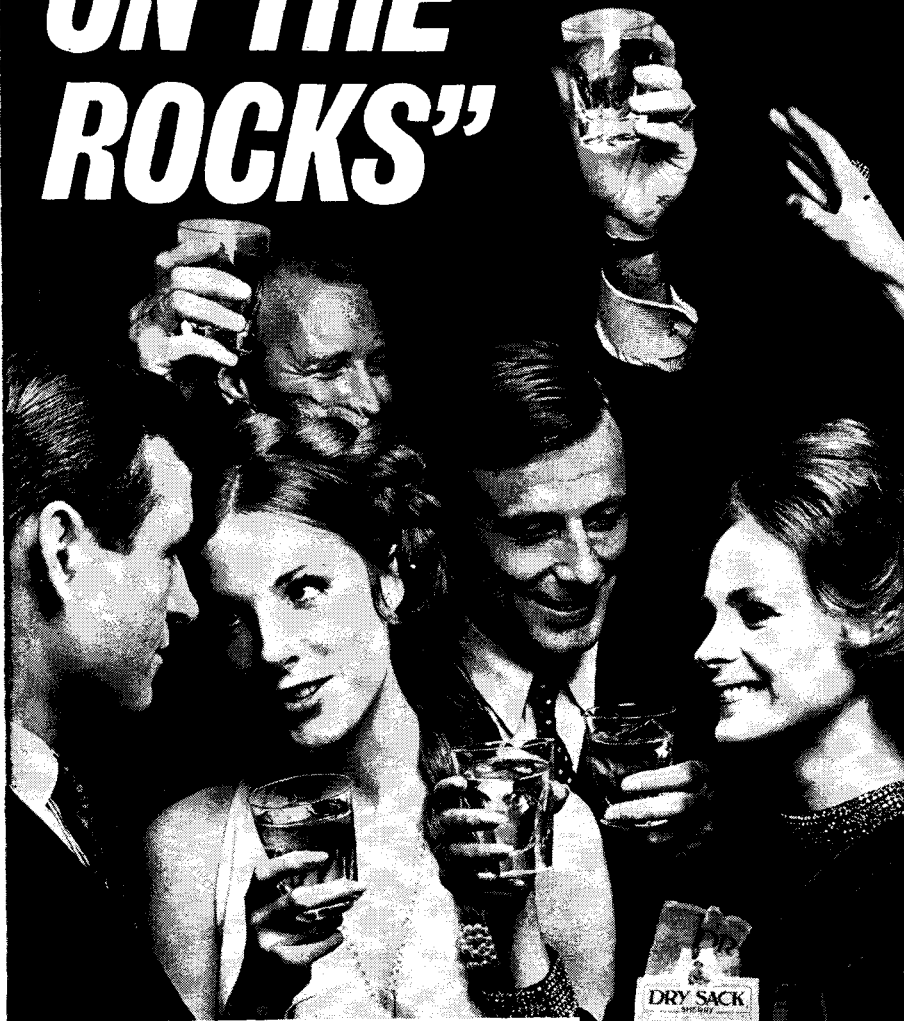
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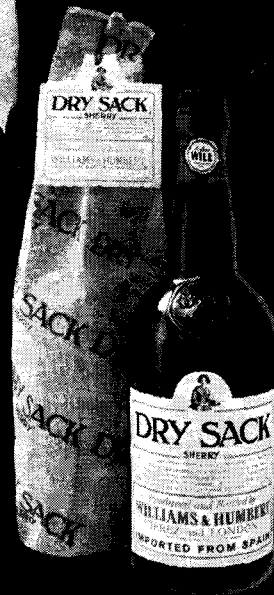


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Deep-Sea Bed

a telegram to Congress, citing his opposition to "UN jurisdiction" and stating that California is developing "ocean resources with our national posture having the highest national priority."

Whose interest?

Interestingly enough, neither the Maltese proposal nor the UN resolution creating the Ad Hoc Committee singles out the UN as the vehicle of international control. The congressmen were using the Maltese proposal to strike back at what they feel might be special interests and pleadings behind the concept of international control. Previously, the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, research affiliate of the United Nations Association of the United States of America, proposed that the UN control the resources of both the deep-sea bed and the seas above. Furthermore, revenues would be used to finance more than just nations. "One of the most challenging reasons for United Nations control and administration of the sea is to provide the UN with an independent income," argues Commission Chairman Clark Eichelberger. Senator Frank Church of Idaho, a longtime supporter of the UN, has introduced legislation along these lines.

That such a role might help remedy two of the UN's most debilitating weaknesses—its shaky financial base and its inability to forestall potential international conflicts—did not impress members of the subcommittee as being in the general, rather than special, interest. However, if these congressmen proved that special interests may be behind international control, they also proved that special interests may be behind opposition. Our offshore oil industry today possesses the potential to drill beyond the geological continental shelf. The Navy is already installing navigation and communication aids for submarines on the seabed. The Navy's Deep Ocean Program, according to the *Naval Research Review*, portends the ability "to design and emplace or construct a variety of facilities beneath the sea, such as fuel caches, supply depots, refueling stations, submarine repair facilities,



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nuclear weapon shelters, utility systems and power generators." *Business Week* warned in a subheadline, "Big U.S. government and industry investment in underwater research is threatened by Maltese proposal that UN be given control of ocean floor."

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National lake

But in his zeal to give industrial and military interests free rein, Congressman Rogers tends to confirm the concern over a possible "land grab" raised by Dr. Pardo and President Johnson. The congressman proposed to the Marine Technology Society that "our national goal in oceanography should be to occupy, with the capacity to defend, out to the mid-Atlantic range. Our goal should not fall one inch short of the mid-Atlantic range." It should be noted that the mid-Atlantic range is not the Atlantic's true middle. It lies decidedly to the east; in fact, it encompasses a possession of Portugal, the Azores. The irritating existence of islands upsets the supposition that a "national lake" approach to the seabed necessarily favors the United States. Francis Christy, Jr., of Resources for the Future, supports international control and argues,

According to the continental shelf convention, islands have the same rights as mainlands, and indeed, it is difficult to see how they could be excluded. Thus, the French and the British would be among the chief beneficiaries of the national lake approach. The French would receive a vast area of the Indian Ocean because of Kerguelen, Crozet, and other islands. And they also would get a large area of the eastern tropical Pacific, in part because of Clipperton Island, a desolate rock lying about 500 miles southwest of Mexico. To the British would go more than half of the South Atlantic Ocean because of As-



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Deep-Sea Bed

cension, St. Helena, Tristan da Cunha and South Georgia. A large share of the North Atlantic including part of the Blake Terrace would fall to the British because of Bermuda and the Bahamas. The trust territories of the South Pacific would be virtually impossible to divide.

France and Canada already dispute seabed ownership of the Grand Banks off Newfoundland.

Robert Krueger of the American

have located Pacific seamounts carpeted with surface mineral deposits that may easily become of economic importance in the future. Indeed, such continuing scientific revelations eliminate one standard means of adjudication, rights of discovery.

Downshift

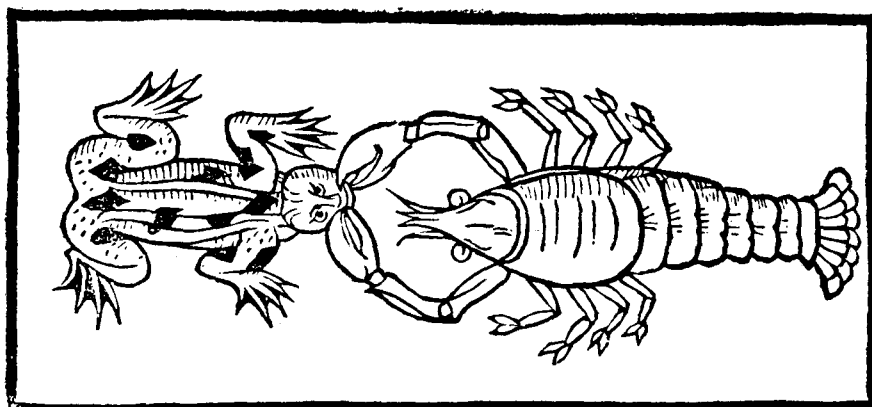
The contradictions inherent in the national-lake and flag-nation approaches lead some opponents of international control to adopt a very restrained attitude. The National Oceanography Association, an industrial-academic group, says, "We

of the seabed that, as Christy points out, both the United States and the United Kingdom may be claiming. After noting that "the Navy is moving at flank speed to discover and harness the mysteries of the deep," Rear Admiral Wilfred Hearn abruptly downshifts to urge, "We should not be too hasty in formulating new finite legal concepts. . . . Should the tailor cut the cloth before he measures the man?"

Better business

It would indeed be ironic if the deep-sea bed, with all its potential wealth, were not to contribute to the general security and welfare of the human condition. Dr. Pardo warns that "the consequences of not creating a vehicle for international control will be very grave: at the very least a dramatic escalation of the arms race and sharply increasing world tension, caused also by the intolerable injustice that would reserve the . . . resources [of the seabed] for the exclusive benefit of less than a handful of nations." Thus, when based on broader considerations of U.S. policy, forms of international control become more appealing. Even Chairman Alton Lennon of the House Subcommittee on Oceanography concedes that such an approach has appeal in conservative circles: "I know in discussing it individually with some members of the Presidential Commission [on Marine Resources] who are business people [that] they like the Pardo resolution. I think big business perhaps can do better business with one central organization for exploitation of minerals and oils particularly." (A San Francisco mining firm has recently requested a lease from the UN to investigate Red Sea mineral deposits.)

Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, author of national sea grant legislation, has introduced an "ocean space treaty" resolution that would seek international agreement on a standard continental shelf boundary. Under the Pell Resolution, the UN would license and fix fees on exploitation of the deep-sea bed, "with due regard given to the encouragement of the development of the technologically developing states." Emplacement of nuclear weapons on the seabed would be prohibited, but instruments to iden-



Bar Association Committee on Marine Resources suggests another self-defeating aspect to flaunting one's seabed technology: "If one country's technology is sufficient to permit it to exploit offshore areas to a depth of 10,000 feet and thus permit it to claim the same as continental shelf, every country's continental shelf is so extended."

Boomerang

Because of the boomerang potential inherent in a national lake approach, many Navy officials and oil spokesmen favor a less ambitious approach. The "flag-nation" approach would give a nation jurisdiction over its nationals in the uses of the seabed without conferring sovereignty. While appropriate to the mobile nature of high-seas fishing and navigation, this approach isn't really in harmony with the static nature of the seabed. What happens when nationals from two different countries converge upon the mineral deposits of one seamount in the Central Pacific? Nations, unlike football teams, are reluctant to accept ties. The ocean's sheer size is no guarantee against such collisions. Scientists with Scripps Institution of Oceanography

believe very strongly that it would be premature to confer title to the ocean's resources upon the UN or any other international group." In this light, the seabed lease policy of the Department of the Interior becomes a paragon of appropriate caution. "You may want to know whether the Department has decided on a line beyond which it will not lease, or has decided to lease as far out as anyone might suggest. The answer on both counts is no," former Interior official Frank Berry told the American Bar Association's National Institute on Marine Resources. (At present, the line goes out as far as 300 miles and embraces points as deep as 6800 feet.) At the same time, a famous papal decision has been offered as an example of premature haste. "There was a papal bull that divided the whole New World even before people had a good map of it," Congressman Richard Hanna of California points out. "I don't know that the UN would be in any better position than the Pope was at the time."

Ironically enough, these calls for caution run side by side with proud assertions of the coming feasibility of recovering manganese deposits from the Blake Terrace, a portion

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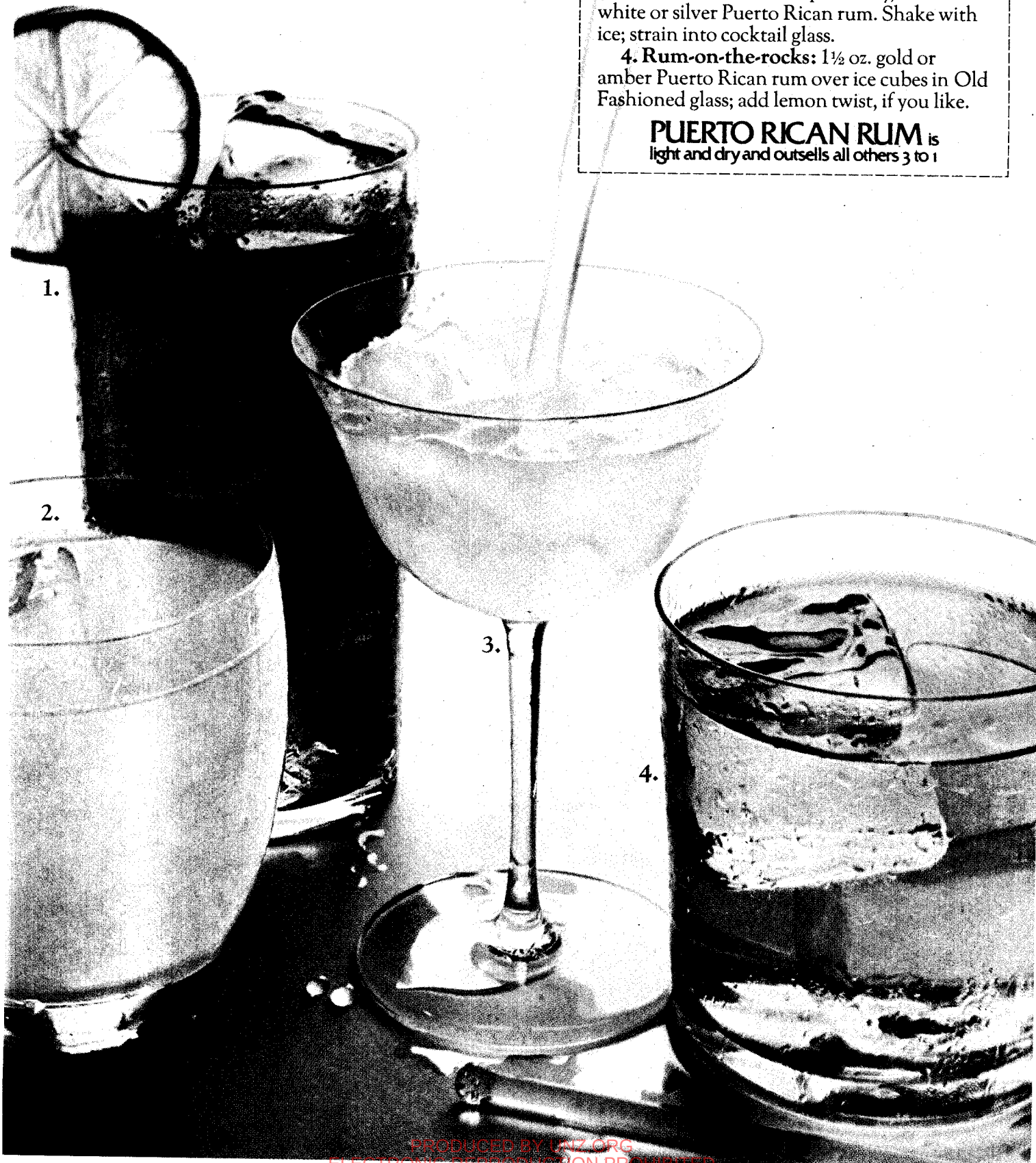
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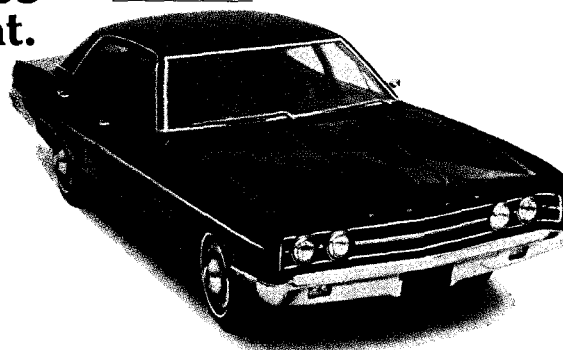
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Deep-Sea Bed

tify and track submarines would be permitted. A UN "Sea Guard" would enforce the Ocean Space Treaty. Several liberal senators support the Pell Resolution; the Defense Department quickly demurred.

Amidst this welter of sharpening opinions on what to do about the seabed, the State Department maintains flexible neutrality, but there has been increasing tolerance shown to the efforts of the Ad Hoc Committee.

Other nations are going through a similar process. A group of seven Scandinavian and developing nations are already urging a moratorium on exploitation of the deep-sea bed to expedite international control. But there are those who lean toward a far more conservative policy. Russia, which reluctantly supported formation of the Ad Hoc Committee, warned the UN General Assembly of the "inadmissibility of any undue haste."

In Russia, the ocean's destiny inspires a familiar diversity of opinion. Soviet Deputy Premier Mikhail Yefremov asserts, "The ocean can be conquered only by the joint efforts of all countries." G. V. Petrovich prefers to update a much-repeated sentiment by Sir Walter Raleigh: "The nation that first learns to live under the seas will control the world." However, Soviet spokesmen would undoubtedly unite in opposition to one seabed approach. "The national-lakes approach would provide virtually no gains to the Soviet Union, other than a small slice of the Northwest Pacific and the Barents Sea and Arctic Ocean," notes Christy.

Congressmen like Pelly and Lennon have cited the Russian attitude as a model one to State Department officials. *Undersea Technology*, a trade magazine, even speculates on a possible Russo-U.S. alliance to forestall any UN action on the seabed. "As in the past, arm-twisting behind the scenes will spell the difference. Both countries have considerable largesse to dispense and the threat of withholding aid can change minds," the magazine comments. Ironically, during the UN Ad Hoc Committee sessions, both Russia and the United States agreed on one form of international involvement in the seabed.

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Both countries submitted resolutions urging that the Eighteen-Nation Committee on Disarmament consider the question of seabed arms control.

While the effects of international "arm-twisting" are often overestimated, the United States, with its ocean frontage and its technical prowess, will undoubtedly possess considerable leverage, with or without Russia. The question that remains is to what end this leverage will be used. The answer will in large part determine whether Longfellow's sentiment that "the sea divides and yet unites mankind" is a contradiction or a strong possibility.

—Wesley Marx

Iceland

In the spring of 1940, Iceland seemed about to become a rather important place. Its situation in the northeastern Atlantic in a day when transatlantic flight still presented a formidable challenge to propeller-driven aircraft rendered it a valuable commercial location as well as a strategic military site.

Those early days of World War II marked Iceland's entry into world politics. Domestic politics had begun a good while before. In 930 A.D., what is now the world's oldest parliament—the Althing—was established as the government of a remarkable and flourishing civilization comprising men of Norse and Celtic blood. They produced a national culture which pervades the island to this day, and which has survived a long period of foreign domination by the Norwegians and the Danes beginning in 1262, and the near extinction of the population through starvation in the eighteenth century. In 1918 Iceland achieved national independence, though foreign affairs were still administered by the Danish crown. Then in May, 1940, the Nazis occupied Denmark and the British occupied Iceland. If that was the day of Britain's "finest hour," it was a time of perplexity for Icelanders.

Stunning initiation

They had not requested the British presence and objected strenuously. As the war progressed, they acquiesced, and were glad for the defense provided. In 1941, even before Pearl Harbor and their declara-

tion of war on Germany, the Americans took over from the British and have been there ever since.

Although perfectly capable of governing their own austere society in an orderly and democratic fashion, the Icelanders were totally unprepared for the conduct of foreign affairs. True, complete independence from Denmark had been expected within a few years, and with that independence, the assumption of the responsibilities of international diplomacy. But the events of 1940 brought the small nation not only an unexpected, instant independence but immersion in a world of cataclysm as well. It was a stunning initiation.

By now the Icelanders are accustomed to a foreign presence, though few are satisfied with the condition. The American force, which at one time was the same size as the male population of the island, has shrunk to 3000 as compared with 200,000 Icelanders, but the Icelanders still regard the American base at Keflavik as a definite, if necessary, evil. Recently at least, the potential frictions of the American presence have been reduced by a sedulous avoidance of the usual American transgressions. A permanent offer of assistance to the Icelanders extends from the base, but the Americans have not been obtrusive.

Americans on ice

Contributing to this relatively smooth relationship has been the thirty-mile separation which acts as a buffer between the base at Keflavik and Reykjavik, the capital and main population center. Even for those willing to traverse the distance, the capital has little to offer. Architecturally, Reykjavik has the appearance and all the charm of a mass housing project. A high percentage of the population of 80,000 resides in the dozens of four- or five-story apartment buildings created since the war.

Under construction in the center of the town stands what was designed to be a towering Lutheran church dominating the otherwise uninspiring architecture of the capi-

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Iceland

tal. Work has been halted now for many months owing to lack of funds, and the gigantic scaffolded hulk rises over Reykjavík like an unfinished Tower of Babel.

The town is neat, well kept, but hardly scintillating. The cinemas feature films which are either slightly or very old, and the National Theater's presentations, not surprisingly but discouragingly for the foreigner, are in Icelandic. The do-it-yourself night life centers on two or three large hotels, especially the Hotel Saga. Alas, the dancing music and songs do not seem to postdate Glenn Miller, and the alcohol, which the Icelanders consume almost rapaciously, is high-priced.

Base concerns

The Americans thus evidence little desire to venture outside their compound, except, of course, for that one everlasting reason, and occasionally the windy serenity of Reykjavík is disturbed by a scandal when some sort of *Frauenhaus* catering to Americans is exposed. Some Icelanders tend to welcome the excitement rather than proclaim the shame; others point to the pernicious effects of a foreign occupation force.

For the most part, however, the base is self-sufficient, with its theaters, schools, clubs, a golf course, and even a television station. Television

States a few weeks, or years, earlier, interspersed with short fillers which have been designed especially for servicemen.

W. H. Auden once wrote about Iceland,

Fortunate island,
Where all men are equal
But not vulgar—yet.

A significant number of Icelanders, led by a group of sixty cultural figures, felt that Dennis the Menace, Maverick, *et alii* were hurrying the process. A rather comic, but heated, ruckus resulted, in 1966, in the "good fences" policy of the base being extended to the airwaves. The reduction in kilowatts by the base station left a void for countless eager and equipped Icelandic television watchers, and shortly thereafter an official Icelandic station began broadcasting. The programs are still mostly American and British, but now Icelandic titles are superimposed.

One comment on American military television is perhaps worthwhile, relative both to the impression on foreigners viewing our broadcasts and, possibly more important, to the effect on Americans who, in large numbers, are exposed to them. An example of the interprogram "fillers" is a series of five-minute films entitled *The Threat and the Challenge* which purports to teach the theory and practice of Communism. In each film, the same authoritative and well-spoken narrator proceeds, sometimes with a visual

light of the recent events in Czechoslovakia. Among the Icelanders who have watched the programs, the response seems to vary from disdain to laughter to occasional sympathy that the Americans must peddle such stuff "because the Communists do it."

Iceland's Prime Minister is Bjarni Benediktsson. He is a short man, with a physique and walking style (and hat) reminiscent of Khrushchev's, a face of stern Slavic features not unlike Brezhnev's, but a twinkle of the eye, a shock of snow-white hair, and an amiable demeanor that would qualify him to play everybody's favorite grandfather. Benediktsson has been Prime Minister since 1963 and in parliament since 1942. Prior to that, with a doctorate in international law, he was a professor at the University of Iceland. In 1949, he was the foreign minister when Iceland entered NATO as a charter member. (Iceland was not, however, required to commit troops.)

The Independence (or Conservative) Party which Benediktsson leads is one of the four major parties that have been active in Icelandic politics over the past three decades. Although nominally conservative, it is essentially a party of liberal policies which has supported controls on the economy and much social-welfare legislation. The others are the Progressive Party, the Social Democrats, and the Communists (more formally, the Labor Alliance). All are based fairly heavily on economic interests; and the Conservatives (leaning to the commercial and industrial) and the Progressives (leaning to the agricultural) have perennially been the two strongest. The Communists have had considerable intellectual support, and have divided most of the labor vote with the Social Democrats as well.

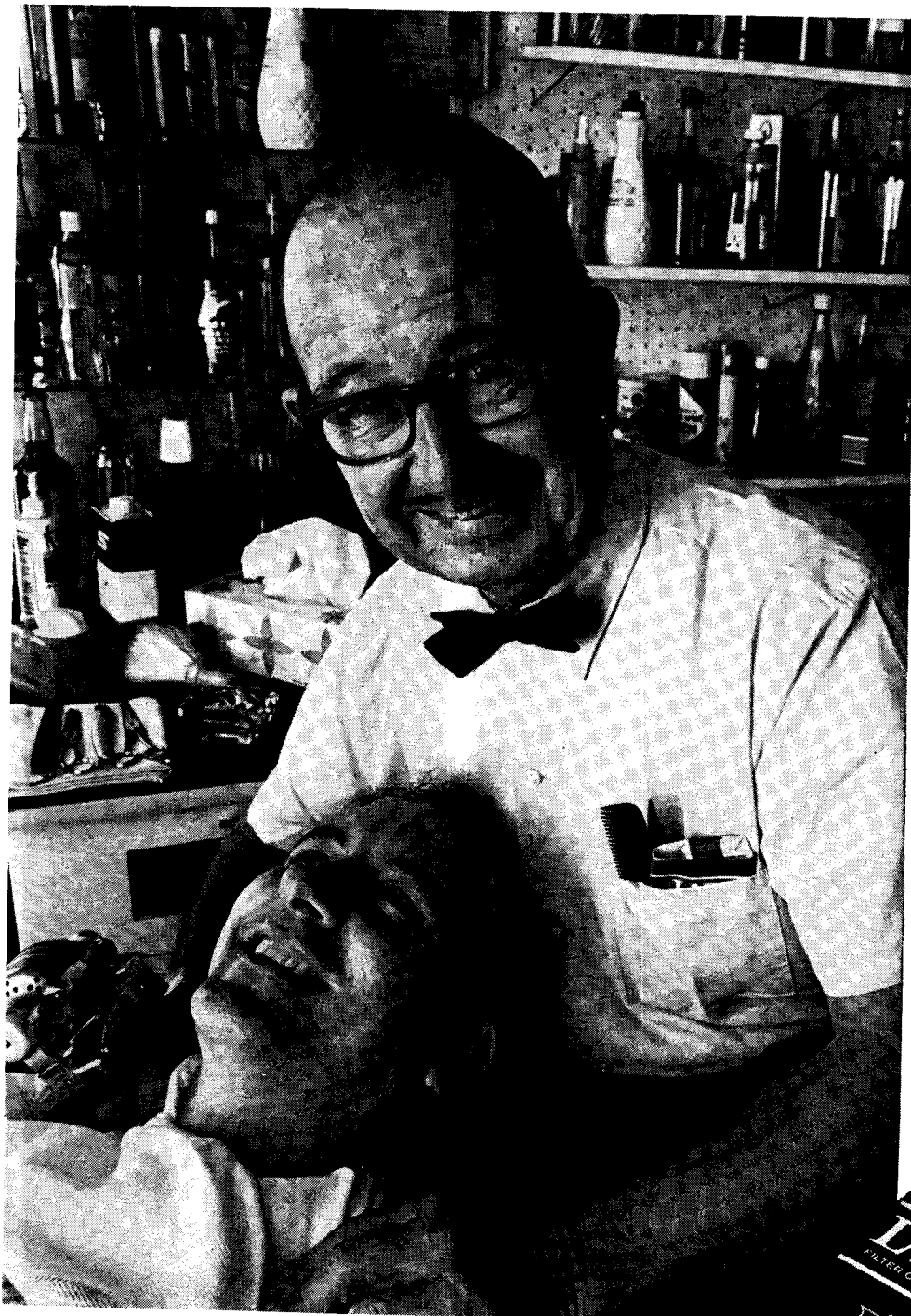
Because no Icelandic party has held a majority of Althing seats since 1934, various coalitions have constituted the governments, often with three parties in the government and only one in opposition. At present, an Independence-Social Democrat government rules. Of the four parties, Benediktsson's has been the most consistently committed to NATO participation, and an American presence. The Communists have always opposed the American presence, and the Progressives and Social



has, interestingly, provided the most serious test of the policy of peaceful coexistence. Some years ago, the Icelanders, with no television station of their own, began to import television receivers so as to take advantage of the American broadcasts, which predominantly are made up of warmed-over programs shown in the

aid or two, to deliver a sententious sermonette embroidered with half-truths and demagogic invocations which are vintage McCarthy. These programs were obviously made in the fever of the 1950s; that they are still being shown is first ludicrous, then vexing, finally discouraging, and certainly inexcusable, even in

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Iceland

Democrats have vacillated considerably, as has public opinion.

Since 1940 there has been a definite cyclical pattern in public and official opinion concerning Iceland's international role. The deep and lasting sentiment has been toward neutrality, and any extended period of relative international calm has reinforced a growing opinion against the need for foreign protection. Thus far, critical events have always brought these movements up short. In 1945, most Icelanders looked forward to the return of peacetime conditions and neutrality (although Benediktsson was already arguing, in *Iceland's New Republic*, that a new era had begun in which Iceland would be forced to choose between competing blocs of world powers).

A taste for neutrality

All four parties united in support of the government's refusal of a U.S. request for postwar bases. The Americans, however, were able to procure in 1946 an agreement to maintain a limited number of people at Keflavík, partly by arguing that there was no treaty with Germany and thus no "conclusion of the present war" and also by relying on the *fait accompli* of the American presence. This five-year Keflavík Agreement was not popular. Before its confirmation by the Althing, Halldór Laxness, since a Nobel Prize winner in literature, declared, "The view of the Icelandic nation is that whoever votes for [Prime Minister] Olafur Thor's military base agreement is a traitor to his country." The agreement, in fact, brought the government down.

In 1948-1951 a movement for a return to neutrality was tempered by concern about Soviet moves in Central Europe, and by Chinese intervention in Korea. In March, 1956, the Althing adopted a resolution calling for the withdrawal of American military forces. Only the Hungarian revolt and its subsequent suppression saved the base. Now the same effect seems operative; and as for Iceland's policy in this year's negotiations on the renewal of the North Atlantic Treaty, there is little doubt. "Before Czechoslovakia," Benediktsson thinks, "there would have been considerable opinion in favor of

disengagement—of remaining in NATO, but *without* the base here. Not now." But Iceland still has no troops in NATO.

Benediktsson realizes that Iceland represents a diminishing and probably dispensable asset to NATO. He has heard the expostulations of NATO commanders arguing Iceland's continuing value as a listening post from which to monitor the passage of surface and subsurface vessels (principally, Soviet submarines) between Arctic and Atlantic waters, but takes such arguments "with a grain or two of salt." He is prepared, he says, for Iceland to contribute as best it can to peace, but he is considering submitting Iceland's case to the independent Institute for Strategic Studies in London for a more assuredly objective analysis.

As in the other Scandinavian countries, many in Iceland view U.S. foreign policy, particularly in Vietnam, with skepticism and apprehension. Sweden, not a member of NATO, has been stridently vocal in its opposition to American policy and has provided refuge for probably more deserters from U.S. bases in Europe than the Army has publicly acknowledged. Denmark and Norway, both members of NATO, have formally been more reserved, but are far less than enthusiastic about American actions. Their dilemma was well illustrated not long ago in the image of Norwegian Prime Minister Per Borten, seated in shirt sleeves on the front steps of his home discussing Vietnam with marchers from a sizable antiwar demonstration. Unlike Iceland, however, the Norwegian and Danish governments are untroubled by an American base as a potential cynosure of discontent, and their cooperation, like the Icelandic government's, has probably been assured for the time being by the Russian intervention in Czechoslovakia.

Taking off

Economically, the American base in Iceland today has little to offer the Icelanders, although there is no doubt that the economic impact of World War II and its aftermath was enormously favorable. A relatively poor country prior to the war, Iceland became prosperous as it became militarily important. Under an expanded foreign demand for fish

and the demand of occupation forces for labor, the Icelandic economy "took off," and today the Icelandic standard of living is within the world's top ten. There are still problems, principally the need to diversify the economy: over 90 percent of Icelandic exports come from the fishing industry, where catches and prices are unstable. But the continuing presence of the base, which today accounts for only 2 or 3 percent of Icelandic "exports," provides little help for this problem.

Benediktsson's has been a continuing voice against neutralism and in favor of contributing to and partaking of the security of NATO. "Right now we have to ensure against waking up one morning and finding the Russians here. Even our Communists wouldn't like that." But he, like most other Icelanders, looks forward to a day when the base is gone and Iceland can safely retire to a sort of pro-Western neutrality. "It won't be next year—but ten years from now . . ." he says optimistically.

"Among the rocks"

It is difficult for most foreigners to understand the Icelanders' attachment to their land and to its loneliness. Americans hallow their institutions, prize their possessions, and can create a little America (like the Keflavík base) almost anywhere simply by transplanting these things; Icelanders, in contrast, love most the very soil and rock of their almost desolate island. On any weekend, they head into the interior by the thousands to wander the rocky hills, to climb the volcanoes, to wade and waddle in the hot springs. They visibly commune with their land. Long before he said them, the Icelanders knew and heeded the meaning of Auden's words:

Then let the good citizen here find
natural marvels:
The horse-shoe ravine, the issue of
steam from a cleft
In the rock, and rocks, and water-
falls brushing the
Rocks, and among the rocks birds.

They go particularly to Thingvellir, the small green plain in the lava by Thingvalla Lake. It was here that the Althing originally met, and it is the holy ground of Iceland. That first parliament met annually in the open air at midsummer. The panorama of the surrounding mountains formed its walls; the steep

rock faces of the Almannagjá fault behind the Lögberg mound, where the speaker stood, supplied the acoustics. In other countries, the sight of children and casually clothed adults pouring over a national shrine seems somewhat obscene; here it is perfect.

Nearby, a deep fault in the stony earth filled with slow-moving crystal and turquoise water, flowing from mountain spring to sea, receives the coins, recently of their parents' pockets, tossed by Icelandic children. The bottom glistens as a galaxy of coins reflects the sunlight, but it is said most of the coins below do not show, having been covered by silt or tarnish. The spot is unguarded, and the treasure would make a fairly easy take, but no one makes a move for it.

Auden decided, "This is an island and therefore unreal." It is, indeed, a rare place—an isolated hunk of mid-Atlantic volcanic rock inhabited by a homogeneous and highly literate people speaking a language unchanged for a millennium and bearing into the twentieth century a long-standing democratic and egalitarian tradition and a proud national heritage. It is a land which, until twenty-eight years ago, had never felt the foot of a foreign soldier and does not now happily bear the weight of that foot, be it of friend or enemy. Lord Bryce, after a visit in 1872, observed that "Iceland had a glorious dawn and has lain in twilight ever since; it is hardly possible that she should again be called on to play a part in European history." Bryce was wrong, but probably not very. The early air age interrupted Iceland's isolation; the space age will probably return her to it. She will surely participate then but only from her remoteness.

—John B. Ritch III

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew is the ATLANTIC's Washington editor. Dom Bonafede covered Brazil for NEWSWEEK, and is now with the Washington POST. Wesley Marx is the author of THE FRAIL OCEAN. John B. Ritch III, a recent West Point graduate, spent a period of time in Iceland upon completing a term as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford.

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Sidney Hook on student radicals

SIR: Sidney Hook's article, "The War Against the Democratic Process," in the February issue of the *Atlantic* is distressing. I have examined quite carefully the articles by Dr. Harvey Wheeler and Judge Charles Wyzanski, Jr., in the *Saturday Review* to which he refers in the course of his piece. Hook's inability to appropriate any semblance of what these two men were trying to say leads me to wonder about his reputation as a scholar.

Harvey Wheeler is seeking "A Moral Equivalent for Riots." Hook cites one section in which Wheeler noted that we must come to grips with the inequities in our society and the several ways that these inequities will have to be righted. Surely Hook recognizes the necessity of disobeying laws which are unjust. But the acceptance of this necessity does not automatically lead to anarchy. It is significant that the section Hook quotes from is entitled "Rioting as an American Way of Life." It ends with the phrase "may lead the way to the moral equivalent for riots." This obviously indicates that Wheeler does not seek riots but some moral equivalent to what riots accomplish.

Hook's allegation that Judge Wyzanski begins his discussion by agreeing with Harold Howe II that "the colleges were to blame, not the students" is not what the article reveals. I quote, "Mr. Howe is right—perhaps the colleges should look at themselves as well as their students." This does not lay all of the blame at the feet of the colleges. It does recognize that the colleges are implicated in the disturbances which were fostered by the students who are a part of that academic community. To any astute observer, this has been an obvious and clear pattern across the nation. This is true, whether or not one agrees with

the way in which students have responded. Hook implies that Judge Wyzanski uncritically approved of the violence at Columbia and that his only criterion was whether or not it had been successful. His criterion is revealed in the following statement, "There are occasions on which an honest man, when he looks at history, must say that through violence, regrettable as it is, justice of a social kind has worked itself out." Success is therefore defined in terms of justice of a social kind. Wyzanski also notes that "growth implies discord as well as advance." Then his perspective on violence is revealed in the following, "What I invite is caution. The young are right not to take too seriously our statement that they must always behave lawfully, but we who are older also have the right to say, 'We have lived through reaction, and we know what a price you will pay if you are wrong.'"

HUBERT T. DAVIS

*Campus Minister, Hollins College
Hollins College, Va.*

SIR: It should be pointed out that Mr. Hook is hardly a disinterested bystander. Instead, he is a faculty member defending the present privileges of the faculties.

I agree with many of his basic points, but would argue with his application of them to the university scene, even while admitting that student radicals have sometimes acted against their own interests by attacking freedom of expression. (But far less than college administrators. His assumption that freedom of expression and assembly is the general rule on American campuses is false.)

Hook states that "in a democratic society in which the legal process has not broken down," the use of "direct action"—force—is unjustifiable and leads to chaos. He adds that "in a university . . . due process cannot

be strictly legal," and goes on to admit that universities are not democracies. Where, then, is the moral imperative, upon those who are unrepresented in the halls of decision and unprotected by legal due process, to refrain from the use of force when their interests are threatened?

In practice, a representative, constitutional democracy is an attempt to give all interests legal power in proportion to their inherent power while protecting the weaker ones through limits on the action of government—the Bill of Rights. But the student mobs have inherent power, as has been shown, far beyond their present legitimate power, and no protection at all from arbitrary actions by the faculty or administration—except "direct action." Mr. Hook's defense of the present order, and attack on the student dissidents, assume that faculties consist of men of superhuman rationality and good will who will never, never trespass against reason or the best interests of their students.

I don't know just what proportion of power should exist between faculties and students, but it seems clear that students should have *some* control over their own education. (Aged eighteen to thirty, or more, they are not, as Mr. Hook implies, children.) And it seems equally clear that the disturbances will continue until they do.

CHARLES NEWLIN
*Reed College
Netarts, Ore.*

SIR: Sidney Hook, in "The War Against the Democratic Process," completely misses the point our young people are trying to make. Does he suppose they are such morons that they do not realize what would happen to them if they "acted out" in the same way in a Communist state? If they "break the law" to publicize intolerable conditions

that are a travesty of our system of government, this is in accord with the principles of democracy. They risk punishment, of course; but that is their decision.

Our young protesters find our current absorption with mechanical invention and self-interested, irresponsible money-piling hollow. They are outraged that children are crippled by malnutrition, inadequate housing, and poor education in the richest nation in the world. They are *not* "against the democratic process"—they simply want us to practice what we preach for all our citizens, red, yellow, brown, black, or white.

HELEN L. SMITH
Chevy Chase, Md.

SIR: Sidney Hook says that "the university is not a political community." Columbia has the Institute for Defense Analyses, Michigan State has had CIA agents on the payroll, Chicago is a slumlord, and American universities commonly see themselves as manufacturers of the human "resources" to be used by the military-industrial complex. Either Hook has not done his homework or he is engaging in transparent hypocrisy.

Hook also states that decisions at the university cannot be shared with the "ignorant" or the "childish." At Haverford and Antioch, among others, students are intimately involved in substantive decision-making with the faculty and administration. These schools have not been forced to "shut down educational shop"; rather, they are effective educational institutions, partly because the entire educational community is included in the process.

If violence is to be avoided, students will have to be integrated into the structure of decision-making at the universities of America. Since there is abundant evidence that when students are so involved, the system works much more effectively and harmoniously, there is no reason to postpone real democracy on the campus, and every reason to begin.

WILLIAM M. LUNCH
University of California
Riverside, Calif.

SIR: Mr. Hook is correct in stating that "the prior allegiance of the democrat is to the legitimacy of the

process by which the law is adopted," and that there are rational limits to his civil disobedience "if he wishes to remain a democrat and operate within the democratic system." That is a fine definition of the responsibility of a voting minority within the democratic process. But most examples of civil disobedience are perpetrated by individuals and groups who are affected by the law in question but who have been systematically *excluded* from the democratic process of lawmaking by that same democratic process. The responsibility of an outcast to the system that cast him out is not the same as the responsibility of a voting minority within the system.

In the case of those of student age, alternatives are often to fight in a war with which they do not agree, or to attend a college in whose curriculum they have no voice. Both alternatives grow out of a system of democracy in which they have no vote.

I, too, have serious reservations about the tactics of direct action and of militant civil disobedience as seen in the student movement as well as in more militant civil rights groups, but the fact is that these groups are forced to act outside the system. Mr. Hook's article is nothing if not a blatant example of the vacuous and often irrelevant *Diktat* against which these groups are now rebelling.

J. SALAMON
New York City

SIR: Mr. Hook is correct. A college is not a democracy but an educational institution.

Of course professors have to take students seriously. But it seems to me that the affluent society, the draft, the college-for-everybody syndrome, the sloppy high school teaching, plus the TV, have made for an unusually large proportion of bright nonstudents in the colleges today. In the old days the showoffs had to work at football or at least at reassembling an automobile in a professor's front hall to get in the news. Now they just have to elbow each other out of camera range.

If the next batch of college students decides it wants to learn in order to change the world, it is going to sweep the SDSers aside as futile. Ten years from now the real tragedy will be the lost souls with



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potential who can look back only on the day they helped to burn a building.

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MARY RISK HINE
Sea Cliff, N.Y.

Mr. Hook replies:

1. Like many others, Mrs. Smith extenuates the disorders of students on the ground that they are trying to tell us something. But is it necessary to tell it by violence, obscenity, arson, and vandalism? Nothing is told in this way that cannot be communicated by rational discourse and orderly forms of dissent. It is false to say, as Mr. Salamon does, that students are "outcasts" and "forced to act outside the system"; not only false but utterly irresponsible to say that they must break the law to publicize the "intolerable conditions" under which they are living, and to ignore the vast improvements achieved *without* violence.

Actually, the conditions under which American students live are in most respects the best in the world. The quality of their education leaves much to be desired, but it will not be raised by methods of direct action that have made battlefields of our campuses and threaten to destroy the academic freedom of our teachers.

The adult apologists of student activism are ignorant of the many opportunities that exist on most campuses for student participation in the educational enterprise. Worse, they seem to be bereft of common sense.

Suppose Mrs. Smith in any of her roles as teacher, mother, social worker, woman, were accosted by someone with a request of doubtful validity, and as she reflected on the matter, was physically assaulted or had her house pillaged and burned. We can well imagine the reply she would make to someone who unctuously reminded her that after all, her assailant was trying to communicate something to her about his needs and wants. Emboldened by their success at Columbia and elsewhere, student activists at some campuses have seized buildings and made "non-negotiable" demands without presenting them for rational discussion to relevant college committees.

It is these students who are not listening!

2. A university is not a political community because, among other things, it has no police power to enforce its decisions. Despite Mr. Newlin, the courts can and do protect students from "arbitrary actions" by faculty and administrators. A university is not a democratic political community in that it does not base its decisions on the principle that each one counts for one and no more than one. There is an authoritative, *not* authoritarian, aspect of the teaching process that flows from the weight of fact, evidence, and valid inference. The university can and should invite participation and consultation by students on all educational matters. But the ultimate decision on what to teach must be left to those who are professionally qualified. For a freshman—for example, in a physics course (or any other)—to demand "equal rights on the same footing as the faculty" to determine what he should study and how well he does it is to make a preposterous equation between ignorance and knowledge, immaturity and maturity.

3. Mr. Davis fails lamentably to grasp my criticism of Harvey Wheeler and Judge Wyzanski. I argued that the first is fundamentally confused. His call for constitutional protection for *direct action* means either yielding to demands of rioters in order to avoid riots or increasing the danger of violence by protecting every group's right to direct action against any other group.

Justice Wyzanski did not say that the criterion of permissible violence *in the present* is whether its use is the only way in which justice can be achieved. His criterion was solely its effectiveness or success. It is not enough to observe *in retrospect* that sometimes through violence "justice of a social kind has worked itself out." One could sometimes say this even of a lynching! The moral question is whether the use of violence here and now is the only or necessary way to attain justice, whether it is the lesser evil.

It is an indication of our unhappy times that a clergyman should be so insensitive and intellectually blind to the nature of the central moral issue concerning the use of violence.

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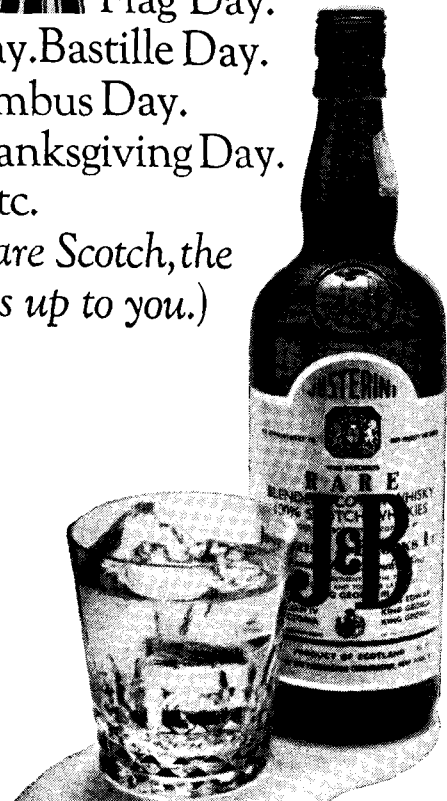
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Advice and consent

SIR: Dan Wakefield's review of *Yellow Submarine* (January *Atlantic*) firmly asserts that "the cartoon animation is superior to anything of Disney's in both imagination and execution." That's pretty damned superior; but perhaps Wakefield was remembering mainly that it is fashionable to forget how good the animation that came out of Disney's really was. Or does "anything" include the peacock barcarole in the 1931 *Silly Symphony, Birds of a Feather*, that Eisenstein praised so highly in *The Film Sense*? Superior to the fantastic finale of *The Band Concert* (1935), when Mickey and his gang got whirled up in a twister, then scattered individually through the air, but kept playing music and on beat, and came back to earth one by one into the coda, ending in a glory of sound and wreckage? Superior to Bill Tytla's superbly imagined "Night on Bald Mountain" or Art Babbitt's superbly executed mushroom dance in *Fantasia* (1940)? In fact, for purposes of recent comparison, did Wakefield even see the undulating python in *Jungle Book*, just last year? Why have so many American critics felt compelled to put down Disney in order to praise *Yellow Submarine*? Great American animators are making stomach-ache commercials or churning out very limited animation for those illustrated radio programs on Saturday morning TV while critics like Wakefield can't remember how good they are.

JOHN CULHANE
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Mr. Leifermann (Report on Southern Desegregation, February *Atlantic*) may have a broad overview of Southern resistance to desegregation, but he should do his research more thoroughly before he interviews those "clever" Southern lawyers. In the next-to-last paragraph, he quotes State Senator Pierre Pelham of Alabama, who speculates on what would happen if the state of Alabama got out of the public school business altogether. The crippled generation of black schoolchildren of Prince Edward County paid too high a price for the right answer to that question for Mr. Leifermann or Mr. Pelham to forget it: the Supreme Court ruled after five years of closed schools in Prince

Edward that a county cannot fail to provide public schools because such failure violates equal protection and opportunity guaranteed by law.

The public schools of Prince Edward County are, tragically, still far from desegregated today, for only a handful of white children and a handful of white teachers study and work in the public school system. It is true that the tuition-supported private academy for whites has succeeded. I hope, as a former English teacher in Robert R. Moton High School, Prince Edward County, that the new and important interest in the condition of Northern ghetto schools does not erase or obscure the nation's continued concern for the lack of progress toward desegregation in the South. What, for example, has been the influence of the May 27 Supreme Court decision on freedom-of-choice plans on Prince Edward? Does the decision need more teeth to have any effect at all? Does Mr. Leifermann know?

MARY JANE CLEMENTS
Edinboro, Penn.

SIR: Donald Fleming ("On Living in a Biological Revolution," February) would like to have us believe that the biologist of today, for whom, of course, Joshua Lederberg is the chief advocate, is scheming in his own areligious, esoteric fashion to manipulate and eventually to control the human population. It's unfortunate that the concept of "genetic engineering" is interpreted in such a negative manner as to connote the creation of individuals possessing the characteristics deemed desirable by an association of wild-eyed revolutionary biologists. To most of us in the medical and biological sciences, "genetic engineering" has strongly positive connotations, providing a basis for the hope that one day we may eradicate from our already overburdened population such maladies as Down's syndrome, Klinefelter's syndrome, and so on. It is to be hoped that the political leaders of society, having the ultimate control of the fate of society, will be wise enough to perceive the implications of any biological tool and will act in a just and humane way.

The major problems confronting our civilization today are biological in nature (starvation, population pressure, pollution, aggression, ac-

cumulation of deleterious genetic complements, and so forth), and have arisen not from the "revolutionary biologists," but in the main from the ignorance of the world's leaders concerning biological phenomena. These problems must, of necessity, be resolved via biological means, and the tools to be employed, like any tools, are only as good or as evil as their users. This is where an informed and educated populace enters, for it is our responsibility as a viable and concerned society to utilize the new techniques emerging from the biological revolution wisely and compassionately. Should we construct an Orwellian civilization in 1984, we'll have no one but ourselves to blame.

DR. JOHN B. JENKINS
Swarthmore College
Swarthmore, Penn.

SIR: I am an admirer of Edward Weeks and the *Atlantic*, but I do not believe they published "the first Hemingway story to be published by a major U.S. magazine" (*Time*, October 9).

My copy of *Scribner's* magazine for March, 1927, leads off with Hemingway's "The Killers" and a statement by the editors that it is "the first short story by Ernest Hemingway ever to be published in an American magazine." They also list two Hemingway stories that are to appear in their April, 1927, issue: "A Canary for One" and "In Another Country."

According to *Jubilee: One Hundred Years of the Atlantic*, edited by Edward Weeks and Emily Flint, "Fifty Grand" did not appear in the *Atlantic* until July, 1927. Apparently the reason *Scribner's* did not publish it was that "Maxwell Perkins, one of the most astute editors in the land, liked the story fairly well, but thought it should be cut down. Hemingway refused to do the cutting."

WILLIAM KAUFMANN
Los Altos, Calif.

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.



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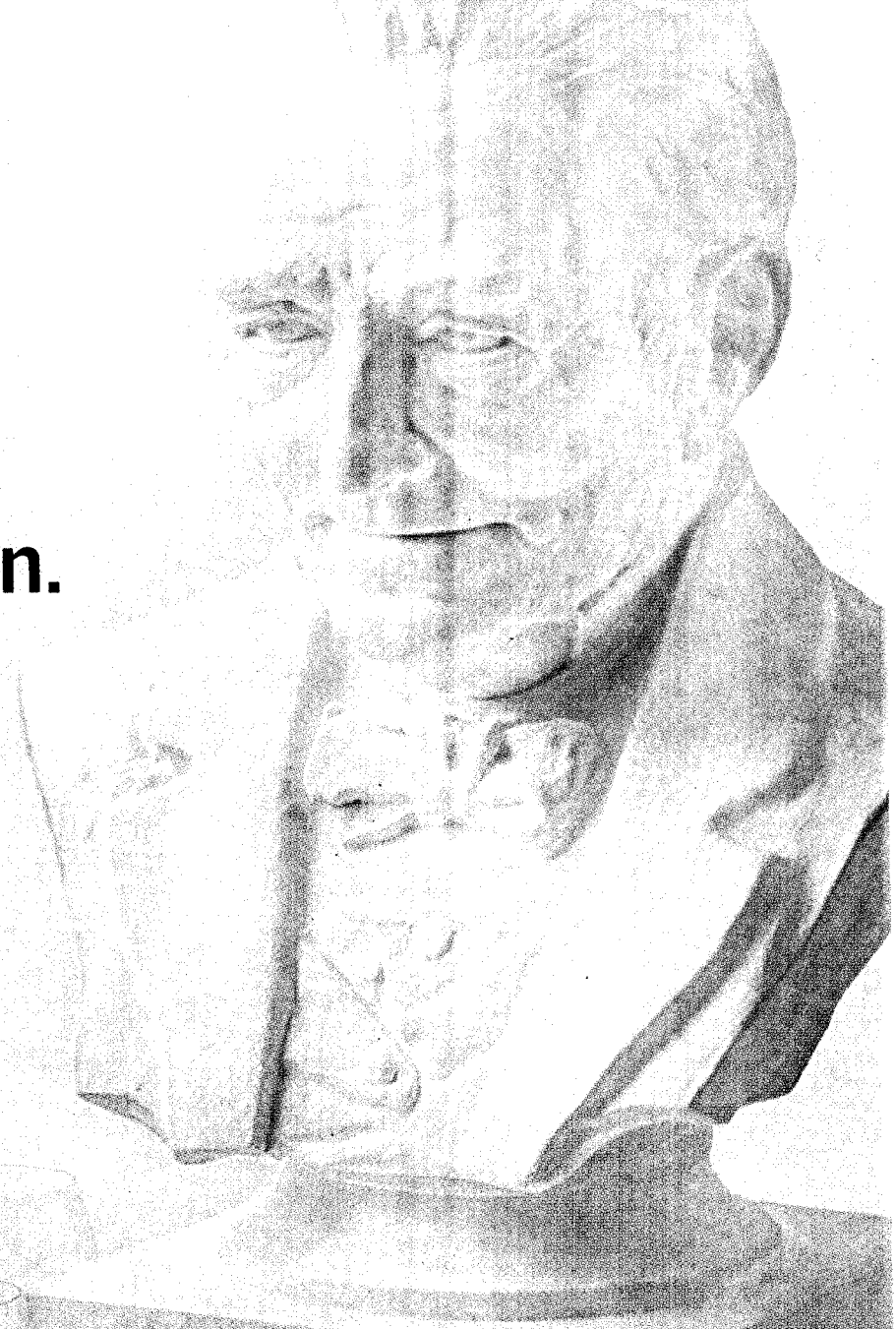
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We could probably get by with fewer taste testers.
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the taste, bouquet, color, flavor, character
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THE NEW AMERICAN MILITARISM

BY GENERAL DAVID M. SHOUP

Its roots are in the experience of World War II. The burgeoning military establishment and associated industries fuel it. Anti-Communism provides the climate which nurtures it. "It" is a "new American militarism." General Shoup, a hero of the Battle of Tarawa in 1943, who rose to become Commandant of the United States Marine Corps for four years until his retirement in December, 1963, doesn't like it. He has written this essay in collaboration with another retired Marine officer, Colonel James A. Donovan.

AMERICA has become a militaristic and aggressive nation. Our massive and swift invasion of the Dominican Republic in 1965, concurrent with the rapid buildup of U.S. military power in Vietnam, constituted an impressive demonstration of America's readiness to execute military contingency plans and to seek military solutions to problems of political disorder and potential Communist threats in the areas of our interest.

This "military task force" type of diplomacy is in the tradition of our more primitive, pre-World War II "gunboat diplomacy," in which we landed small forces of Marines to protect American lives and property from the perils of native bandits and revolutionaries. In those days the U.S. Navy and its Marine landing forces were our chief means, short of war, for showing the flag, exercising American power, and protecting U.S. interests abroad. The Navy, enjoying the freedom of the seas, was a visible and effective representative of the nation's sovereign power. The Marines could be employed ashore "on such other duties as the President might direct" without congressional approval or a declaration of war. The U.S. Army was not then used so freely because it was rarely ready for expeditionary service without some degree of mobilization, and its use overseas normally required a declaration of emergency or war. Now, however, we have

numerous contingency plans involving large joint Air Force-Army-Navy-Marine task forces to defend U.S. interests and to safeguard our allies wherever and whenever we suspect Communist aggression. We maintain more than 1,517,000 Americans in uniform overseas in 119 countries. We have 8 treaties to help defend 48 nations if they ask us to—or if we choose to intervene in their affairs. We have an immense and expensive military establishment, fueled by a gigantic defense industry, and millions of proud, patriotic, and frequently bellicose and militaristic citizens. How did this militarist culture evolve? How did this militarism steer us into the tragic military and political morass of Vietnam?

Prior to World War II, American attitudes were typically isolationist, pacifist, and generally anti-military. The regular peacetime military establishment enjoyed small prestige and limited influence upon national affairs. The public knew little about the armed forces, and only a few thousand men were attracted to military service and careers. In 1940 there were but 428,000 officers and enlisted men in the Army and Navy. The scale of the war, and the world's power relationships which resulted, created the American military giant. Today the active armed forces contain over 3.4 million men and women, with an additional 1.6 million ready reserves and National Guardsmen.

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America's vastly expanded world role after World War II hinged upon military power. The voice and views of the professional military people became increasingly prominent. During the post-war period, distinguished military leaders from the war years filled many top positions in government. Generals Marshall, Eisenhower, MacArthur, Taylor, Ridgeway, LeMay, and others were not only popular heroes but respected opinion-makers. It was a time of international readjustment; military minds offered the benefits of firm views and problem-solving experience to the management of the nation's affairs. Military procedures—including the general staff system, briefings, estimates of the situation, and the organizational and operational techniques of the highly schooled, confident military professionals—spread throughout American culture.

World War II had been a long war. Millions of young American men had matured, been educated, and gained rank and stature during their years in uniform. In spite of themselves, many returned to civilian life as indoctrinated, combat-experienced military professionals. They were veterans, and for better or worse would never be the same again. America will never be the same either. We are now a nation of veterans. To the 14.9 million veterans of World War II, Korea added another 5.7 million five years later, and ever since, the large peacetime military establishment has been training and releasing draftees, enlistees, and short-term reservists by the hundreds of thousands each year. In 1968 the total living veterans of U.S. military service numbered over 23 million, or about 20 percent of the adult population.

Today most middle-aged men, most business, government, civic, and professional leaders, have served some time in uniform. Whether they liked it or not, their military training and experience have affected them, for the creeds and attitudes of the armed forces are powerful medicine, and can become habit-forming. The military codes include all the virtues and beliefs used to motivate men of high principle: patriotism, duty and service to country, honor among fellowmen, courage in the face of danger, loyalty to organization and leaders, self-sacrifice for comrades, leadership, discipline, and physical fitness. For many veterans the military's efforts to train and indoctrinate them may well be the most impressive and influential experience they have ever had—especially so for the young and less educated.

In addition, each of the armed forces has its own special doctrinal beliefs and well-catalogued customs, traditions, rituals, and folklore upon which it strives to build a fiercely loyal military character and esprit de corps. All ranks are taught that their unit and their branch of the military service are

the most elite, important, efficient, or effective in the military establishment. By believing in the superiority and importance of their own service they also provide themselves a degree of personal status, pride, and self-confidence.

As they get older, many veterans seem to romanticize and exaggerate their own military experience and loyalties. The policies, attitudes, and positions of the powerful veterans' organizations such as the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and AMVETS, totaling over 4 million men, frequently reflect this pugnacious and chauvinistic tendency. Their memberships generally favor military solutions to world problems in the pattern of their own earlier experience, and often assert that their military service and sacrifice should be repeated by the younger generations.

CLOSELY related to the attitudes and influence of America's millions of veterans is the vast and powerful complex of the defense industries, which have been described in detail many times in the eight years since General Eisenhower first warned of the military-industrial power complex in his farewell address as President. The relationship between the defense industry and the military establishment is closer than many citizens realize. Together they form a powerful public opinion lobby. The several military service associations provide both a forum and a meeting ground for the military and its industries. The associations also provide each of the armed services with a means of fostering their respective roles, objectives, and propaganda.

Each of the four services has its own association, and there are also additional military function associations, for ordnance, management, defense industry, and defense transportation, to name some of the more prominent. The Air Force Association and the Association of the U.S. Army are the largest, best organized, and most effective of the service associations. The Navy League, typical of the "silent service" traditions, is not as well coordinated in its public relations efforts, and the small Marine Corps Association is not even in the same arena with the other contenders, the Marine Association's main activity being the publication of a semi-official monthly magazine. Actually, the service associations' respective magazines, with an estimated combined circulation of over 270,000, are the primary medium serving the several associations' purposes.

Air Force and Space Digest, to cite one example, is the magazine of the Air Force Association and the unofficial mouthpiece of the U.S. Air Force doctrine, "party line," and propaganda. It frequent-

ly promotes Air Force policy that has been officially frustrated or suppressed within the Department of Defense. It beats the tub for strength through aerospace power, interprets diplomatic, strategic, and tactical problems in terms of air power, stresses the requirements for quantities of every type of aircraft, and frequently perpetuates the extravagant fictions about the effectiveness of bombing. This, of course, is well coordinated with and supported by the multibillion-dollar aerospace industry, which thrives upon the boundless desires of the Air Force. They reciprocate with lavish and expensive ads in every issue of *Air Force*. Over 96,000 members of the Air Force Association receive the magazine. Members include active, reserve, retired personnel, and veterans of the U.S. Air Force. Additional thousands of copies go to people engaged in the defense industry. The thick mixture of advertising, propaganda, and Air Force doctrine continuously repeated in this publication provides its readers and writers with a form of intellectual hypnosis, and they are prone to believe their own propaganda because they read it in *Air Force*.

The American people have also become more and more accustomed to militarism, to uniforms, to the cult of the gun, and to the violence of combat. Whole generations have been brought up on war news and wartime propaganda; the few years of peace since 1939 have seen a steady stream of war novels, war movies, comic strips, and television programs with war or military settings. To many Americans, military training, expeditionary service, and warfare are merely extensions of the entertainment and games of childhood. Even the weaponry and hardware they use at war are similar to the highly realistic toys of their youth. Soldiering loses appeal for some of the relatively few who experience the blood, terror, and filth of battle; for many, however, including far too many senior professional officers, war and combat are an exciting adventure, a competitive game, and an escape from the dull routines of peacetime.

It is this influential nucleus of aggressive, ambitious professional military leaders who are the root of America's evolving militarism. There are over 410,000 commissioned officers on active duty in the four armed services. Of these, well over half are junior ranking reserve officers on temporary active duty. Of the 150,000 or so regular career officers, only a portion are senior ranking colonels, generals, and admirals, but it is they who constitute the elite core of the military establishment. It is these few thousand top-ranking professionals who command and manage the armed forces and plan and formulate military policy and opinion. How is it, then, that in spite of civilian controls and the national

desire for peace, this small group of men exert so much martial influence upon the government and life of the American people?

THE military will disclaim any excess of power or influence on their part. They will point to their small numbers, low pay, and subordination to civilian masters as proof of their modest status and innocence. Nevertheless, the professional military, as a group, is probably one of the best organized and most influential of the various segments of the American scene. Three wars and six major contingencies since 1940 have forced the American people to become abnormally aware of the armed forces and their leaders. In turn the military services have produced an unending supply of distinguished, capable, articulate, and effective leaders. The sheer skill, energy, and dedication of America's military officers make them dominant in almost every government or civic organization they may inhabit, from the federal Cabinet to the local PTA.

The hard core of high-ranking professionals are, first of all, mostly service academy graduates: they had to be physically and intellectually above average among their peers just to gain entrance to an academy. Thereafter for the rest of their careers they are exposed to constant competition for selection and promotion. Attrition is high, and only the most capable survive to reach the elite senior ranks. Few other professions have such rigorous selection systems; as a result, the top military leaders are top-caliber men.

Not many industries, institutions, or civilian branches of government have the resources, techniques, or experience in training leaders such as are now employed by the armed forces in their excellent and elaborate school systems. Military leaders are taught to command large organizations and to plan big operations. They learn the techniques of influencing others. Their education is not, however, liberal or cultural. It stresses the tactics, doctrines, traditions, and codes of the military trade. It produces technicians and disciples, not philosophers.

The men who rise to the top of the military hierarchy have usually demonstrated their effectiveness as leaders, planners, and organization managers. They have perhaps performed heroically in combat, but most of all they have demonstrated their loyalty as proponents of their own service's doctrine and their dedication to the defense establishment. The paramount sense of duty to follow orders is at the root of the military professional's performance. As a result the military

often operate more efficiently and effectively in the arena of defense policy planning than do their civilian counterparts in the State Department. The military planners have their doctrinal beliefs, their loyalties, their discipline—and their typical desire to compete and win. The civilians in government can scarcely play the same policy-planning game. In general the military are better organized, they work harder, they think straighter, and they keep their eyes on the objective, which is to be instantly ready to solve the problem through military action while ensuring that their respective service gets its proper mission, role, and recognition in the operation. In an emergency the military usually have a ready plan; if not, their numerous doctrinal manuals provide firm guidelines for action. Politicians, civilian appointees, and diplomats do not normally have the same confidence about how to react to threats and violence as do the military.

The motivations behind these endeavors are difficult for civilians to understand. For example, military professionals cannot measure the success of their individual efforts in terms of personal financial gain. The armed forces are not profit-making organizations, and the rewards for excellence in the military profession are acquired in less tangible forms. Thus it is that promotion and the responsibilities of higher command, with the related fringe benefits of quarters, servants, privileges, and prestige, motivate most career officers. Promotions and choice job opportunities are attained by constantly performing well, conforming to the expected patterns, and pleasing the senior officers. Promotions and awards also frequently result from heroic and distinguished performance in combat, and it takes a war to become a military hero. Civilians can scarcely understand or even believe that many ambitious military professionals truly yearn for wars and the opportunities for glory and distinction afforded only in combat. A career of peacetime duty is a dull and frustrating prospect for the normal regular officer to contemplate.

The professional military leaders of the U.S. Armed Forces have some additional motivations which influence their readiness to involve their country in military ventures. Unlike some of the civilian policy-makers, the military has not been obsessed with the threat of Communism per se. Most military people know very little about Communism either as a doctrine or as a form of government. But they have been given reason enough to presume that it is bad and represents the force of evil. When they can identify "Communist aggression," however, the matter then becomes of direct concern to the armed forces. Aggressors are the enemy in the war games, the "bad guys," the "Reds." Defeating aggression is a gigantic combat-

area competition rather than a crusade to save the world from Communism. In the military view, all "Communist aggression" is certain to be interpreted as a threat to the United States.

The armed forces' role in performing its part of the national security policy—in addition to defense against actual direct attack on the United States and to maintaining the strategic atomic deterrent forces—is to be prepared to employ its *General Purpose Forces* in support of our collective security policy and the related treaties and alliances. To do this it deploys certain forces to forward zones in the Unified Commands, and maintains an up-to-date file of scores of detailed contingency plans which have been thrashed out and approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Important features of these are the movement or deployment schedules of task forces assigned to each plan. The various details of these plans continue to create intense rivalries between the Navy-Marine sea-lift forces and the Army-Air Force team of air-mobility proponents. At the senior command levels parochial pride in service, personal ambitions, and old Army-Navy game rivalry stemming back to academy loyalties can influence strategic planning far more than most civilians would care to believe. The game is to be ready for deployment sooner than the other elements of the joint task force and to be so disposed as to be the "first to fight." The danger presented by this practice is that readiness and deployment speed become ends in themselves. This was clearly revealed in the massive and rapid intervention in the Dominican Republic in 1965 when the contingency plans and interservice rivalry appeared to supersede diplomacy. Before the world realized what was happening, the momentum and velocity of the military plans propelled almost 20,000 U.S. soldiers and Marines into the small turbulent republic in an impressive race to test the respective mobility of the Army and the Marines, and to attain overall command of "U.S. Forces Dom. Rep." Only a fraction of the force deployed was needed or justified. A small 1935-model Marine landing force could probably have handled the situation. But the Army airlifted much of the 82nd Airborne Division to the scene, included a lieutenant general, and took charge of the operation.

Simultaneously, in Vietnam during 1965 the four services were racing to build up combat strength in that hapless country. This effort was ostensibly to save South Vietnam from Viet Cong and North Vietnamese aggression. It should also be noted that it was motivated in part by the same old interservice rivalry to demonstrate respective importance and combat effectiveness.

The punitive air strikes immediately following the Tonkin Gulf incident in late 1964 revealed the

readiness of naval air forces to bomb North Vietnam. (It now appears that the Navy actually had attack plans ready even before the alleged incident took place!) So by early 1965 the Navy carrier people and the Air Force initiated a contest of comparative strikes, sorties, tonnages dropped, "Killed by Air" claims, and target grabbing which continued up to the 1968 bombing pause. Much of the reporting on air action has consisted of misleading data or propaganda to serve Air Force and Navy purposes. In fact, it became increasingly apparent that the U.S. bombing effort in both North and South Vietnam has been one of the most wasteful and expensive hoaxes ever to be put over on the American people. Tactical and close air support of ground operations is essential, but air power use in general has to a large degree been a contest for the operations planners, "fine experience" for young pilots, and opportunity for career officers.

The highly trained professional and aggressive career officers of the Army and Marine Corps played a similar game. Prior to the decision to send combat units to South Vietnam in early 1965, both services were striving to increase their involvement. The Army already had over 16,000 military aid personnel serving in South Vietnam in the military adviser role, in training missions, logistic services, supporting helicopter companies, and in Special Forces teams. This investment of men and matériel justified a requirement for additional U.S. combat units to provide local security and to help protect our growing commitment of aid to the South Vietnam regime.

There were also top-ranking Army officers who wanted to project Army ground combat units into the Vietnam struggle for a variety of other reasons; to test plans and new equipment, to test the new air-mobile theories and tactics, to try the tactics and techniques of counterinsurgency, and to gain combat experience for young officers and noncommissioned officers. It also appeared to be a case of the military's duty to stop "Communist aggression" in Vietnam.

THE Marines had somewhat similar motivations, the least of which was any real concern about the political or social problems of the Vietnamese people. In early 1965 there was a shooting war going on and the Marines were being left out of it, contrary to all their traditions. The Army's military advisory people were hogging American participation—except for a Marine Corps transport helicopter squadron at Danang which was helping the Army of the Republic of Vietnam. For several years young Marine officers had been going to South

Vietnam from the 3rd Marine Division on Okinawa for short tours of "on-the-job training" with the small South Vietnam Marine Corps. There was a growing concern, however, among some senior Marines that the Corps should get involved on a larger scale and be the "first to fight" in keeping with the Corps's traditions. This would help justify the Corps's continued existence, which many Marines seem to consider to be in constant jeopardy.

The Corps had also spent several years exploring the theories of counterinsurgency and as early as 1961 had developed an elaborate lecture-demonstration called OPERATION CORMORANT, for school and Marine Corps promotion purposes, which depicted the Marines conducting a large-scale amphibious operation on the coast of Vietnam and thereby helping resolve a hypothetical aggressor-insurgency problem. As always it was important to Marine planners and doctrinaires to apply an amphibious operation to the Vietnam situation and provide justification for this special Marine functional responsibility. So Marine planners were seeking an acceptable excuse to thrust a landing force over the beaches of Vietnam when the Viet Cong attacked the U.S. Army Special Forces camp at Pleiku in February, 1965. It was considered unacceptable aggression, and the President was thereby prompted to put U.S. ground combat units into the war. Elements of the 3rd Marine Division at Okinawa were already aboard ship and eager to go, for the Marines also intended to get to Vietnam before their neighbor on Okinawa, the Army's 173rd Airborne Brigade, arrived. (Actually the initial Marine unit to deploy was an airlifted antiaircraft missile battalion which arrived to protect the Da-nang air base.) With these initial deployments the Army-Marine race to build forces in Vietnam began in earnest and did not slow down until both became overextended, overcommitted, and depleted at home.

For years up to 1964 the chiefs of the armed services, of whom the author was then one, deemed it unnecessary and unwise for U.S. forces to become involved in any ground war in Southeast Asia. In 1964 there were changes in the composition of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and in a matter of a few months the Johnson Administration, encouraged by the aggressive military, hastened into what has become the quagmire of Vietnam. The intention at the time was that the war effort be kept small and "limited." But as the momentum and involvement built up, the military leaders rationalized a case that this was not a limited-objective exercise, but was a proper war in defense of the United States against "Communist aggression" and in honor of our area commitments.

The battle successes and heroic exploits of Amer-

ica's fine young fighting men have added to the military's traditions which extol service, bravery, and sacrifice, and so it has somehow become unpatriotic to question our military strategy and tactics or the motives of military leaders. Actually, however, the military commanders have directed the war in Vietnam, they have managed the details of its conduct; and more than most civilian officials, the top military planners were initially ready to become involved in Vietnam combat and have the opportunity to practice their trade. It has been popular to blame the civilian administration for the conduct and failures of the war rather than to question the motives of the military. But some of the generals and admirals are by no means without responsibility for the Vietnam miscalculations.

Some of the credibility difficulties experienced by the Johnson Administration over its war situation reports and Vietnam policy can also be blamed in part upon the military advisers. By its very nature most military activity falls under various degrees of security classification. Much that the military plans or does must be kept from the enemy. Thus the military is indoctrinated to be secretive, devious, and misleading in its plans and operations. It does not, however, always confine its security restrictions to purely military operations. Each of the services and all of the major commands practice techniques of controlling the news and the release of self-serving propaganda: in "the interests of national defense," to make the service look good, to cover up mistakes, to build up and publicize a distinguished military personality, or to win a round in the continuous gamesmanship of the interservice contest. If the Johnson Administration suffered from lack of credibility in its reporting of the war, the truth would reveal that much of the hocus-pocus stemmed from schemers in the military services, both at home and abroad.

OUR militaristic culture was born of the necessities of World War II, nurtured by the Korean War, and became an accepted aspect of American life during the years of cold war emergencies and real or imagined threats from the Communist bloc. Both the philosophy and the institutions of militarism grew during these years because of the momentum of their own dynamism, the vigor of their ideas, their large size and scope, and because of the dedicated concentration of the emergent military leaders upon their doctrinal objectives. The dynamism of the defense establishment and its culture

is also inspired and stimulated by vast amounts of money, by the new creations of military research and matériel development, and by the concepts of the Defense Department-supported "think factories." These latter are extravagantly funded civilian organizations of scientists, analysts, and retired military strategists who feed new militaristic philosophies into the Defense Department to help broaden the views of the single service doctrinaires, to create fresh policies and new requirements for ever larger, more expensive defense forces.

Somewhat like a religion, the basic appeals of anti-Communism, national defense, and patriotism provide the foundation for a powerful creed upon which the defense establishment can build, grow, and justify its cost. More so than many large bureaucratic organizations, the defense establishment now devotes a large share of its efforts to self-perpetuation, to justifying its organizations, to preaching its doctrines, and to self-maintenance and management. Warfare becomes an extension of war games and field tests. War justifies the existence of the establishment, provides experience for the military novice and challenges for the senior officer. Wars and emergencies put the military and their leaders on the front pages and give status and prestige to the professionals. Wars add to the military traditions, the self-nourishment of heroic deeds, and provide a new crop of military leaders who become the rededicated disciples of the code of service and military action. Being recognized public figures in a nation always seeking folk heroes, the military leaders have been largely exempt from the criticism experienced by the more plebeian politician. Flag officers are considered "experts," and their views are often accepted by press and Congress as the gospel. In turn, the distinguished military leader feels obliged not only to perpetuate loyally the doctrine of his service but to comply with the stereotyped military characteristics by being tough, aggressive, and firm in his resistance to Communist aggression and his belief in the military solutions to world problems. Standing closely behind these leaders, encouraging and prompting them, are the rich and powerful defense industries. Standing in front, adorned with service caps, ribbons, and lapel emblems, is a nation of veterans—patriotic, belligerent, romantic, and well intentioned, finding a certain sublimation and excitement in their country's latest military venture. Militarism in America is in full bloom and promises a future of vigorous self-pollination—unless the blight of Vietnam reveals that militarism is more a poisonous weed than a glorious blossom.

The opinions contained herein are the private ones of the author and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS

A Story by James Alan McPherson



CLAUDE SHEATS had been in the Brotherhood all his life, and then he had tried to get out. Some of his people and most of his friends were still in the Brotherhood and were still very good members, but Claude was no longer a good member because he had tried to get out after over twenty years. To get away from the Brotherhood and all his friends who were still active in it, he moved to Washington Square and took to reading about being militant. But, living there, he developed a craving for whiteness the way a nicely broke-in virgin craves sex. In spite of this, he maintained a steady black girl, whom he saw at least twice a month to keep up appearances, and once he took both of us with him when he visited his uncle in Harlem who was still in the Brotherhood.

"She's a nice girl, Claude," his uncle's wife had told him that night, because the girl, besides being attractive, had some very positive ideas about the Brotherhood. Her name was Marie, she worked as a secretary in my office, and it was on her suggestion that I had moved in with Claude Sheats.

"I'm glad to see you don't waste your time on hippies," the uncle had said. "All our young men are selling out these days."

The uncle was the kind of fellow who had played his cards right. He was much older than his wife, and I had the impression that night that he must have given her time to experience enough and to become bored enough before he overwhelmed her with his success. He wore glasses and combed his hair back and had that oily composure that made me think of a waiter waiting to be tipped. He was very proud of his English, I observed, and how he always ended his words with just the right sound.

He must have felt superior to people who didn't. He must have felt superior to Claude because he was still with the Brotherhood and Claude had tried to get out.

Claude did not like him and always seemed to feel guilty whenever we visited his uncle's house. "Don't mention any of my girls to him," he told me after our first visit.

"Why would I do that?" I said.

"He'll try to psych you into telling him."

"Why should he suspect you? He never comes over to the apartment."

"He just likes to know what I'm doing. I don't want him to know about my girls."

"I won't say anything," I promised.

He was almost twenty-three and had no steady girls except Marie. He was well built so that he had no trouble in the Village area. It was like going to the market for him. During my first days in the apartment the process had seemed like a game. And once, when he was going out, I said: "Bring back two."

Half an hour later he came back with two girls. He got their drinks, and then he called me into his room to meet them.

"This is Doris," he said, pointing to the smaller one, "and I forgot your name," he said to the big blonde.

"Jane," she said.

"This is Howard," he told her.

"Hi," I said. Neither one of them smiled. The big blonde in white pants sat on the big bed, and the little one sat on a chair near the window. He had given them his worst bourbon.

"Excuse me a minute," Claude said to the girls.

"I want to talk to Howard for a minute." He put on a record before we went outside into the hall between our rooms. He was always extremely polite and gentle, and he was very soft-spoken in spite of his size.

"Listen," he said to me outside, "you can have the blonde."

"What can I do with that amazon?"

"I don't care. Just get her out of the room."

"She's dirty," I said.

"So you can give her a bath."

"It wouldn't help much."

"Well, just take her out and talk to her," he told me. "Remember, you asked for her."

We went back in. "Where you from?" I said to the amazon.

"Brighton."

"What school?"

"No. I just got here."

"From where?"

"Brighton!"

"Where's that?" I said.

"England," she said. Claude Sheats looked at me.

"How did you find Washington Square so fast?"

"I got friends."

She was very superior about it all and showed the same slight irritation of a professional theater critic waiting for a late performance to begin. The little one sat on the chair, her legs crossed, staring at the ceiling. Her white pants were dirty too. Both girls looked as though they would have been relieved if we had taken off our clothes and danced for them around the room and across the bed, and made hungry sounds in our throats with our mouths slightly opened.

I said that I had to go out to the drugstore and would be back very soon; but once outside, I walked a whole hour in one direction, and then I walked back. I passed them a block away from our apartment. They were walking fast and did not slow down or speak when I passed them.

Claude Sheats was drinking heavily when I came into the apartment.

"What the hell are you trying to pull?" he said.

"I couldn't find a drugstore open."

He got up from the living room table and walked toward me. "You should have asked me," he said. "I got more than enough."

"I wanted some mouthwash too," I said.

He fumed a while longer, and then told me how I had ruined his evening because the amazon would not leave the room to wait for me and the little one would not do anything with the amazon around. He suddenly thought of going down and bringing them back, and he went out for a while. But he came back without them, saying that they had been picked up again.

"When a man looks out for you, you got to look out for him," he warned me.

"I'm sorry."

"A hell of a lot of good *that* does. And that's the last time I look out for *you*, baby," he said. "From now on it's *me* all the way."

"Thanks," I said.

"If she was too much for you I could of taken the amazon."

"It didn't matter that much," I said.

"You could of had Doris if you couldn't handle the amazon."

"They were both too much," I told him.

But Claude Sheats did not answer. He just looked at me.



After two months of living with him I concluded that Claude hated whites as much as he loved them. And he hated himself with the very same passion. He hated the country and his place in it, and he loved the country and his place in it. He loved the Brotherhood and all that being in it had taught him, and he still believed in what he had been taught, even after he had left it and did not have to believe in anything.

"This Man is going *down*, Howard," he would announce with conviction.

"Why?" I would ask.

"Because it's the Black Man's time to rule again. They had five thousand years, now we get five thousand years."

"What if I don't *want* to rule?" I asked. "What happens if I don't want to take over?"

He looked at me with pity in his face. "You go down with the rest of the country."

"I guess I wouldn't mind much anyway," I said. "It would be a hell of a place with nobody to hate."

But I could never get him to smile about it the way I tried to smile about it. He was always serious. And once, when I questioned the mysticism in the teachings of the Brotherhood, Claude almost attacked me. "Another man might kill you for saying that," he had said. "Another man might not let you get away with saying something like that." He was quite deadly, and he stood over me with an air of patient superiority. And because he could afford to be generous and forgiving, being one of the saved, he sat down at the table with me under the single light bulb and began to teach me. He told me the stories about how it was in the beginning before the whites took over, and about all the little secret significances of black, and about the

subtle infiltration of white superiority into everyday objects.

"You've never seen me eat white bread or white sugar, have you?"

"No," I said. He used brown bread and brown sugar.

"Or use bleached flour or white rice?"

"No."

"You know why, don't you?" He waited expectantly.

"No," I finally said. "I don't know why."

He was visibly shocked, so much so that he dropped that line of instruction and began to draw on a pad before him on the living room table. He moved his big shoulders over the yellow pad to conceal his drawings and looked across the table at me. "Now I'm going to tell you something that white men have paid thousands of dollars to learn," he said. "Men have been killed for telling this, but I'm telling you for nothing. I'm warning you not to repeat it because if the whites find out, you know, you could be killed too."

"You know me," I said. "I wouldn't repeat any secrets."

He gave me a long, thoughtful look.

I gave him back a long, eager, honest look.

Then he leaned across the table, and whispered: "Kennedy isn't buried in this country. He was the only President who never had his coffin opened during the funeral. The body was in state all that time, and they never opened the coffin once. You know why?"

"No."

"Because he's not *in it*! They buried an empty coffin. Kennedy was a Thirty-third Degree Mason. His body is in Jerusalem right now."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"If I told you, it would put your life in danger."

"Did his family know about it?"

"No. His lodge kept it secret."

"No one knew?"

"I'm telling you, *no*!"

"Then how did you find out?"

He sighed, more from tolerance than from boredom with my inability to comprehend the mysticism of pure reality in its most unadulterated form. Of course I could not believe him, and we argued about it, back and forth; but to cap all my uncertainties he drew the thirty-three-degree circle, showed me the secret signs that men had died to learn, and spoke about the time when our black ancestors chased an evil genius out of their kingdom and across a desert and onto an island somewhere in the sea; from which, hundreds of years later, this same evil genius sent forth a perfected breed of white-skinned and evil creatures who, through trickery, managed to enslave for five

thousand years the onetime Black Masters of the world. He further explained the significance of the East and why all the saved must go there once during their lifetime, and possibly be buried there, as Kennedy had been.

It was dark and late at night, and the glaring bulb cast his great shadow into the corners so that there was the sense of some outraged spirit, fuming in the halls and dark places of our closets, waiting to extract some terrible and justifiable revenge from him for disclosing to me, an unbeliever, the closest-kept of secrets. But I was aware of them only for an instant, and then I did not believe him again.

The most convincing thing about it all was that he was very intelligent and had an orderly, well-regimented life-style, and yet *he* had no trouble with believing. He believed in the certainty of statistical surveys, which was his work; the nutritional value of wheat germ sprinkled on eggs; the sensuality of gin; and the dangers inherent in smoking. He was stylish in that he did not believe in God, but he was extremely moral and warm and kind; and I wanted sometimes to embrace him for his kindness and bigness and gentle manners. He lived his life so carefully that no matter what he said, I could not help believing him sometimes. But I did not want to, because I knew that once I started I could not stop; and then there would be no purpose to my own beliefs and no real conviction or direction in my own efforts to achieve when always, in the back of my regular thoughts, there would be a sense of futility and a fear of the unknown all about me. So, for the sake of necessity, I chose not to believe him.

He felt that the country was doomed and that the safe thing to do was to make enough money as soon as possible and escape to the Far East. He forecast summer riots in certain Northern cities and warned me, religiously, to avoid all implicating ties with whites so that I might have a chance to be saved when that time came. And I asked him about *his* ties, and the girls, and how it was never a movie date with coffee afterward but always his room and the cover-all blanket of Motown sounds late into the night.

"A man has different reasons for doing certain things," he had said.

He never seemed to be comfortable with any of the girls. He never seemed to be in control. And after my third month in the apartment I had concluded that he used his virility as a tool and forged, for however long it lasted, a little area of superiority which could never, it seemed, extend itself beyond the certain confines of his room, no matter how late into the night the records played. I could see him fighting to extend the area, as if an increase

in the number of girls he saw could compensate for what he had lost in duration. He saw many girls: curious students, unexpected bus-stop pickups, and assorted other one-nighters. And his rationalizations allowed him to believe that each one was an actual conquest, a physical affirmation of a psychological victory over all he hated and loved and hated in the little world of his room.

But then he seemed to have no happiness, even in this. Even here I sensed some intimations of defeat. After each girl, Claude would almost immediately come out of his room, as if there were no need for aftertalk; as if, after it was over, he felt a brooding, silent emptiness that quickly intensified into nervousness and instantaneous shyness and embarrassment, so that the cold which sets in after that kind of emotional drain came in very sharp against his skin, and he could not bear to have her there any longer. And when the girl had gone, he would come into my room to talk. These were the times when he was most like a little boy; and these were the times when he really began to trust me.

"That bitch called me everything but the son of God," he would chuckle. And I would put aside my papers brought home from the office, smile at him, and listen.

He would always eat or drink afterward, and in those early days I was glad for his companionship and the return of his trust, and sometimes we drank and talked until dawn. During these times he would tell me more subtleties about the Man and would predict the fall of the country. Once he warned me, in a fatherly way, about reading life from books before experiencing it; and another night he advised me on how to schedule girls so that one could run them without being run in return. These were usually good times of good-natured arguments and predictions; but as we drank more often he tended to grow excited and quick-tempered, especially after he had just entertained. Sometimes he would seethe with hate, and every drink he took gave life to increasingly bitter condemnations of the present system and our place in it. There were actually flying saucers, he told me once, piloted by things from other places in the universe, which would eventually destroy the country for what it had done to the black man. He had run into his room on that occasion, and had brought out a book by a man who maintained that the government was deliberately withholding from the public overwhelming evidence of flying saucers

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and strange creatures from other galaxies that walked among us every day. Claude emphasized the fact that the writer was a Ph.D. who must know what he was talking about, and insisted that the politicians withheld the information because they knew that their time was almost up and if they made it public, the black man would know that he had outside friends who would help him take over the world again. Nothing I said could make him reconsider the slightest bit of his information.

"What are we going to use for weapons when we take over?" I asked him once.

"We've got atomic bombs stockpiled and waiting for the day."

"How can you believe that crap?"

He did not answer, but said instead: "You are the living example of what the Man has done to my people."

"I just try to think things out for myself," I said.

"You can't think. The handkerchief over your head is too big."

I smiled.

"I know," he continued. "I know all there is to know about whites because I've been studying them all my life."

I smiled some more.

"I ought to know," he said slowly. "I have supernatural powers."

"I'm tired," I told him. "I want to go to sleep now."

Claude started to leave the room, then he turned. "Listen," he said at the door. He pointed his finger at me to emphasize the gravity of his pronouncement. "I predict that within the next week something is going to happen to this country that will hurt it even more than Kennedy's assassination."

"Good-night," I said as he closed the door.

He opened it again. "Remember that I predicted it when it happens," he said. For the first time I noticed that he had been deadly serious all along.

Two days later several astronauts burned to death in Florida. He raced into my room hot with the news.

"Do you believe in me *now*?" he said. "Just two days and look what happened."

I tried to explain, as much to myself as to him, that in any week of the year something unfortunate was bound to occur. But he insisted that this was only part of a divine plan to bring the country to its knees. He said that he intended to send a letter off right away to Jeane Dixon in D.C. to let her know that she was not alone because he also had the same power. Then he thought that he had better not because the FBI knew that he had been active in the Brotherhood before he got out.

At first it was good fun believing that someone important cared enough to watch us. And some-

times when the telephone was dead a long time before the dial tone sounded, I would knock on his door and together we would run through our telephone conversations for that day to see if either of us had said anything implicating or suspect, just in case they were listening. This feeling of persecution brought us closer together, and soon the instruction sessions began to go on almost every night. At this point I could not help believing him a little. And he began to trust me again, like a tolerable little brother, and even confided that the summer riots would break out simultaneously in Harlem and Watts during the second week in August. For some reason, something very difficult to put into words, I spent three hot August nights on the streets of Harlem, waiting for the riot to start.

In the seventh month of our living together, he began to introduce me to his girls again when they came in. Most of them came only once, but all of them received the same mechanical treatment. He discriminated only with liquor, the quality of which improved with the attractiveness or reluctance of the girl: gin for slow starters, bourbon for momentary strangers, and the scotch he reserved for those he hoped would come again. There was first the trek into his room, his own trip out for the ice and glasses while classical music was played within; then after a while the classical piece would be replaced by several Motowns. Finally, there was her trip to the bathroom, his calling a cab in the hall, and the sound of both their feet on the stairs as he walked her down to the cab. Then he would come to my room in his red bathrobe, glass in hand, for the aftertalk.



Then in the ninth month the trouble started. It would be very easy to pick out one incident, one day, one area of misunderstanding in that month and say: "That was where it began." It would be easy, but not accurate. It might have been one instance or a combination of many. It might have been the girl who came into the living room when I was going over the proposed blueprints for a new settlement house, and who lingered too long outside his room in conversation because her father was a builder somewhere. Or it might have been nothing at all. But after that time he warned me about being too friendly with his company.

Another night, when I was leaving the bathroom in my shorts, he came out of his room with a girl who smiled. "Hi," she said to me.

I nodded hello as I ducked back into the bathroom.

When he had walked her down to the door he came to my room and knocked. He did not have a drink. "Why didn't you speak to my company?" he demanded.

"I was in my shorts."

"She felt bad about it. She asked what the hell was wrong with you. What could I tell her—'He got problems'?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "But I didn't want to stop in my shorts."

"I see through you, Howard," he said. "You're just jealous of me and try to insult my girls to get to me."

"Why should I be jealous of you?"

"Because I'm a man and you're not."

"What makes a man anyway?" I said. "Your fried eggs and wheat germ? Why should I be jealous of you or what you bring in?"

"Some people don't need a reason. You're a black devil and you'll get yours. I predict that you'll get yours."

"Look," I told him, "I'm sorry about the girl. Tell her I'm sorry when you see her again."

"You treated her so bad she probably won't come back."

I said nothing more, and he stood there silently for a long time before he turned to leave the room. But at the door he turned again, and said: "I see through you, Howard. You're a black devil."

It should have ended there, and it might have with anyone else. I took great pains to speak to his girls after that, even though he tried to get them into the room as quickly as possible. But a week later he accused me of walking about in his room after he had gone out some two weeks before.

"I swear I wasn't in your room," I protested.

"I saw your shadow on the blinds from across the street at the bus stop," he insisted.

"I've never been in your room when you weren't there," I told him.

"I saw you!"

We went into his room, and I tried to explain how, even if he could see the window from the bus stop, the big lamp next to the window prevented any shadow from being cast on the blinds. But he was convinced in his mind that at every opportunity I plundered his closets and drawers. He had no respect for simple logic in these matters, no sense of the absurdity of his accusations, and the affair finally ended with my confessing that I might have done it without actually knowing, and if I had, I would not do it again.

But what had been a gesture for peace on my part became a vindication for him, proof that I was a black devil, capable of lying and lying until he

confronted me with the inescapable truth of the situation. And so he persisted in creating situations from which, if he insisted on a point long enough and with enough self-righteousness, he could draw my inevitable confession.

And I confessed eagerly, goaded on by the necessity of maintaining peace. I confessed to mixing white sugar crystals in with his own brown crystals so that he could use it and violate the teachings of the Brotherhood; I confessed to cleaning the bathroom all the time merely because I wanted to make him feel guilty for not having ever cleaned it. I confessed to telling the faithful Marie, who brought a surprise dinner over for him, that he was working late at his office in order to implicate him with the girls who worked there. I confessed to leaving my papers about the house so that his company



could ask about them and develop an interest in me. And I pleaded guilty to a record of other little infamies, which multiplied into countless others, and again subdivided into hundreds of little subtleties until my every movement was a threat to him. If I had a girlfriend to dinner, we should eat in my room instead of at the table because he had to use the bathroom a lot, and he was embarrassed to be seen going to the bathroom.

If I protested, he would fly into a tantrum and shake his big finger at me vigorously. And so I retreated, step by step, into my room, from which I emerged only to go to the bathroom or kitchen or out of the house. I tried to stay out on nights when he had company. But he had company so often that I could not always help being in my room after he had walked her to the door. Then he would knock on my door for his talk. He might offer me a drink, and if I refused, he would go to his room for a while and then come back. He would pace about for a while, like a big little boy who wants to ask for money over his allowance. At these times my mind would move feverishly over all our contacts for as far back as I could make it reach, searching and attempting to pull out that one incident which would surely be the point of his attack. But it was never any use.

"Howard, I got something on my chest, and I might as well get it off."

"What is it?" I asked from my bed.

"You been acting strange lately. Haven't been talking to me. If you got something on your chest, get it off now."

"I have nothing on my chest," I said.

"Then why don't you talk?"

I did not answer.

"You hardly speak to me in the kitchen. If you have something against me, tell me now."

"I have nothing against you."

"Why don't you talk, then?" He looked directly at me. "If a man doesn't talk, you think *something's* wrong!"

"I've been nervous lately, that's all. I got problems, and I don't want to talk."

"Everybody's got problems. That's no reason for going around making a man feel guilty."

"For God's sake, I don't want to talk."

"I know what's wrong with you. Your conscience is bothering you. You're so evil that your conscience is giving you trouble. You got everybody fooled but *me*. I know you're a black devil."

"I'm a black devil," I said. "Now will you let me sleep?"

He went to the door. "You dish it out, but you can't take it," he said. "That's *your* trouble."

"I'm a black devil," I said.

I lay there, after he left, hating myself but thankful that he hadn't called me into his room for the fatherly talk as he had done another time. That was the worst. He had come to the door and said: "Come out of there, I want to talk to you." He had walked ahead of me into his room and had sat down in his big leather chair next to the lamp with his legs spread wide and his big hands in his lap. He had said: "Don't be afraid. I'm not going to hurt you. Sit down. I'm not going to argue. What are you so nervous about? Have a drink," in his kindest, most fatherly way, and that had been the worst of all. That was the time he had told me to eat in my room. Now I could hear him pacing about in the hall, and I knew that it was not over for the night. I began to pray that I could sleep before he came. I did not care what he did as long as I did not have to face him. I resolved to confess to anything he accused me of if it would make him leave sooner. I was about to go out into the hall for my confession when the door was kicked open and he charged into the room.

"You black son of a bitch!" he said. "I ought to *kill* you." He stood over the bed in the dark room and shook his big fist over me. And I lay there hating the overpowering cowardice in me, which kept my body still and my eyes closed, and hoping that he would kill all of it when his heavy fist landed.

"First you insult a man's company, then you ignore him. I been *good* to you. I let you live here, I let you eat my uncle's food, and I taught you things. But you're a ungrateful m-f. I ought to *kill* you right now!"

And I still lay there, as he went on, not hearing

him, with nothing in me but a loud throbbing which pulsed through the length of my body and made the sheets move with its pounding. I lay there secure and safe in cowardice for as long as I looked up at him with my eyes big and my body twitching and my mind screaming out to him that it was all right, and I thanked him, because now I truly believed in the new five thousand years of Black Rule.

It is night again. I am in bed again, and I can hear the new blond girl closing the bathroom door. I know that in a minute he will come out in his red robe and call a cab. His muffled voice through my closed door will seem very tired, but just as kind and patient to the dispatcher as it is to everyone, and as it was to me in those old times. I am afraid, because when they came up the stairs earlier they caught me working at the living room table with my back to them. I had not expected him back so soon; but then I should have known that he would not go out. I had turned around in the chair, and she smiled and said hello, and I said "Hi" before he hurried her into the room. I *did* speak, and I know that she heard. But I also know that I must have done something wrong; if not to her, then to him earlier today or yesterday or last week, because he glared at me before following her into the room, and he almost paused to say something when he came out to get the glasses and ice. I wish that I could remember just what it was. But it does not matter. I *am* guilty, and he knows it.

Now that he knows about me I am afraid. I could move away from the apartment and hide my guilt from him, but I know that he would find me. The brainwashed part of my mind tells me to call the police while he is still busy with her, but what could I charge him with when I know that he is only trying to help me? I could move the big ragged yellow chair in front of the door, but that would not stop him, and it might make him impatient with me. Even if I pretended to be asleep and ignored him, it would not help when he comes. He has not bothered to knock for weeks.

In the black shadows over my bed and in the corners I can sense the outraged spirits who help him when they hover about his arms as he gestures, with his lessons, above my bed. I am determined now to lie here and take it. It is the price I must pay for all the black secrets I have learned, and all the evil I have learned about myself. I *am* jealous of him, of his learning, of his girls. I am not the same handkerchief-head I was nine months ago. I have Marie to thank for that, and Claude, and the spirits. They know about me, and perhaps it is they who make him do it and he cannot help

himself. I believe in the spirits now, just as I believe most of the time that I am a black devil.

They are going down to the cab now.

I will not ever blame him for it. He is helping me. But I blame the girls. I blame them for not staying on afterward, and for letting all the good nice happy love talk cut off automatically after it is over. I need to have them there, after it is over. And he needs it; he needs it much more and much longer than they could ever need what he does for them. He should be able to teach them, as he has taught me. And he should have their appreciation, as he has mine. I blame them. I blame them for letting him try and try and never get just a little of the love there is left in the world.

I can hear him coming back from the cab.

AN INTERNAL LANDSCAPE

BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

A room should be a boat, rocking
high in a surprised wind
where the bedcovers curve
to fingertips
where sunflowers rise thirty feet
to stare in open windows

Other fingertips clawing
our windowsills belong to trees
and not jealous loves
we have forgotten —

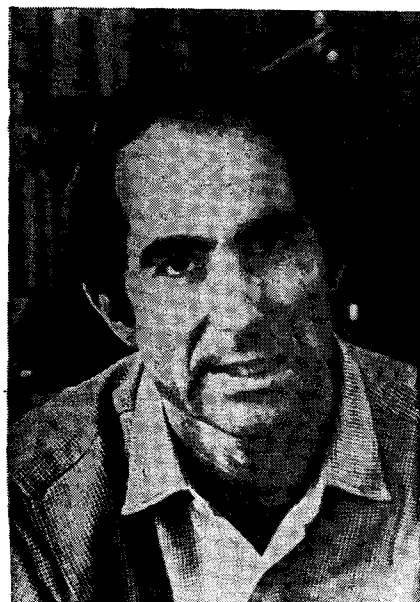
As stalks beneath "Tulips Planted"
in the park ripen to green
so our love ripens lazily
beyond our reach
in a gift of a room.
Our faces ripen.

Does love grow in layers?
Cells of layers?
Each dot of color blending
like leaves burning
in a single tree
burning us to a single
unwary marriage of
love

BOOKS and MEN *This essay on Philip Roth places the writer and the man within the perspective of a personal memoir. Mr. Solotaroff is editor of NEW AMERICAN REVIEW and a contributor to many periodicals. Roth and Solotaroff grew up in northern New Jersey, studied together at the University of Chicago, and this article is dedicated to Napier Willt, now retired, who was one of their teachers.*

The Journey of PHILIP ROTH

by THEODORE SOLOTAROFF



ONE day in the fall of 1957, I was sitting in a course on Henry James at the University of Chicago. The semester had just begun, and there were a few new faces: one that I had been noticing belonged to a handsome, well-groomed young man, who stood out in the lean and bedraggled midst of us veteran graduate students as though he had strayed into class from the Business School. The text for the day was *Daisy Miller*, and toward the end of the hour, one of the other new students began to run away with the discussion, expounding one of those symbolic religious interpretations of the story that were in fashion at the time everywhere but at Chicago. Eventually, the instructor asked me what I thought of this reading, and in the rhetoric I had learned from my mentors among the Chicago critics, I said that it was 'idiotic. I was immediately seconded by the debonair young man, who, in a very precise and concrete way, began to point out how such a reading turned the purpose and technique of the story inside out. Like two strangers in a pickup basketball game who discover they can work together, we passed the argument back and forth for a minute or two, running up the score of common sense. It was one of those fine moments of communication that don't occur every day in graduate English courses, and after class we

met, shook hands, and exchanged names. His was Philip Roth.

So began a relationship. Since we were leading complicated, busy, and quite different private lives, our paths didn't cross that much. But almost each time they did, a connection was made and the current flowed. Though I was five years older than Roth, we were rather alike in temperament—aggressive, aloof, moody, and, as graduate students go, worldly. We also had a number of things in common that turned us on to each other. We were from roughly the same backgrounds—the practical, coarse, emotionally extravagant life of the Jewish middle class—as well as from neighboring cities in northern New Jersey. So there was an easy, immediate intimacy of a more or less common upbringing—Hebrew schools and YMHA's, the boardinghouses and boardwalks of Belmar and Bradley Beach, the Empire Burlesque House in Newark; the days and ways of possessive Jewish mothers and harassed Jewish fathers, the pantheons of our adolescence where Hank Greenberg, John Garfield, Norman Corwin, and Longy Zwillman, the outstanding racketeer in Essex County, were enshrined; and so many other "Jewish" artifacts, experiences, nuances of feeling and attitude, about which we found ourselves to be about equally

nostalgic and contemptuous, hilarious and burdened. At the same time, we were both involved in the similar journey from the halfway house of semi-acculturation, whose household deity was neither Sholom Aleichem nor Lionel Trilling but someone like Jack Benny, into the realm of literature and culture. In our revolt against the exotic but intransigent materialism of our first-generation bourgeois parents, we were not in school to learn how to earn a living but to become civilized. Hence our shared interest in James. And, finally, we both thought of ourselves as writers who were biding their time in the graduate seminars we took and the freshman composition courses we gave. Hence our quick hostility toward any fancy, academic uses of James.

All of which meant that we were also somewhat wary of each other. Since each of us served as an objectification of the other's sense of position and purpose, we spent a lot of time secretly taking each other's measure, comparing and contrasting. Also I had more or less stopped writing, except for term papers, while Roth was writing all the time and was getting published. One of his stories had even been anthologized in a Martha Foley collection: two others had just been bought by *Esquire*; and he was also doing movie reviews for the *New Republic*. After a quarter or so Roth dropped out of graduate school, in order to concentrate on his fiction; meanwhile, I slowly forged on through the second year of the Ph.D. program. To our other roles came to be added those of the creative writer and the critic, respectively.

During this year I read several of the stories in manuscript that were to appear a year later in *Goodbye, Columbus*. Raised as I had been, so to speak, on the short-story-as-a-work-of-art, the cool, terse epiphanies of the Joyce of *Dubliners*, the Flaubert of *Un Coeur Simple*, of Katherine Mansfield and Hemingway, I didn't at first know how to respond to a story in which the narrator says:

Though I am very fond of desserts, especially fruit, I chose not to have any. I wanted, this hot night, to avoid the conversation that revolved around my choosing fresh fruit over canned fruit, or canned fruit over fresh fruit; whichever I preferred, Aunt Gladys always had an abundance of the other jamming her refrigerator like stolen diamonds. "He wants canned peaches, I have a refrigerator full of grapes I have to get rid of. . ." Life was a throwing off for poor Aunt Gladys, her greatest joys were taking out the garbage, emptying her pantry, and making threadbare bundles for what she still referred to as the Poor Jews in Palestine. I only hope she dies with an empty refrigerator, otherwise she'll ruin eternity for everyone else, what with her Velveeta turning green, and her navel oranges growing fuzzy jackets down below.

But my resistances quickly toppled like tenpins. It was like sitting down in a movie house and suddenly seeing there on the screen a film about the block on which I had grown up: the details of place, character, incident all intimately familiar and yet new, or at least never appreciated before for their color and interest. This story of Neil Klugman and Brenda Patimkin was so simple, direct, and evident that it couldn't be "art," and yet I knew that art did advance in just this way: a sudden sweeping aside of outmoded complexities for the sake of a fresh view of experience, often so natural a view and so common an experience that one wondered why writers hadn't been seeing and doing this all along. The informal tone of the prose, as relaxed as conversation, yet terse and fleet and right on the button; the homely images of "stolen diamonds," of the Velveeta and the oranges, that make the passage glow. Such writing rang bells that not even the Jewish writers had touched; it wasn't Malamud, it wasn't even Saul Bellow: the "literary" fuzz of, say, *Augie March* had been blown away, and the actualities of the life behind it came forth in their natural grain and color, heightened by the sense of discovery.

Such writing is much more familiar today than it was ten years ago: indeed, it has become one of the staples of contemporary fiction. But at the time, the only other writer who seemed to be so effortlessly and accurately in touch with his material was Salinger. For a year or so after reading *Catcher in the Rye*, I hadn't been able to walk through Central Park without looking around for Holden and Phoebe Caulfield, and now here was this young semblable of mine, who dragged me off for a good corned beef sandwich or who gave me a push when my car wouldn't start, and who, somehow, was doing for the much less promising poetry of Newark, New Jersey, what the famous Salinger was doing for that of Central Park West. Moreover, if Roth's fiction had something of Salinger's wit and charm, the winning mixture of youthful idealism and cynicism, the air of immediate reality, it was also made of tougher stuff, both in the kind of life it described and in the intentions it embodied. Salinger's taste for experience, like that of his characters, was a very delicate one; Roth's appetite was much heartier, his tone more aggressive, his moral sense both broader and more decisive.

WHAT fascinated me most about stories like "Goodbye, Columbus," "Conversion of the Jews," and "Defender of the Faith" was the firm, clear way they articulated the inner situation we sensed

in each other but either took for granted or indicated covertly—by a reference to Isabel Archer as a *shiksa*, or by a takeoff on the bulldozing glottals of our fathers' speech, as we walked away from our literature or linguistics course. In such ways we signaled our self-ironic implication in things Jewish, but Roth's stories dealt directly with the much touchier material of one's efforts to extricate oneself, to achieve a mobility that would do justice to individuality. Social mobility was the least of it. This was the burden of "Goodbye, Columbus," where Neil Klugman's efforts early in the story to latch and hold on to the little wings of Brenda Patimkin's shoulder blades and let them carry him up "those lousy hundred and eight feet that make summer nights so much cooler in Short Hills than they are in Newark" soon take on the much more interesting, and representative, struggle to have her on his own terms, terms that lie well beyond money, comfort, security, status, and have to do with his sexual rights and ultimately his uncertain emotional and moral identity. At the end of the story, Neil stands in front of the Lamont Library and at first wants to hurl a rock through the glass front; but his rage at Brenda, at the things she had been given and has sacrificed him for, soon turns into his curiosity about the young man who stares back at him in the mirrored reflection and who "had turned pursuit and clutching into love, and then turned it inside out again. . . ."

Neil's prickly and problematic sense of himself, his resistance to the idea of being a bright Jewish boy with an eye for the main chance, for making sure, an idea that was no stranger to other desires, well, this was not simply fiction to me. Nor was the Patimkin package, where horse shows and Big Ten basketball and classy backhands still came wrapped in Jewish conformity and ethnocentricity. In story after story, there was an individual trying to work free of the ties and claims of the community. There was Ozzie in "The Conversion of the Jews," who would not have God hedged in by the hostility of Judaism to Christianity; there was Sergeant Marx in "The Defender of the Faith," who finally refuses to hand over any more of his sense of fairness and responsibility to the seductive appeals of Jewish solidarity; or, on the other hand, there is Eli Peck, who refuses to close the book of Jewish history to be more at ease with his landmen in Suburbia. Or there is even poor Epstein, who manages to pry apart the iron repressions of Jewish family life to claim some final gratifications for himself. Or there was my special favorite, a very early story called "You Can't Tell a Man By the Songs He Sings," in which a nice Jewish boy learns from two Italians—a juvenile

delinquent and an ex-radical guidance teacher—that some dignities have to be won against the rules and regulations of upward mobility.

SUCH themes were as evocative to me as a visit from my mother, but I knew that I couldn't write the stories that embodied them in the way that Roth had. It was not just a matter of talent but of the intricate kind of acceptance that joins one's talent to experience so that one can communicate directly. Though Roth clearly was no less critical of his background than I was, he had not tried to abandon it, and hence had not allowed it to become simply a deadness inside him: the residual feelings, mostly those of anxiety, still intact but without their living context. That is to say, he wrote fiction as he was, while I had come to write as a kind of fantasist of literature who regarded almost all of my actual experience in the world as unworthy of art. A common mistake, particularly in the overliterary age of the late forties and fifties, but a decisive one. So if I envied Roth his gifts, I envied even more his honesty, his lack of fastidiousness, his refusal to write stories that labored for a form so fine that almost any naturalness would violate it. The gross affluences and energies of the Patimkins, the crudities of Albie Pelagutti and Duke Scarpa, even the whining and wheedling of Sheldon Grossbart turned him on rather than put him off. Once, I remember, I balked. There is a scene in "Epstein" where his wife discovers his rash that they both believe is venereal, and an ugly and not very funny description follows of their fight in the nude. "Why all the *schmutz*?" I asked him. "The story is the *schmutz*," he snapped back.

Our relationship had its other ups and downs. After he dropped out of graduate school, Roth went on teaching in the College, an impressive post to me, if not to him (he was to give it up after a year and head for New York). And since he was publishing his work and looked to be making good use of his bachelor years, he seemed, at least on the surface (which was where my envy led me to look), to have the world by the tail. On the other hand, the world in those days seemed, at least on the surface, to have me by the tail. I was taking three courses at Chicago and teaching four at Indiana University's Calumet Center, a glum building around which lay the oil refineries and steel mills to which most of my students returned from our discussions of Plato and Dante. On my salary of \$3000 a year it was not easy to support my wife and two small boys. But having wasted a number of years after college, I felt that I was

getting somewhere. My students were challenging, to say the least, and some of the charm of scholarship had unexpectedly begun to descend upon me. Still the fact remained that Roth was visibly well off and I was visibly not, and it made certain differences. At one point I borrowed some money from him, which made us both uncomfortable until it was paid back. One evening he and his date, my wife and I went to hear a lecture by Saul Bellow—our literary idol—and afterward went out for a beer. His girlfriend, though, ordered a scotch, and into the discussion of what Bellow had said and could have said there intruded an awkward moment at each round of drinks. Or there was a party he came to at my place to celebrate the arrival of bock beer (our version of the rites of spring). As I've suggested, Roth and I shared our past and our opinions much more than we shared our present lives. When we met, it was almost always at his place. My apartment, over in the Negro section, with its Salvation Army decor and its harassed domesticity, seemed both to touch him and make him nervous. I remember him sitting on the edge of a couch, over which I had just nailed an old shag rug to cover the holes, waiting like a social worker while my wife got our oldest son through his nightly asthma. Then the other guests arrived, the beer flowed, and we turned on with our favorite stimulant—Jewish jokes and caustic family anecdotes—dispensed principally by Roth, whose fantastic mimicry and wit soon had us rolling in our chairs.

THAT evening came back to mind a few years later when I was reading Roth's first novel, *Letting Go*, which is set mainly in Hyde Park and which deals with the ethos of the graduate student/young instructor situation during the fifties: the "Age of Compassion," as Gabe Wallach, the protagonist, aptly puts it. The story mainly follows Wallach's involvement with Paul and Libby Herz, a needy young couple (money is only the beginning of it) and with Martha Reagenhart, a voluptuous and tough-minded girl who has two children to support and who is looking for some support herself. Attracted both by Libby's frailty and Martha's strength, and unable to make much contact with the surly Herz, Wallach, an attractive bachelor in comfortable circumstances, spends much of the novel sitting on the edge of his scruples, worrying whether too much or too little is being asked of him, a dilemma he shares with Herz, whose moral self-consciousness takes over whenever the point of view shifts to his side of the story. All of this reckoning of the wages of conscience is accompanied by cool, satirical observation, more successfully of

the Jewish background of Gabe and Paul than of their academic life, which Roth used mostly to even a few scores.

Like a good many other citizens of Hyde Park, my wife and I furnished a trait here, an anecdote there, but the material was more thoroughly fictionalized in our case than in some others. What Roth was mainly drawing on, I felt, was a certain depressiveness that had been in the air: the result of those long Chicago winters, the *longueurs* of graduate school and composition courses, the financial strains, the disillusionment with the University (this was the period in which the Hutchins experiments were being dismantled and the administration was waging a reign of respectability in all areas), and the concomitant dullness of the society-at-large, which had reached the bottom of the Eisenhower era. But mostly this depressiveness was caused by the self-inflicted burdens of private life, which in this age of conformity often seemed to serve for politics, art, and the other avenues of youthful experience and experiment. One of the principal occupations in Hyde Park seemed to be difficult marriages: almost everyone I knew was locked into one. This penchant for early marriage and child-rearing, or for only slightly less strenuous affairs, tended to fill the vacuum of commitment for sophisticated but not especially stable young couples and fostered a rather pretentious moralism of duty, sacrifice, home therapy, experiment with domestic roles—often each other's—working things out, saving each other. It was a time when the deferred gratifications of graduate school and the climb to tenure and the problems of premature adjustment seemed the warranty of "seriousness" and "responsibility": those solemn passwords of a generation that practiced a Freudian/Jamesian concern about motives, pondered E. M. Forster's "only connect," and subscribed to Lionel Trilling's "moral realism" and "tragic sense of life." In contrast to today, everyone came on as though he were thirty.

Some of this Roth had caught and placed at the center of *Letting Go*. As the title suggests, the novel is a study of entangling attachments, beginning with Gabe's effort to release himself from his widowed father's possessiveness and ending with his frantic effort to complete, and thereby end, his intervention in the life of the Herzes, through helping them to adopt a child. In between, a host of characters push and pull, smother and neglect each other, usually under the guise of solicitude or obligation. At one point, Wallach puts it for himself, Herz, and most of the others: "I knew it was not from my students or my colleagues or my publications, but from my private life, my secret life, that I would extract whatever joy—or whatever misery—would be mine." By "private life," he means

relationships and their underlying *Realpolitik* of need, dependency, and control.

It was evident that *Letting Go* represented a major effort to move forward from *Goodbye, Columbus*. The theme of communal coerciveness and individual rights that dominates most of the stories had been opened out to deal with the more subtle perversions of loyalty and duty and creaturely feeling that flow through the ties of family, marriage, friendship. A very Jamesian theme: *The Portrait of a Lady* figures almost immediately in *Letting Go*, as a reference point for its interest in benevolent power plays. Also in bringing his fiction more up to date with the circumstances and issues of his life, Roth had tried for a more chastened, Jamesian tone. The early chapters have some of the circumspect pace and restrained wit of the Master: well-mannered passages of nuance and implication, the main characters carefully observed, the theme tucked neatly away in the movement of action, thought, and dialogue. The book sails gracefully along for about 150 pages or so. Then it begins to turn as gray and bitter as the Chicago winter and, in time, as endless.

WHAT went wrong? As I have indicated, the Hyde Park we had known had not been an especially chipper place, and there was plenty of reason to deal with it in terms of its grim domesticity. Still, Roth had laid it on and laid it on. If Gabe and Martha have the Herzes for dinner, the mutual strains will be as heavy as a bad Ph.D. oral, and afterward Gabe and Martha will fight about who paid for what. If Paul's passion for Libby revives at a party, it will cool before they can get around the corner. If some children are encountered at a playground with their grandmother, it is because their mother has just tried to flush herself down a toilet bowl at Billings Hospital. In this morbid world, sibling rivalry leads to homicide, intermarriage to being abandoned by both the Catholic and Jewish families, adoption proceedings to a nervous breakdown. Not even a stencil can get typed without fear and trembling.

All of which added up, I felt, not only to an exaggeration of the conditions but to an error of vision. I wondered if this error might have something to do with the surface view we had of each other's lives: his apparent fortune, my apparent misfortunes: clearly the germ, at least, of the Wallach-Herz relationship. As I was subsequently to realize, my view of him that year was full of misapprehensions; behind the scenery of ease and success, he had been making his payments to adversity: a slipped disc, for one thing; a tense

and complicated affair, some aspects of which were to figure in Gabe's relationship with Martha. On the other hand, behind the scenery of adversity in a life like mine, there were positive purposes and compensations that he had not taken into account, and that made the struggle of those years tolerable and possibly significant. Though Wallach is a scholar and Herz a novelist, they might as well be campus watchmen for all the interest they have in their work, in ideas, even in their careers. While this ministers to the central concerns of the novel, it deprives both of them of force and resistance, for, stripped of any aggressive claim on the world, they have little to do but hang around their women and guiltily talk about "working it out"—the true title of the novel. The only character who has any beans is Martha, which is partly owing to the fact that, having two children to support and raise, her life intentions are to some degree objective. Otherwise there are only the obsessive, devouring relationships and the malaise they breed: Libby perpetually waiting to be laid, Paul reminding her to put on her scarf, Gabe consumed by his sense of his obligations and his distrust of it, Martha demanding that payment be made for satisfactions given. From such characters, little natural dynamic can develop, and Roth can only forge on and on in his relentlessly bleak way.

In his essay "Some of the Talent in the Room," Norman Mailer wagered that the depressiveness of *Letting Go* had to do with Roth's "working out an obsession." This seemed to me a shrewd observation, though who in these days of obsessive fiction would 'scape hanging? In *Letting Go*, the obsession is with the power of women along with a male queasiness about it that keeps both Herz and Wallach implicated, endlessly looking for moral means to cope with their emotional vulnerability. As Wallach, for example, remarks at one point:

There must be some weakness in men, I thought (in Paul and myself, I later thought) that Libby wormed her way into. Of course I had no business distrusting her because of my weakness—and yet women have a certain historical advantage (all those years of being downtrodden and innocent and sexually compromised) which at times can turn even the most faithful of us against them. I turned slightly at that moment myself, and was repelled by the sex toward which at bottom I have a considerable attachment.

This sort of observation hardly leads to insight or movement. It merely maintains an ambivalence by shunting the anger involved off on some courtly, literary track and letting the historical situation of women screen the personal guilt, the deep characterological misery that keeps men like Herz and Wallach in place and wide open. As the novel wears on, the anger if not guilt is more and more acknowl-

edged in Wallach's case, as his priggishness is worn down by Martha and some of his true feelings begin to emerge. Still, the problem of coping with Libby and Martha, posited in moral terms that make it insoluble, nags away at the two men and their author. Guilt is what they can't "let go" of, and it drags the book down with them.

WHEN *Letting Go* came out, I was working at *Commentary*, a job that had come my way as the result of an essay that the *TIS* had asked me to write on Roth's recommendation. Since he hadn't liked the essay at first and since I was as touchy as Paul Herz proved to be about such matters as gratitude and pride, there had been a falling-out. In New York, however, the relationship resumed, and with fewer of the disparities and diffidences that had made it tense and illusionary. As time went on, there were also reasons to level with each other: we were both separated, both in analysis, both in a state of flux. So we would get together, now and then, for dinner, and talk about problems and changes. One evening I dropped by his new place on East Tenth Street to borrow a book. It was bigger and much better furnished than mine, and he wanted me to know—screw the guilt—he intended to be comfortable here and to sink some new roots. But for all that, the place looked as bare and provisional as mine: we might as well both have been living in tents, neither of us bachelors so much as husbands *manqués*. A portable typewriter was sitting on the dining room table, and a lot of manuscript pages were spread around it.

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's a novel." He looked at it without much pleasure. "I've written it once, and now I'm writing it again."

It was strange to realize that he, too, got hung up. I had always assumed that he was like Chekhov, who said that he wrote "as easily as a bird sings."

Perhaps he noticed my silly smile. "You know something?" he said. "There's not a single Jew in it." He went on about the strangeness of imagining, really imagining, a family that was not a Jewish family, that was what it was by virtue of its own conditioning and conditions, just as the Jews were, but which were not just those of "the others"—the Gentiles. Something like that—though he put it, as always, more concretely—acting out, with that gift of mimicry that was always on tap, the speech and the slant of some small-town citizen of middle America.

The novel, of course, turned out to be *When She Was Good*, two years, and several more revisions,

later. It was easy to see why the book had been a trial for Roth to write. Liberty Center is so far from his line of territory that everything had to be played by ear, so to speak. The town hardly exists as a place, as something seen in its physical actuality; it is rather the spirit of the American Protestant ethic circa 1948, whose people and mores, interests and values, emerge from the impersonation of idiom and tone: Liberty Center as it might have been presented not by Sinclair Lewis but by Ruth Draper. In order to bring this off, Roth had had to put aside his wit, color, and élan, keep his satirical tendency tightly in check, and write the novel in a language of scrupulous banality. This impersonality was far removed from the display of temperament that animated "Goodbye, Columbus," as the life of the bitchy heroine, Lucy Nelson, so meager and so arduous, is from that of the bitchy Brenda Patimkin.

Yet for all of the improvisation and guesswork, the surface of *When She Was Good* is solid and real, and though true to the dullness of Liberty Center's days and ways, it is beautifully constructed to take on momentum and direction and to hit its target with shattering impact, like some bland-looking object in the sky that turns out to be a guided missile. As in *Letting Go*, its theme is the wages of possessiveness and self-righteousness, but as embodied by and embedded in Lucy Nelson's raging, ball-breaking ego, it takes on a focus and power that had dissolved in the miasmic male earnestness of the previous novel. There is no false gallantry or temporizing about Lucy. Any ambivalence has been burned away, and Roth presents her and her will to power dead-to-rights. Because of this sureness of feeling, he can also present her in the round—terrible when crossed but touching in her aspirations and inexperience, her baffled need for a fathering trust, the victim as well as the avenger of her grandfather's wishy-washy Good Samaritanism, of her parasitic father's disgrace and her mother's passivity, of the family's stalled drive for respectability, and, eventually, of her husband's arrested adolescence. But from the moments early in the novel when Lucy turns in her drunken father to the police and then bars his way back into the family, the blind force of her aggression, screened by her faith in duty and responsibility and in her moral superiority, begins to charge the novel and to shape her destiny. She is unable to break off her romance with Roy Bassart until she has him safely installed in photography school and thereby ends up pregnant. She refuses the abortion she herself sought when it is offered by her father and when she learns that her mother had had one. She enters into a shotgun marriage with Roy, whom she has come to despise, with herself holding the gun. At each turn of her fate, skillfully paired

with another and better alternative, it is Lucy's master emotion—her rage against her father—that directs her choice as surely as Nemesis. And some years later, when her father writes home from the jail he has landed in and thereby pulls her mother away from marriage to a man Lucy can finally respect, she turns it all against Roy in a climactic outburst of verbal castration, and then lets loose the furies of self-righteousness that drive her to madness and death. Like her grandfather's demented sister who had to be sent back to the state hospital because she followed Lucy to school and created a public nuisance, Lucy has been unable to understand "the most basic fact of human life, the fact that I am me and you are you."

In telling Lucy's story as circumspectly as he could, Roth placed it within a context of cultural factors. Her grandfather had come to Liberty Center to escape from the brutality of the Northern frontier, and the town stands in his mind, as it comes to stand in the reader's, as the image of his desire: "not to be rich, not to be famous, not to be mighty, not even to be happy, but to be civilized." Though Lucy rejects the tepid Protestantism on which Willard stands fast, she worships at the same shrine of propriety, which is the true religion of Liberty Center, and whose arbiters are the women. If men like her father and her husband founder in the complexities of society, it is the women who are supposed to straighten them out. They are the socializing agents, and the town's football stars and combat heroes, its reprobates and solid citizens alike, bow to their sway. When the high school principal says to Roy and Lucy, "So this is the young lady I hear is keeping our old alum in line these days," he is referring to the community norm which Lucy will carry to an extreme.

Still, the cult of momism in Liberty Center hardly added up to a pressing contemporary note, and the novel tended to be dismissed by most of the influential reviewers as slight, inauthentic, retrograde, or otherwise unworthy of Roth's talents. Coupled with the mixed reception of *Letting Go*, this criticism indicated that, as much as I liked *When She Was Good*, it was further evidence that he was locked into this preoccupation with female power which was carrying his fiction into strange and relatively arid terrain. I knew that he had been writing plays in the last few years and had spent a lot of time watching the improvisations of the Second City Group—another part of our Chicago days that had accompanied us to New York—and I wondered if his latent theatricality would lead him in that direction. But we seldom saw each other during this time. I was editing *Book Week* during the long newspaper strike, hadn't written anything for a year, and was going through

a crisis or two of my own, and if we met at a party, we exchanged a word or two and looked around for more cheerful company. I remember thinking that we had both come a long way since Chicago—much of it out to sea.

A FEW months after *When She Was Good*, Roth published a sketch in *Esquire*. It was a memoir of a Jewish boyhood, this time told to an analyst, and written with some of his former verve and forthrightness. Even so, it ventured little beyond a vein that had been pretty well worked by now: the beleaguered Provider who can't even hold a bat right; the shatteringly attentive mother; the neglected, unhappy sister; the narrator, who is the star of every grade and the messiah of the household. In short, the typical second-generation Jewish family; and after all the writers who had been wrestling with it in the past decade, Roth's latest revelations were hardly news. Nor did a psychoanalytic setting seem necessary to elicit the facts of Jack Portnoy's constipation or Sophie's use of a breadknife to make little Alex eat. After five years of reading manuscripts at *Commentary*, such stuff was coming out of my ears. Perhaps Roth was only taking a small writer's vacation from the labor that had gone into his last novel or returning to the scene of his early success for a quick score. I hoped so.

But soon after came "Whacking Off" in *Partisan Review*: hysterical, raw, full of what Jews call self-hatred; excessive in all respects; and so funny that I had three laughing fits before I had gone five pages. All of a sudden, from out of the blue and the past, the comedian of those Chicago sessions of nostalgia, revenge, and general purgation had landed right in the middle of his own fiction, as Alex Portnoy, the thirteen-year-old fetishist:

Jumping up from the dinner table, I tragically clutch my belly—diarrhea! I cry, I have been stricken with diarrhea!—and once behind the locked bathroom door, slip over my head a pair of underpants that I have stolen from my sister's dresser and carry rolled in a handkerchief in my pocket.

Discovery is always imminent. This time the sperm lands everywhere ("I am the Raskolnikov of jerking off!"). But a few minutes later, Alex is back at the scene of the crime, doubled over his flying fist, his sister's bra stretched before him, while as his parents stand outside:

"Alex, I want an answer from you. Did you eat French fries after school? Is that why you're sick like this?"

"Nuhhh, nuhhh."

"Alex, are you in pain? Do you want me to call the

doctor? Are you in pain, or aren't you? I want to know exactly where it hurts. *Answer me.*"

"Yuhh, yuhhh—"

"Alex, I don't want you to flush the toilet," says my mother sternly. "I want to see what you've done in there. I don't like the sound of this at all."

"And me," says my father, touched as he always was by my accomplishments—as much awe as envy—"I haven't moved my bowels in a week. . . ."

This was new all right, at least in American fiction—and, like the discovery of fresh material in *Goodbye, Columbus*, right in front of everyone's eyes. Particularly, I suppose, the "Jewish" writers' with all that heavily funded Oedipal energy and curiosity to be worked off in adolescence—and beyond. And having used his comic sense to carry him past the shame that surrounds the subject of masturbation, and to enter it more fully than I can suggest here, Roth appeared to gain great dividends of emotional candor and wit in dealing with the other matters in "Whacking Off." The first sketch had kept a distance of wry description between Portnoy and his parents, but here his feelings—rage, tenderness, contempt, despair, and guilt—bring everything up close and fully alive. And aided by the inadvertent comedy team of Jack and Sophie Portnoy, the familiar counters of Jewish anxiety (eating hamburgers and french fries outside the home leads directly to a colostomy; polio is never more than a sore throat away; study an instrument, you never know; take shorthand in school, look what it did for Billy Rose; don't oppose your father, he may be suffering from a brain tumor) become almost as hilarious as Alex's solo flights of passion. Against the enveloping cloud of their fear and possessiveness, his guilt, and their mutual hysteria, still unremitting twenty years later, Alex has only his sarcasm and, expressive phrase, private parts. He summons the memories of his love as well as of his hate for them, but this only opens up his sense of his vulnerability, and from that, of his maddening typicality:

Doctor Spielvogel, this is my life, my only life, and I'm living it in the middle of a Jewish joke! I am the son in the Jewish joke—*only it ain't no joke!* Please, who crippled us like this? Who made us so morbid and hysterical and weak? . . . Is this the Jewish suffering I used to hear so much about? Is this what has come down to me from the pogroms and the persecution? . . . Oh my secrets, my shame, my palpitations, my flushes, my sweats! . . . Bless me with manhood! Make me brave! Make me strong! Make me *whole!* Enough being a nice Jewish boy, publicly pleasing my parents while privately pulling my putz! Enough!

But Portnoy had only begun to come clean. Once having fully entered his "Modern Museum of Gripes and Grievances," there was no stopping him.

Or Roth. Having discovered that Portnoy's sexual feelings and his "Jewish" feelings were just around the corner from each other and that both were so rich in loot, he pressed on like a man who has found a stream full of gold—and running right into it, another one. Moreover, the psychoanalytic setting had given him now the freedom and energy of language to sluice out the material: the natural internal monologue of comedy and pain in which the id speaks to the ego and vice versa, while the superego goes on with its kibitzing. At the same time, Portnoy could be punched out of the analytic framework like a figure enclosed in cardboard and perform in his true role and vocation, which is that of a great stand-up comic. Further, those nagging concerns with close relationships, with male guilt and female maneuvering, from his two novels could now be grasped by the roots of Portnoy's experience of them and could be presented, not as standard realistic fare, but in a mode that was right up to date. If the background of *Portnoy's Complaint* is a classical Freudian one, the foreground is the contemporary, winging art and humor of improvisation and release, most notably that of Lenny Bruce.

In short, lots of things had come together, and they had turned Roth loose. The rest of *Portnoy* was written in the same way—as series of "takes"—the next two of which were published in *New American Review*, the periodical which I was now editing. It may be no more than editorial bias speaking here, but I think these are the two richest sections of the book. "The Jewish Blues" is a sort of "coming of age in Newark, New Jersey," beginning with the erotic phenomena of the Portnoy household and carrying through the dual issue of Alex's adolescence: maleness and rebellion. On the one hand, there are those early years of attentively following Sophie Portnoy through her guided tour of her activities and attitudes, climaxed by a memory of one afternoon when, the housework all done "with his cute little assistance," Alex, "punchy with delight" watches his shapely mother draw on her stockings, while she croons to him "Who does Mommy love more than anything in the whole wide world?" (a passage that deserves to live forever in the annals of the Oedipal Complex). On the other hand—"Thank God," breathes Portnoy—there are the visits with his father to the local bathhouse, the world of Jewish male animal nature, "a place without *goyim* and women [where] I lose touch instantaneously with that ass-licking little boy who runs home after school with his A's in his hand. . . ." On the one hand, there is the synagogue, another version of the dismal constraints and clutchiness of home; on the other, there is center field, where anything that comes your way is yours and where Alex, in his masterful imitation of Duke Snider,

knows exactly how to conduct himself, standing out there "as loose and as easy, as happy as I will ever be. . . ." This is beautiful material: so exact in its details, so right in its feeling. And, finally, there is the story of his cousin Heshie, the muscular track star, who was mad about Alice Dembrowsky, the leggy drum majorette of Weequahic High, and whose disgraceful romance with this daughter of a Polish janitor finally has to be ended by his father, who informs Alice that Heshie has an incurable blood disease that prevents him from marrying and that must be kept secret from him. After his Samson-like rage is spent, Heshie submits to his father, and subsequently goes into the army and is killed in action. But Alex adds his cause to his other manifold grounds of revolt, rises to heights of denunciation in the anti-bar-mitzvah speech he delivers to Spielvogel (" . . . instead of wailing for he-who has turned his back on the sage of *his people*, weep for your pathetic selves, why don't you, sucking and sucking on that sour grape of a religion. . . ."), but then is reminded by his sister of "the six million" and ends up in his native state of ambivalence.

Still circling back upon other scenes from his throbbing youth, as though the next burst of anger or grief or hysterical joking will allow him finally to touch bottom, Portnoy forges on into his past and his psyche, turning to his relations with those mysterious creatures known as *shiksas* as his life moves along and the present hang-ups emerge. His occupation is that of Assistant Commissioner of Human Opportunity in the Lindsay Administration, but his preoccupations are always with that one thing his mother didn't give him back when he was four years old, and all of his sweet young Wasps, for all of their sociological interests, turn out to be only an extension of the fantasies of curiosity and self-excitement and shame that drove Alex on in the bathroom. Even "the Monkey," the glamorous fashion model and fellow sex maniac, the walking version of his adolescent dream of "Thereal McCoy," provides mostly more grist for the relentless mill of his narcissism and masochism. All of which Portnoy is perfectly aware of: he is the hippest analysand since Freud himself; but it still doesn't help him to give up the maddeningly seductive voice inside his head that goes on calling "Big Boy,"

or to end the maddening debate in his head between the contemporary American male ("everything is permitted") and the ancestral Jew ("Look who wants to be an animal!"). And so, laughing and anguishing and analyzing away, he goes down the road to his breakdown, which sets in when he comes to Israel and finds that he is impotent.

I could go on writing about *Portnoy*, but it would be mostly amplification of the points I've made. It's a marvelously entertaining book and one that mines a narrow but central vein more deeply than it has ever been done before. You don't have to be Jewish to be vastly amused and touched and instructed by *Portnoy's Complaint*, though it helps. Also you don't have to know Philip Roth to appreciate the personal triumph that it represents, though that helps too.

THE LABYRINTH

BY JORGE LUIS BORGES

Zeus, Zeus himself could not undo these nets
Of stone encircling me. My mind forgets
The persons I have been along the way,
The hated way of monotonous walls,
Which is my fate. The galleries seem straight
But curve furtively, forming secret circles
At the terminus of years; and the parapets
Have been worn smooth by the passage of days.
Here, in the tepid alabaster dust,
Are tracks that frighten me. The hollow air
Of evening sometimes brings a bellowing,
Or the echo, desolate, of bellowing.
I know that hidden in the shadows there
Lurks another, whose task is to exhaust
The loneliness that braids and weaves this hell,
To crave my blood, and to fatten on my death.
We seek each other. Oh, if only this
Were the last day of our antithesis!

Translated by John Updike

viewpoint

The Life of the Party

by Curtis B. Gans

Mr. Gans, co-founder and coordinator of the Conference of Concerned Democrats last year, directed the New Hampshire and Wisconsin primary campaigns of Senator Eugene McCarthy. He is currently at work on a book about the McCarthy campaign.

Before Senator McCarthy announced for the presidency—when a few of us were attempting to organize the country without money, without a candidate, but with a vision of unseating the President of the United States—the obstacles often seemed insurmountable. In those days, the chances of getting any official of the Democratic Party or local officeholder to join in the cause were like the chances of a woman having quintuplets. It was possible, but it didn't happen often.

In a small Midwestern town at the very beginning of our odyssey, I remember asking one local official whether another local official would be a likely prospect for our cause.

"No," was the reply. "He's a Party man." Time and again through the fall, the winter, and the next spring, the refrain "He's a Party man" kept repeating itself until it became clear that all of us—the tiny handful who were willing without a candidate to attempt to dump President Johnson, the larger numbers who later supported Senator McCarthy, Senator Kennedy, Senator McGovern, and Channing Phillips, or the millions who simply opposed the policy of the Administration in Vietnam—were in a profound sense anti-Party.

The Party leadership defined itself with the orthodoxy of the only true church. The President-Pope was the absolute arbiter of the true faith and morals. The Democratic National Committee and elected officials, the College of Cardinals and the Bishops, were to carry out the good order and discipline of the faith. To them the role of the Party was to execute the word of the leader. To us the task was to change the doctrine. To them the church was the property of authority. To us it was the property of the laity. They had the Word; we were the heretics.

Thus it was no surprise that the keepers of the faith, the Party leaders, used every advantage they had to preserve the political and ideological status quo. Nor was it surprising that the rules by which the Democratic National Convention was run and the procedures under which the delegates were selected gave the Democratic National Committee and the President all the advantages they needed in order to achieve their immediate goal. The results of this manipulation were equally predictable. There was discord on the floor of the Convention and violence on the streets of Chicago. The way was paved for Humphrey's defeat in November.

In the aftermath of the Convention, the cries for reform of Party procedure filled the hot summer air. In the cold light of winter, it became important to understand that reform means more than the revision of the rules of the Convention or the procedures for selecting delegates, as important as these reforms are. For unless the concept of the Party itself changes to meet the demands of its constituency and the realities of the world which it is attempting to shape, the procedural reforms will

be meaningless. It is not enough that the door be open; the church must be attractive enough for one to want to enter.

Obstacles to democracy

It is not surprising that we lost in Chicago. What was surprising was that we came so close to winning.

Even before we began, we had to concede 606 delegate votes out of the 2622 total. These delegates were selected by processes that local or national political activity could not hope to influence. Of these, 110 votes were those of the members of the outgoing Democratic National Committee, selected in 1964.

In three states, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Georgia, nonelected Party officials were responsible for choosing the delegates, and in each of these states the officials who chose the delegates were themselves chosen for their jobs two or four years previously. In thirteen other states the delegates were selected by processes ostensibly more democratic; the rank and file participated in the initial selection phase, usually a precinct caucus. However, in each of these states the precinct caucus occurred eight months to four years prior to the National Convention, thus making it virtually impossible to influence the delegate selection process.

In a number of other states the process allowed for rank-and-file participation and a confrontation of issues and candidacies, but the road to delegate selection was so tortuous that the original participation was lost in the process. In some of these states a precinct caucus selected delegates for a county caucus which in turn selected delegates for a dis-

strict caucus. The district caucus in turn selected some delegates for the National Convention and other delegates for the state convention, which in turn chose the remaining delegates for the National Convention.

If the route is difficult to follow on paper, it was more difficult for the nonprofessional Democrat who was concerned about a candidacy or an issue to pursue his initial choices through the labyrinth of the selection process.

There were also the regular irregularities in 1968. In Indiana, a precinct caucus was gaveled to a unanimous ending—according to the record—in 22 seconds despite the fact that several on the floor were attempting to propose an alternate slate of delegates. In Missouri, a caucus chairman, seeing the vote was going against him, pulled from his pocket 400 proxies. In Texas, Mexican-Americans were reportedly kept out of a precinct caucus at gunpoint by law-enforcement officers. In the state of Washington, the records of one caucus were found to have been burned when the losing side attempted to establish in court that there were more votes cast than there were participants in the meeting.

On January 8, 1968, Democratic National Committee Chairman John Bailey had held a press conference to say, "We know who our nominee will be . . . we will gather in August to nominate our President, Lyndon Johnson, and our Vice President, Hubert Humphrey." What we recognized in Chicago was that had President Johnson been willing to risk the humiliation of a series of overwhelming primary defeats, it would still have been possible for Bailey's prediction to have proved accurate.

National primary

Following the Convention came a spate of proposals all designed to remedy the ills of 1968, some of which would have cured the patient by assuring him a decent burial. Perhaps the most widely reported of

these is the proposal for a national primary. Under the terms of this proposal, a day or set of days would be set aside in the spring of each election year for a primary in all states to select the nominee of each party, allowing a significant period of time for public campaigning.

The attractive aspect of the national primary is that it appears to make the selection process more democratic by allowing everyone to vote and giving the people two chances at naming their President, in the primary and in the general election.

In one sense, a national primary can be conceived of as another general election. The price paid by the voter for this extra general election would be steep. By gaining an extra chance to step into the voting booth no matter where he lives, a voter would in most cases lose the opportunity to select from a wide range of choices. The only efficient means of conducting a successful general election campaign in fifty states simultaneously is to invest heavily in media exposure and major appearances. To do this a candidate must be able to spend at least as much as is spent by the major parties on their candidates in the general election—an estimated \$25 million each. In the Republican Party, only Richard Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller had such resources at their disposal. In the Democratic Party, only Robert Kennedy had sufficient stature and access to wealth to attempt such a challenge in 1968, but even he would have been foolhardy to try.

For in the case of the party in power, a national primary puts several very powerful cards in the hand of the President. By virtue of his position in the center stage of American life, he gets many times the \$25 million in free media coverage. In one day an important labor program may be announced, subsidies on some commodity may be raised, a new weapon may be developed, and a ceremonial affair may take place—all in the name of the President.

Even more significant, however, is an incumbent President's control over events. There were many dur-

ing the New Hampshire campaign who used to worry, "What if Johnson stops the bombing before the primary?" My answer was simple: "He can't stop the bombing before every primary." With a national primary, he could have.

A national primary will tend to make the American political system more, rather than less, manipulative. Only those with national reputations would dare to run. Only those with access to large sums of money could conceivably take the plunge. Only those who projected well on television would have a chance of winning. A national primary would make American politics the servant of media, and while media are here to stay, to create a system that heightens political dependence on them and narrows the base of political participation is contrary to the best interests of American democracy.

Because of national revulsion at what happened last year in Miami and Chicago, the national primary idea gained publicity and acceptance far beyond any realistic assessment of its worth. The events in both cities indicated that fundamental changes would be necessary if American politics were to regain the respect of the American people. The national primary, however, promised the wrong changes. For beyond its other defects, the national primary would destroy the healthy aspects of the convention system and irreparably weaken the two-party system.

Not all conventions have to be brightly colored balloons containing nothing but hot air as was the Republican Convention in Miami, or a cacophony of cops clobbering kids as was the Democratic spectacle in Chicago. A national convention can and should serve as the means by which the differences within a party are composed, the stands on issues defined, and the essential unity for campaigning and implementation of programs forged. The compromises necessary to achieve this are reached not by simple acceptance of the results of a plebescite, but through discussion on and off a convention floor where reasonable men may get together to resolve their differences.

If a national primary had been in existence, it is unlikely that either Adlai Stevenson or Dwight Eisenhower would have been the nominee of their respective parties in 1952, yet perhaps no other men would have been able to keep their parties together and provide effective national leadership at that time. Had the conventions of 1968 been as responsive as the conventions of 1952, last year would not have been the year in which more eligible voters failed to turn up at the polls than at any other national election in the nation's history.

Procedural reform

One of the few heartening results of the Democratic Convention was the degree to which it was realized that the experience of 1968 could not be repeated; that the doors of the Party had to be opened to what had heretofore been the anti-Party. Unit rule—by which a majority of a delegation could bind the whole delegation—was abolished not only at the 1968 National Convention but on all levels of the delegate selection process for 1972. No longer could a majority silence an elected minority. In addition, the Convention passed a rule stating that "the Convention shall require that . . . all feasible efforts have been made to assure that delegates are selected through Party primary, convention, or committee procedures open to public participation within the calendar year of the National Convention." A special committee was mandated to oversee the implementation of this resolution.

The resolution was a hopeful beginning; it recognized that democratization does not necessarily mean abandonment of the present procedures. But the special committee faces a difficult task in making these processes democratic.

The first task it faces is to assure the voters in the sixteen states which have primaries that their will is reflected on the convention floor. There need not be uniform primary laws, but there ought to be certain minimum standards. The voter

ought to be able to vote for the actual delegates, and the ballot ought to designate whether or not the delegate is pledged, and if so, to whom. The results of the primary ought to be binding for at least two ballots or until the candidate releases his delegates.

Similarly, while there need not be uniformity of procedure in non-primary states, those who attend precinct caucuses have a right to know that their vote will not be lost in a complex maze leading to a final delegate selection process. The special committee ought to establish minimum standards to guarantee that at open and advertised Party meetings during the calendar year of the Convention, the rank and file will have an opportunity to vote either directly for the delegates to the National Convention, or for the persons who will select the delegates to that Convention.

Undemocratic means for selecting delegates ought to be abolished: no person should be given delegate status by virtue of Party or elected office unless he too has been elected a delegate in a state through a democratic procedure. In addition, no state should be overrepresented through bonus votes given by virtue of the Party's success in that state in the previous presidential election.

Finally, the special committee should have one additional responsibility: to ensure that the processes are fairly administered. This means that the committee should be responsible for what no one is now responsible—to look into irregularities that occur, to conduct investigations, and either to rectify the situation or to report its findings to the Credentials Committee at the National Convention.

Party reform

To reform Party procedures, however, is only to begin to grapple with the issues raised and forces unloosed in 1968. The thousands who flocked to precinct caucuses and the millions who voted in party primaries did so out of profound distress over substance. They became concerned

about procedure only when their substantive demands were blocked not by superior numbers or logic, but by the way the deck was stacked.

The elections of 1968 are over, but the problems are still with us. There is a real danger that there will be a trend toward conservatism. Too many issues are being decided by polarized confrontations in the streets. Too many more are being left to fester in the growing and silent alienation in the ghettos, the suburbs, and on the campus. Too many people still have no effective voice for their concerns.

This is the real challenge of Party reform in 1969. Will the issues that are being decided in the streets be brought within the political arena? Will the people who emerged politically in 1968 be sought to join an expanded coalition that has the promise of renewed vigor? Will the Party open its doors to new leadership and new points of view? Will it capitalize on the new politics of participation by allowing the rank and file to help decide the new platform in meetings throughout the nation? Will the Party help build institutions so that those who have no voice now will have one in the future?

The early returns on the Party's progress toward reform are not encouraging. There has, of course, been much speechmaking, but if there was one lesson to be learned in 1968, it was that unity is not achieved by proclamation, and faith in leadership is not created without trust. Real unity will be achieved only with real sharing of power, responsibility, and purpose. The Democratic Party will become a winning party again only if it is a responsive party.

In a speech to Catholic laymen and prominent citizens gathered in Washington to support a dissident priest on the contraception issue, Senator Eugene McCarthy said, "I am not here to start a second Church or a third party."

The way second churches and third parties begin is through the inability of existing structures to meet the spiritual or the political needs of their time. In the context of the past year, that is a warning to both Rome and Washington.

An Atlantic "First"
by PETER HAYES

THE MUSE OF NEWARK

AY BE GOD, either me son's a howlin' eejit or else he's a screamin' cheenius!" My father's big hands bent back the pages of the manuscript, a long three-page poem entitled "Birds Are Nice." His blade of a nose flashed; his teeth flashed in a white smile. My mother grabbed me by the neck and began wiping my face with a drab washcloth.

"Ay yi yi, yi yi—you've got ink all over your hands," she said. My Uncle Micky was drunk. He sat at the table and repeated sullenly, "Me guts are bilin', where's the food? Where's the food is all I ask." Grandpa winked at me from behind his plate and drooled a thin string of gleaming spittle on his yellow hands. He was like a sick bird, a feeble pet parakeet. And the baby cried with confusion.

My mother finished wiping my fingers. "Sit down," she said, "supper's on." But I didn't hear her. I was listening to my father. He dropped his brogue and picked up a W. C. Fields accent. "Yass, yass, yass," he said, "I think this young man shows genuine potenchile, yass. Perhaps afterward, m'boy, we could visit the Black Pussy Café, and then later for a bite at the Chili Con Carne Palace, yass. . ."

I slid into the bench behind the table, next to my grandfather. My mother, a silent dark spook of a woman, collected the plates and doled out spoonfuls of spaghetti from the boiling pot on the stove. My father was talking straight now. "Yes, the kid's got it—the makings of a poet—all the signs are there, not a doubt in my mind. Of course, it will require discipline and rigorous effort, but all the talent's obvious. He's a poet from the word go. Look at his hands." He reached across the table and took my small child hands in his rough mitts. He turned them over like a palm reader.

"They look just plain darty t'me," Micky said.

"Dirty!" my father bellowed. He scowled at Micky, and his blade sharpened. "The hands of a poet they are. Look at those fingers." Grandpa sat grinning stupidly, strands of spaghetti hanging out

of his toothless mouth, his chin orange with tomato sauce.

"Peter, help your grandfather to eat," my mother said. The old man grimaced. "Aw now, I'm all right. I can eat by meself."

"Pass the bread," said Micky. My father ignored him and broke back into his brogue. "Ah, a fortunate man am I t'have reared such a find build of a boy—and a poet to boot. The muse of Newark he'll be called, hmmph." I was grinning like my grandfather, crazy with all the attention.

"Eat your supper," my mother said. I dug into the spaghetti and slurped it up. Everyone was smiling but Micky. The baby had stopped crying and was drooling onto his bib, saying tiny baby things to himself and picking at the squirming spaghetti with fat fingers.

"Pass the bread," Micky said again. My grandfather nudged me with a withered elbow and a silly wink.

WE lived then on Ferry Street, in a Portuguese neighborhood, the only family with blond hair or freckles for half a mile around. Our flat was on the third floor of a dying apartment building. The first floor was a store and had changed hands at least twice a year, now a Jewish delicatessen, now a Portuguese bakery shop where the smell of cooked bread burned our noses with hunger. Once a family of Gypsies had lived there, but only for a few weeks. I hated Newark. I hated its drabness and the nondescript gray of its shabby soul as much as I loved the pulse of words my father sang. Newark was a dying town, with an immigrant sadness that neither Irish whiskey nor bar mitzvahs could kill. A brown and broken city of unhappily narrow streets strewn with garbage, scraps of newspaper, old food, and oily rain puddles. It was a city

of gutted buildings baring their wooden bones, dark sinister warehouses, and grim factories that sweated their polluted sweat into the river, night and day. Beneath its streets, a tangle of metal arteries hemorrhaged in a hundred places, bleeding water and gas.

On white winter afternoons, school out, I escaped the city, creeping up into the stacks of the Newark Public Library to murder the day with words. Some afternoons I read entire books; other, colder days I looked down upon the city as the radiators banged out heat, watching the white smoke of desperate factories curl like a whisper across the loud white shout of a winter sky. And I was clean and safe there, tenderly turning each brittle page, the words roaring behind my eyes like a printed waterfall, and alone, except for the scurrying slip of a librarian who pecked in at me suspiciously now and then from behind a particularly thin row of books. In the library that winter, I began my own writing. "Birds Are Nice" was my first real literary effort, and my father's pride and enthusiasm only swelled mine. Stunned with success I wrote every day after that. In the dark four o'clock afternoons and black Newark evenings, I sat at my father's grotesque walnut-stained desk, dwarfed by its prairie proportions. I used my father's only fountain pen—an expensive Gothic-looking piece he had been awarded for five years' service at the Jolly Chef, the restaurant where he worked as a cook—loving its heaviness and the easy way the ink fell from the nib and stained the paper black with words. I quit the Midgets, our basketball team at the Y, and forgot to shout names at Fish Face the butcher, or peek excited at the calendar of a naked woman in red cowboy boots and ten-gallon hat that was in the back room of the printing shop.

I wrote prolifically, turning out long macabre stories of ghosts and saints, mind-bent scientists and mad doctors (named Doctor Death and Professor Fear), who slouched like sullen dogs through the black alleys and suspicious backyards under Newark wooden tenement rain. I wrote poems and plays, even prayers, which I submitted to the good sisters of the Holy Heart Grammar School in return for three gold stars in my St. Joseph notebook.

My father was hopelessly proud. He brought in poems to the Jolly Chef to show the dishwashers and salad chefs. "Yessir," he'd say, "my son wrote that. Nice rhythm, eh? and how you like that line, pretty good, I mean he's only eleven, a few more years and he'll be another Wordsworth or one of those other poet people—yes, hmph, now take a look at this one," and the dishwashers would grin and nod enthusiastically while they scraped the plates. "Nice, *si*, ve-ry nice," they'd say, though they were Cubans and didn't understand English.

The best part of those winter days was six o'clock when my father came home. I'd see him through the dirty windows of my room, hands poked way down into the pockets of his long gray overcoat, hat pulled low on his head bending his red ears. Then the first sound of the door opening and slamming downstairs, the interminable wait as he climbed the three flights of steps, and finally, his violent entrance, blowing and coughing, always loud words, and clomping shoes to rid them of snow, exploding like the start of a symphony, praising the smell of dinner or cursing the cold, rubbing his hands, breathing, yelling, coughing, and brring. Every Friday night he brought presents—little things—a bubble blower for the baby, a pair of socks for Micky, a pot holder for my mother, finding them after a fumbling search in the woolen stomach of his pockets. Then he'd clomp upstairs, and I'd bend my head over the page as if I were so engrossed in my writing that I hadn't heard him come home. He'd knock importantly and enter, bringing the smell of wet wool and nicotine with him into my stuffy room. I'd whirl in my chair and run to him to kiss his rough chin, and sometimes he'd give me "the Beard," rubbing his tough stubble against my cheek until I screamed with a voluptuous pain. Then he'd hmph and smile and say, "And how be the poet this evenin'," and pull out of the pockets of his great coat massive reams of yellow paper neatly wrapped in brown. "Never let it be said," he'd repeat for the dozenth time, "never let it be uttered in this house that words went unwrit for lack of paper," and he'd sit down on the edge of my bed, and slicking back his snowy hair, wait for me to read him my latest poem or story. And I'd read as he nodded, grave and sagely dignified, muttering yeses and hmphs and ahs at appropriate places. When I was finished, he'd stand up and snort—tenderly, if you can see that—and light a battered cigarette. Always this moment of pause as he drew the smoke deep into him, beginning to speak only after he blew it in two white jets from his nose. He was a man in awe of words and men who wrote them, but never realized he was a beautiful storyteller himself. Striding back and forth in the room, he'd talk of "the great Hemingway" (in the same tone of voice Hemingway spoke of "the great DiMaggio"), and tell stories about Keats and Shelley (all one word in my father's mouth so that for years afterward I thought they were one man), stories about Thomas Wolfe

New Jersey-born Peter Hayes, who will be twenty-one this month, has made his home in Liverpool, San Francisco, and New York before coming to Boston, where he writes and plays music.

stalking the streets of Cambridge, haunted and tall, or standing in his Brooklyn flat in earmuffs, gloves, scarf, and heavy jacket, writing in thick ledgers, too poor to pay the heat bill—endless, almost frighteningly romantic stories that were something more than true—endless until my mother's voice called up the stairs and we went down together for dinner, to a different world.

One Friday night in February, my father got a raise. At seven he still wasn't home, and Micky, who had been drinking all day, sat in front of his plate like a curse. "Where is that brother of mine? I ain't et for years." Grandpa wandered in, squinted at the clock in the kitchen, and said, "Five o'clock, Micky, he won't be home for a while."

"Ah yar seventy-eight an' ya can't tell time yet," Micky said. Grandpa shrugged and scratched his bald skull.

"Ah," he said, "clocks," and walked out disgusted. My mother sat by the stove, her mouth pursed, pulled, drawn into an O by the drawstrings of worry—my father was rarely late. At seven fifteen she threw up her hands and turned toward the stove to serve the meal. But suddenly we heard my father's heavy steps on the stairs and an outrageous pounding at the door. My mother and I ran to it and threw it open. Standing in the darkness of the hall, puffing and blowing like some colossal seraphim, was my father with a huge brown box in his arms. "Make way! Make way!" he was yelling. He stumbled in and set the box down carefully on the floor where he proceeded to destroy it with his great hands.

My mother did a double take and screamed, "Books? Books? We need more books?" But my father could not be stopped. He stank of whiskey. My mother had her hands in her hair.

"Books, woman, not just books. This is a whole set of encyclopedias for the poet. You want your son to be a poet, don't you? Well, he needs knowledge. Poets need to know a lot of things." My mother sat down heavily on the broken sofa. "Ay yi yi, yi yi," she lapsed in her confusion into Portuguese, *Santa Barbara e São Geronimo*. We haven't the *dinheiro* ["money"] for a new rug, and you buy books. How much? How much?"

My father only half-listening opened the first volume with tender care. "A real bargain," he said, "a deal. Only ten dollars. Hmm, aardvark . . ." and turning to me, "You know what an aardvark is?"

"Ten dollars! Ah nothing. *Um pau por um olho* ["a stick in the eye"]. Ah you are crazy Irish. Throw on another herring!"

And my father reading "Yes, hmmm" trying to ignore my mother's teary tirade. And then Micky and Grandpa came in as my mother rushed out to the kitchen to cry along with the crying high-

chaired baby, Grandpa laughing in his funny birdy way ("Books, Bill, heh? That's nice"), Micky, disgusted, saying "You're late for dinner because of that, agh," my father oblivious to them all as he turned the crisp pages delicately with awkward hands.

He looked at me, "Well, me lad, they're all yours, but I never thought it would make such a scene—'man can't live on bread alone' y'know," and he strode into the kitchen to ease my mother. He must have told her about the raise, because she was dry- but red-eyed when we finally ate dinner.

My mother wasn't a stingy woman by any means, but she hated extravagance with as much passion as my father loved it. She had a Portuguese frugality that was uncompromisable. Her olive fingers somehow squeezed each nickel into a dime and each dime into a quarter. She took care of all the bills, because my father said it "depressed" him. I think my mother hated Micky. He didn't work, or if he did at times, he was fired in a few days. My father had gotten him a job once at the Jolly Chef as a dishwasher—but he quit within a week saying, "I'll be damned if I take orders from me kid brother." Most of the time he hung around O'Finn's Bar & Grill, swigging drunken whiskeys and cadging drinks. He was the sullen loud-mouthed mick you always see in crummy Irish bars, kidding the bartender and talking baseball with the regulars. And my father, when pressed by my mother for the reason he let Micky live off us, eating our food and income like a tapeworm in the guts of the family, would shrug innocently and say, "He's one of God's handiwork, but not one of his masterpieces, that's for sure. But he's my brother." And the subject was dropped with a temporary finality.

MARCH came like a plague, melting the black snow of winter and lengthening the days. I changed schools and took a bus across town every morning to a public school where my father said I'd learn about "Sophocles instead of St. Francis and his damned pigeons." On the roll call my name was wedged between a Henkelmann and a Horowitz.

In March, too, my father became sick. He went to work irregularly and then quit altogether. Flesh fell from him like water, sinking his cheeks and flooding him with waves of nausea. Bones seemed to grow in his face and pushed outward against the skin like hard, inward fingers. Waking late at night, I'd often see a light burning in the kitchen and would creep on padded toes to see him sitting at the table reading the encyclopedia and chain-smoking—or sometimes just sitting, his bones collapsed, and his face strewn with a new kind of

sorrow or pain. "What are you doin', Dad?" I'd ask, and his heavy eyes would lighten for a moment and he'd lie, "Oh, just studyin'—tryin' to keep up with the poet." And then I'd sit by him, and he'd put his arm around me and ask, "What are the signs of the Zodiac?" making a big point of not letting me see the encyclopedia by putting it behind his back. And I'd say, "Aw pop, I haven't read that far. You know I'm only up to M." But he was hardly listening. He'd pinch out a cigarette and say something like "Of course" or "I forgot," and then, "You'd better get back into bed before your mother comes down here." His voice withered now as it rose; his pulse was weak and hardly felt. As the month passed, he wasted, his six feet of hidden angularity suddenly apparent now, his body broken up as if by a grim cubist painter into sharp squares and narrow rectangular solids, straight bone lines where once muscle had made graceful half curves. My mother hoped the coming warmth of spring would strengthen him, but it only seemed to melt him more, as if the sad squares were really hopeless blocks of piled ice.

And as he dwindled, I grew, shooting up two inches that spring, and though I was thinner than my father, my thinness had a solidity and health to it. I began lifting weights at the Y and bought a yellow cloth tape measure, awaiting the burst of my muscles, visions of biceps, triceps, deltoids, calves, and thighs rippling in a catlike ecstasy. But I continued writing and began a long, tortured, terribly descriptive novel, which I never finished, about a Newark boy abducted by a band of Gypsies. And my first love poems.

Spring murdered the city with its youth. Newark showed its age: its wrinkles and lines and the sagging bulk of its old buildings. The April sun penetrated the town, touching every dirty corner, each bleak alleyway, melting the few remaining patches of crusted snow that had lain all winter in a cold shadow. The sun's pulse was mine as was its warmth, and the soft insistent push of grass between the cracks of sidewalks mine, as was the strut and brag of the young tomcats, as was the whoop and zany shout of the April air. The day after my twelfth birthday, Howie Frank, a new school chum, invited me to his bar mitzvah. At the reception I sat next to Susan Feinberg. She was beautiful.

"I know all about them," Micky said. He was drunk. "I used to work with them in Paterson. Lot of funny rules they have, like they can't eat bacon and eggs at the same meal. B'Jasus, or ham for that matter. Lots of them wear beards, too, especially the priests, or whatever the divil calls 'em."

"Rabbis," I said.

Micky ignored me and continued. "Well all I

know," he said, "is they got a grand lot of stupid rules. That's all I know."

"It's no more stupid than not eating meat on Fridays," I said. Micky turned on me viciously, "Are you sayin' them damn Choos is better than us?"

"He's not sayin' anything," my father said, "so simmer down." Micky shook his head like a man wronged. He looked around the table and his tone changed, "Say Bill, are you goin' to eat them spuds?" My father looked down at his plate, distracted. "Take them," he said.

Grandpa nudged me. "I'll betcha she's a cutie," he said and drooled on his pants. Micky laughed sarcastically. I blushed, "Ah, she's all right."

BUT Susan was more than all right to me—she was small and fine with looped brown hair that fell in bars against her neck, a straight sweetly bumped nose, and breasts that pushed small and cautiously against her sweater. She moved with a sparkling dark gracefulness, a real contrast to tall awkward spic-mick me, confused by the apelike length of my arms, my gangling legs, never sure where to put them, always surprised when my bewildered feet walked me into a wall, high-strung and electric and taut as piano wire tuned an octave above; me who poked little kids' eyes with wandering accidental elbows and who slouched all over chairs, each limb, each joint pointing the Other Way. Or imagine an embarrassed Irish-Portuguese version of Shiva, with six arms and six dancing legs, thrashing its way down Ferry Street.

I courted Susan with notes passed in the halls, nervous conversations by her school locker, walks home and countless Cokes, jokes, and Saturday night sundaes in cluttered high-school luncheonettes. Friday afternoons, we sometimes went to the Fox to watch the Three Stooges biff each other all over the screen, Moe slapping Curly, Curly kicking Larry, Larry punching Moe, pie fights and endless (wool!wool!) chases through Hollywood streets, all done with a painful dignity by those three classic shaggy goofs. And me smoking cigarettes with her behind the trees and tombstones of the Holy Heart Cemetery, buying nickel Sen-Sen afterwards to cover up my breath.

And finally "making out" at lights-off parties in the basement rooms of friends, my first love kisses planted awkwardly on a girl's mouth.

Newark seemed to change its color, lose its drab winter coat, and become almost exciting, naked in red neon. She and I found secret places, hideouts like the cemetery and a deserted garage across the street from her house, where we'd sit for hours

holding hands and talking. I wrote her poems, explaining them carefully and at length, so she would understand everything about them. She, my first love, with the Midas touch, who made the streets bright even in the dreariest drizzle.

But spring passed and she passed—as slowly and quietly as spring. No big arguments, only a fading out, a slow deadening that I never suspected until it was too late. And then the final breakup when I saw her in a luncheonette nestled beside Harry Blackburn, fourteen-year-old junior-high-school track star, and then her phony excuses, “He’s so mature,” and her last words as we stood away from the table by the candy counter, “Peter, can’t we just be friends?” I remember the jujubes I was staring at when she said that, the place of every candy on the counter, and then I was numb, shattered, and threw myself out at the night—tears, curses, unforgiveness—and finally sitting down in the wet gravel of a dark, ruined lot where I cried, ashamed, betrayed, and more than miserable. I’ll get drunk, I decided, never having been drunk before, and gave a buck to a sleepy wino.

That night I wandered the city hours beyond my nine o’clock curfew, totally drunk and unhappy, on the verge of sickness. The city looked like a freak, blinking nauseously neon and cheap, the waxy faces of a hundred sad bums who saw me move by them, hunched and dizzy. Outside our house I puked all over my shoes and then stumbled up the three flights of stairs that moved under my feet like an escalator.

My father was at the kitchen table, smoking a cigarette and reading the paper as I came in. He looked up at me with pained eyes, but my face was white, wild, and pulled out of shape with grief. Neither of us spoke; I stood shaky at the door, holding on to a wall; he sat gaunt and bloodless, watching me with a broken look, his blade of a nose sharpened by sickness, the edged bone tight against the skin.

“You look terrible,” he said softly. “Come here.” And I went to him, to be wrapped in the shawl of a thin arm, my head buried in the shallow ditch of his chest, as he stroked the hair from my forehead with the heel of his palm. And I felt myself on the edge of tears, holding them back, then silently crying, surrounded by my father’s smell of stale cigarettes and wool. We sat there a long time, until my tears had stopped, the electric buzz of the refrigerator the only sound in the kitchen, as he held my head with thin, anxious fingers. We were a sad boy and a dying man, angled and frozen with sorrow, together in a dying house in the dying Newark night. Someone coughed in another room, and my father spoke. “It’s very hard . . .” he began to say, but stopped, and gave up on the pointless sentence.

THE DREAM

BY A. POULIN, JR.

We are infested with light.
It gathers on the floor of the sea
that tides in the cave of our pelvis;
it sprouts on the limbs of our lungs,
branches over cliffs in our brain,
a bush burning law in a nation.

An organism from an alien world
rocketed down to test and possess
the planet, it feeds on the darkness
that breeds in the core of our cells,
on the unfiltered air in our lungs.
Overnight millions of filaments

root and are thriving. By morning
our skin is transparent, our bones
are black, and we’re radioactive,
barbarously bright. Ablaze
with amazement, we stay in our
bed all day, eclipsing the sun

in its orbit. Afraid we’ll diffuse,
we don’t move, not a muscle
or bone or an eye-beam. Still
by noon we can feel citizens
disintegrating on streets,
murdered by light. Seasons

accelerate. In the wink of an eye
blossoms are apples that ripen
flames, clusters of grapes are coals.
Antlers of deer are torches, and
buffalos burn to a crisp on the spit
of their bones. The sea pulls

to a dead stop. Whales rise like zeppelins.
By midnight the earth is pure mineral
ore, melting to white at its center.
Ravenous, we embark

THE CASE FOR BLACK STUDIES

by DeVere E. Pentony

The demand for "black studies," says an embattled college dean, is a call for black leadership and an honest regard for the past achievements of black people. It may also prove to be a resource for coping with the psychological burdens imposed upon blacks by a society more racist than it is willing to admit. Professor Pentony is dean of the School of Behavioral and Social Sciences at San Francisco State and the author of several books on international affairs.

THE history of the development of various American groups into an integrated culture is a complex story, but there is one simple fact that seems germane to the problems of black-white integration in the United States. This obvious fact is that almost every immigrant group with the major exception of the blacks came to these shores because they wanted to come. America was to be the land of opportunity, the land where the rigidities for social mobility would be relaxed, and the land where a man could be free. That these expectations were not quickly fulfilled is a cloudy part of the political and social history of the United States, but in retrospect the members of most of these groups, the Irish, the Germans, the Dutch, the Scotch, the Italians now view the story of their ethnic past in the United States as a reasonably successful one.

No similar memories have been available to the black man and woman. Brought to this country in chains, torn from family and tribal past, physically and psychologically enslaved, taught by lash and example to be subservient, forced to suffer indignities to their basic humanity, and instantly categorized by the accident of color, black people have all too often found the American dream a nightmare. Instead of joining the dominant culture, many have learned to exist in the psychologically bewildering atmosphere neither slave nor free. That they have survived at all is tribute to their magnificent resiliency and basic toughness; but that some carry with them a heavy baggage of hate and rage is not surprising.

While many whites in America have congratulated themselves upon the progress toward freedom and equality that has recently been made, a number of black intellectuals are eloquently questioning whether, indeed, meaningful progress has been made. Perhaps blacks are all too familiar with the

ability of white people to dash black hopes for freedom and dignity on rocks of intransigence and patience. Witness the rise and fall of hope in the story of black men in America: in the aftermath of the Civil War they were told that they were freed from slavery only to find that they were not free—not free to be treated as individuals, not free to eat, or sleep, or live, or go to school, or drink from the same fountain, or ride the same conveyance, or enjoy the same political and economic privileges as people of "white" skin. And when in the twentieth century they had their hopes raised by long overdue court decisions and civil rights legislation finally demanding integration, these hopes were once again shattered as blacks found that significant segments of the white culture often lagged far behind the basic justice of these acts.

This has led some of the black community to question whether integration was not just another scheme to preserve the dominance of the whites, seducing blacks to give up their black identities and to copy the speech, manner, hair, dress, and style of the whites, and to accept the myths, heroes, and historical judgment of white America without reciprocity or without appreciation of, or respect for, black experience. Moreover, this estimate has been coupled with the hunch that in any significant way, only the "talented tenth" of the black community could really hope to overcome the monetary, social, and psychological barriers to true integration with whites. The remaining 90 percent would, therefore, be left in poverty and psychological degradation, doomed to an almost motiveless, hopeless existence, forever on the dole, forever caught in hate of self and of others. Thus has been posed a transcendent dilemma for the black man and woman: to succeed in the white world is to fail, to overcome the outrageous obstacles thrown in their way by white

society seems partially to deny their black experience. Above all, to integrate on an individual basis in a society that makes this increasingly possible for the fortunate may well mean an exodus of the talented tenth from the black community, with the consequent decimation of the ranks of potential leaders whose commitment to the whole community could help set their people free.

Seen in this light, the demand for black studies is a call for black leadership. The argument is that if there is to be an exodus from the land of physical and psychological bondage, an informed and dedicated leadership is needed to help bring about individual and group pride and a sense of cohesive community. To accomplish this, black people, like all people, need to know that they are not alone. They need to know that their ancestors were not just slaves laboring under the white man's sun but that their lineage can be traced to important kingdoms and significant civilizations. They need to be familiar with the black man's contribution to the arts and sciences. They need to know of black heroes and of the noble deeds of black men. They need to know that black, too, is beautiful, and that under the African sky people are at proud ease with their blackness. In historical perspective they need to know the whole story of white oppression and of the struggles of some blacks, and some whites too, to overcome that oppression. They need to find sympathetic encouragement to move successfully into the socioeconomic arenas of American life.

To help fulfill all these needs, the contention is, a black studies effort must be launched. At the beginning, it must be staffed by black faculty, who must have the time and resources to prepare a solid curriculum for college students and to get the new knowledge and new perspectives into the community as quickly as possible. In a situation somewhat similar to the tremendous efforts at adult education in some of the less developed societies, the advocates of black studies press to get on with the urgent tasks.

It is in this context that a basic challenge is made to many of the traditional values of the college or university. Important critical questions arise: Will black studies be merely an exchange of old lies for new myths? Is it the work of the college to provide an ideological underpinning for social movement? Will the traditional search for the truth be subordinated to the goal of building a particular group identity? Is the ideal of the brotherhood of all men to be sacrificed to the brotherhood of some men and the hatred of others? Can the college teach group solidarity for some groups and not for others? Will the results of separatist studies be a heightening of group tensions and a reactive enlarging of the forces of racism? Will standards of excellence

for students and faculty alike be cast aside in the interest of meeting student and community needs? Will anti-intellectualism run rampant? Will constitutional and other legal provisions be violated by this new version of "separate if not equal"?

A REMEDY FOR WHITE STUDIES

It seems clear that the advocates of a black studies program see it as a remedy for "white studies" programs that they have been subjected to all their lives and as a way to bring pride, dignity, and community to black people. They are questioning the relevance of the style and content of education designed to meet the needs and expectations of the dominant white culture, and some seem to be suggesting that the life-styles and ways of perceiving the world in much of the black community are sufficiently different to justify a new, almost bicultural approach to educating the members of the community who are at once a part of, yet apart from, the general American culture. While they hope that this effort will range over the whole educational experience from childhood through adulthood, they seem to view the college or university as the place where talents can be gathered and resources mobilized to provide intellectual leadership and academic respectability to their efforts. The college is to be the place for the writing of books, the providing of information, and the training of students to help with the critical tasks. It is to be one of the testing grounds for the idea that black people need to have control of their own destiny.

But what of the outcome? There is obvious concern that efforts to focus on blackness as one of the answers to white racism will result in an equally virulent black racism. Black "nationalism," with its glorifying of the black ingroup, may have powerful meaning only when it focuses on the hate object of whiteness. Indeed, it is painfully true that whites through their words and deeds over many generations have provided the black nationalists with all the bitter evidence they need for building a negative nationalism based mainly on hatred and rage. Thus we should expect that a significant ingredient in constructing black unity and group dignity would be an antiwhiteness.

Increasingly, the black intellectual is drawing a colonial analogy to the situation of the black community in the United States. Like people in the colonized lands of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, some black men look at their rather systematic exclusion from first-class citizenship in the United States as a close parallel to the exploitation and subjugation perpetrated by those who shouldered the "white man's burden" during the high tide of



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

The old gray mare, it ain't what it used to be.

Times change and so have we.
Considerably.

The bottle's new. And what's really important: what's inside is new too. In point of fact, when we discuss the new taste among ourselves, we refer to it as easy. Because that's the way it tastes now. And because it's easy to stay with.

To prove the point, we invite you to taste White Horse off-the-rocks. (So the ice won't hide the taste.) Naturally, we want you to do the same with your own Scotch.

Then you'll understand just how easy we are.

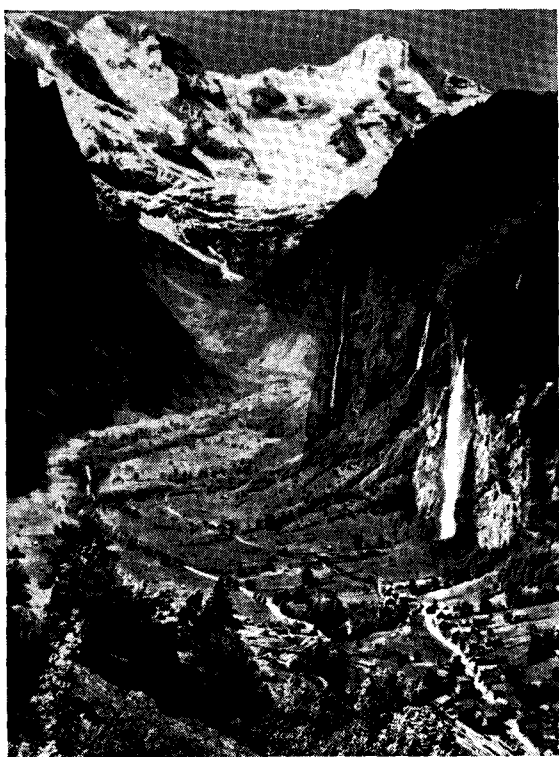
Of course, some things we won't give up. We're still doing all our own distilling. And watching over the results like a bunch of Scottish hawks. And we still bottle it in Scotland. So White Horse is always consistent.

Try it. Your old Scotch won't be what it seemed to be.





Begin your European tour where European tours began.



There's more to Switzerland now than the things that brought the first tour groups here in the 1800's. More than Alps and clean, sweet air. More than waterfalls, valleys, flowers, lakes, green, green grass, and fabulous food. Now there are fabulous resorts where you can start your European vacation eating, breathing, dancing, sunning and swimming with some very European Europeans. Now there

are Swissair jets non stop to Geneva and Zurich. Three full weeks, \$338. Hotels, transportation, round trip group economy fare included. Call your travel agent or Swissair.

✈ SWISSAIR

Heidi wouldn't lie.

imperialism. Thus the focus on black culture and black history is to prepare the black community to be as free and proud as anyone in the newly emerging states. And the outcome of that may be the growth of the self-confidence and sense of personal dignity that pave the way for an easier integration into a common culture on the basis of feelings of real equality.

While it would be foolish to deny that ugly and self-defeating racism may be the fruits of the black studies movement, we should not forget that a sense of deep compassion and intense concern for all humanity has often shone through the rage and hate of such prophets of the movement as Malcolm X, Stokely Carmichael, and W. E. B. Dubois. Whether that hopeful strain of compassion and human concern will gain the upper hand in the days that lie ahead may well depend on the degree of understanding and tenderness with which the white community is able to react to these efforts.

There is the possibility that an emphasis on blackness, black dignity, black contributions, and black history will provide whites with new perspectives about the black man and woman. In turn, these new perspectives may indicate what clues of behavior and guides to proper responsiveness are necessary to enable whites to relate to blacks in something other than a patronizing or deprecating fashion. Through black studies there may be opportunities for whites to enrich their understanding of the black man and thus, perhaps, to help build more meaningful bridges of mutual respect and obligation. Moreover, if the truth can make blacks free and open, it may also free the whites from their ignorant stereotypes of the black man and his culture. Unfortunately, it may also be possible for those who teach black studies to reinforce those stereotypes by aping the worst features of the white society and becoming merely a mirror image of that aspect of white society that is insensitive and inhuman.

STANDARDS AND SCHOLARSHIP

Will accepted standards and scholarship be maintained in the black studies program? When any new program is proposed, a question of this sort is certainly appropriate for members of the academic community. However, it is an extremely difficult one to answer for a black studies program or for any other new program. All that can be safely said is that the pressures for respectable scholarly performance and for recognized achievements will be at least as great for black studies as for any other new program.

In the performance and evaluation of students, we can probably expect the same ferment over

learning, grading, and evaluative practices that perturbs the rest of the academic world. But academicians who are pushing the black studies idea give no indication that they will be content with a half-hearted, sloppy, shoddy intellectual effort on the part of themselves or their students. Indeed, one of the underlying assumptions of black studies seems to be that students who become involved in it will become highly motivated toward academic success not only in black studies but in the rest of the curriculum as well. Out of the black studies experience are to come black students, committed, socially aware, ambitious, devoted to the welfare of black people, and equipped for helping the black community assume its rightful place in American society. These are high ambitions which are not likely to be fulfilled immediately by a black studies program, but which deserve to be given the same benefit of doubt and the same opportunities for growth by trial and error that most new programs are given.

Will black studies scholars manipulate data, bias their studies, and create towering myths which bear little resemblance to the shifting realities of human existence? The answer is difficult to assess.

In one respect the quest for pristine outside objectivity may miss the point. A distinguished philosopher has argued that the search for intergroup accommodation must be based upon what he terms the discovery of the normative inner order—that is, the values, assumptions, and world views or images of various societies or cultures. It may be that one of the most important roles that the black scholar can play is to share in the discovery and articulation of this normative inner order of the black community, with the possible result of improving the chances for mutually beneficial black-white interaction.

In this process we should expect that there will be black professors who profess a certain "ideology" just as white professors do. We can even expect a case for racial superiority of blacks, but surely this is not a reason for opposing black studies. To do so on those grounds would be analogous to opposing the teaching of biology because a certain biologist has attempted to make a case for a black inferiority based on some of his genetic investigations, or of economics because certain economists continue to adhere to pre-Keynesian economic principles.

Moreover, the ideology argument may mean no more than that black scholars will attempt to emphasize common assumptions about American society from the perspective of the black experience. But this kind of "indoctrination" is not essentially different from what is found, for example, in many college textbooks in American government which rest on some value-laden assumptions about the

American political system. A more serious charge would be that black professors may insist that their students follow some "party line" as they examine the various facets of the black situation. But students are not as gullible as we sometimes imagine and are generally quite capable of resisting efforts at indoctrination.

Closely allied to the questions of standards and scholarship are questions of curriculum. What is an appropriate beginning curriculum for a black studies effort? The unspoken consensus seems to be that an area studies program should dig as deeply as possible into the history, the culture, the language, the politics, the economics, the geography, the literature, the arts, the life-styles, and the world views of the people in the area concerned. How this is all put together in a way that students will understand and benefit from is a significant organizing problem for all area studies programs, including black studies. But it would be foolish to expect those problems to be creatively attacked before a working faculty is on the scene. The first efforts to establish a satisfactory curriculum in black studies will be experimental in many ways and as such subject to more rapid change than our established curricula.

ARE BLACK STUDIES LEGAL AND PROPER?

The question of legality of a black studies program requires examination. Like the closely related area studies program, the curriculum would seem to face no legal questions from federal or state law. However, it is in the realm of staffing and student access that the most serious questions arise. For example, can tests of color be applied for hiring faculty members in the black studies program? Posed in this sharp way, the answer to the question is probably no. The equal protection of the laws section of the United States Constitution and various state legal requirements about nondiscrimination in employment could very likely be interpreted to preclude the hiring of faculty simply because they are black. However, if the qualifications for hiring are put on a broader experiential basis than color alone, then the questions and answers may change. Already factors of ethnic background and experience play a role in hiring at the colleges and universities in the United States. While this is particularly obvious in the hiring of teachers in foreign languages and literature—note, for example, the number of people teaching Chinese language and literature who are Chinese—ethnic background has often been considered in other aspects of area studies and other programs from the Peace Corps to social work.

The question of hiring black faculty is probably

not a legal question at all. Rather the critical focal point for the black studies program would seem to be, on the one hand, whether the particular experiences gained from a black ethnic background tend to make the faculty member a better scholar and teacher or, on the other hand, whether the ethnic emotional involvement will permit a useful scholarly detachment in the evaluation and presentation of data. Completely satisfactory answers to this dilemma are not likely to be found. A short-run solution to the dilemma may rest on the ability of black studies programs to attract black faculty with a passion for the truth as well as an emotional identification with the subject of blackness, and on the certainty that nonblack scholars will continue to view, comment upon, and analyze the black experience in various parts of the academic community. Enough flexibility and openness should exist for students majoring in black studies to encounter the views of nonblack scholars. Similarly, the educational experiences of the rest of the academic community would undoubtedly be enriched by the participation of black studies faculty in the general intellectual life of the college. It would be tragic if the black studies faculty were to be prevented from commentary on the general questions of man in society by their own preoccupation with black studies. Few would argue that the infusion of an increasing number of black faculty into the academic community is not desirable. The black studies program would speed the process and provide the black community with incentives and opportunities for greater participation in the education of youth. The institutions of higher education cannot rely on narrow legal interpretation and conventional dogmas as trustworthy guidelines to hiring faculty in programs like black studies.

A second serious question about the legality of the black studies program is the question of student access to it. Can an academic institution worthy of the name deny access to any of its academic programs on the basis of color or ethnic background? The answer is no. Here the legal answer and the moral answer would seem to reinforce one another. If one of the purposes of the black studies program is to tell it as it really is, then the message should go out to students regardless of color even though it is likely to have a particular additional value to the black student. The college cannot be a place where knowledge is developed and subjects taught in semi-secret. Just as any college contracting to the government for secret research would be open to serious charges of violation of the traditional ethics of scholarship, so would any academic program that excluded students solely on the basis of ethnic background raise serious questions of propriety and legality.

However, even in this connection a dilemma remains. As anyone who has participated in an area program in a Peace Corps training effort knows, the things that can be easily said about one's own culture and about another culture tend to be modified when there are members of another culture in attendance. It seems to become more difficult to tell it "as it really is" or at least as it "really is perceived" when the outsiders are in. This is a significant problem that will have to be faced by the black studies program. The fortunate thing about many of those who are advocating black studies is that they want to tell it as it really is to anyone who will listen. They have been shielding their feelings, perceptions, and analyses so long that it will probably be refreshing for them to speak honestly with non-black students as well as blacks. Nonetheless, they may feel that the first efforts to get their programs established will be so overrun by well-meaning whites anxious to gain new perspectives that black students will not have access to the courses.

In practice, the problem may not be so great, especially since courses about various ethnic communities will continue to be offered in the existing departments, with even the possibility of exchange of faculty on occasion. Nonetheless, the colleges must make every effort within the budgetary limita-

tions imposed upon them to accommodate as many students as possible. No black student who enters the college should be denied an opportunity to take black studies courses; neither, of course, should he be forced to do so. In this connection, the attractiveness of the course offerings to whites as well as blacks may be important in the effort to sustain enrollments in a fledgling program, and thus help provide the necessary resources which are closely tied to the level of student demand for courses. So, the question of student access seems to be not so much a question of legality as of the availability of faculty and other resources.

A sometime country lawyer once said: "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise to the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save the country" (Abraham Lincoln). The time is now for higher education to show that it can disentrall itself and become relevant to the problems of social change highlighted by the call for black studies. If a black studies program serves only to awaken whites to the desperate need to change themselves, it will have been worth the effort.





AN UNFINISHED

*Lillian Hellman, who grew up in New Orleans and New York, made her reputation as one of America's great playwrights before she was thirty. **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR** took New York by storm when it opened in 1934, ran for 691 performances on Broadway, and played in every major city in the United States. Her second triumph, **THE LITTLE FOXES**, which starred Tallulah Bankhead on the stage and Bette Davis in the film version, portrayed the selfishness and hypocrisy of a turn-of-the-century Southern family and established Miss Hellman as a major American dramatist. The author of twelve plays in all and many film scripts, Miss Hellman has now written a book of extraordinary fascination and power. It is the memoir of the private, not the theater's, Lillian Hellman, and in advance of its publication by Little, Brown and Company in June, we are proud to present a substantial excerpt. Originally planning to publish in two successive issues of the **ATLANTIC**, we decided that these pages from **AN UNFINISHED WOMAN** deserved to be read at one sitting. We believe our readers will agree.*

WOMAN

by Lillian Hellman

I WAS born in New Orleans to Julia Newhouse from Demopolis, Alabama, who had fallen in love and stayed in love with Max Hellman, whose parents had come to New Orleans in the German 1845–1848 immigration to give birth to him and his two sisters. My mother's family, long before I was born, had moved from Demopolis to Cincinnati and then to New Orleans, both desirable cities, I guess, for three marriageable girls.

But I first remember them in a large New York apartment: my two young and very pretty aunts; their taciturn, tight-faced brother; and the silent, powerful, severe woman, Sophie Newhouse, who was their mother, my grandmother. Her children, her servants, all of her relatives except her brother, Jake, were frightened of her, and so was I. Even as a small child I disliked myself for the fear and showed off against it.

The Newhouse apartment held the upper-middle-class trappings, in touch of things and in spirit of people, that never manage to be truly stylish. Heavy weather hung over the lovely oval rooms. True, there were parties for my aunts, but the parties, to a peeping child in the servants' hall, seemed so muted that I was long convinced that on fancy occasions grown people moved their lips without making sounds. In the days after the party one would hear exciting stories about the new suitors, but the suitors were never quite good enough, and the parties were, obviously, not good enough for those who might have been. Then there were the Sunday dinners, with great uncles and aunts sometimes in attendance, full of open ill will about who had the most money or who spent it too lavishly, who would inherit what, who had bought what rug that would last forever, who what jewel she would best have been without. It was a corporation meeting, with my grandmother unexpectedly in the position of vice-chairman. The chairman was her brother, Jake, the only human being to whom I ever

saw her defer. Early, I told myself that was because he was richer than she was, and did something called managing her money. But that was too simple: he was a man of great force, given, as she was given, to breaking the spirit of people for the pleasure of the exercise. But he was also witty and rather worldly, seeing his own financial machinations as natural not only to his but to the country's benefit, and seeing that as comic. (I had only one real contact with my Uncle Jake: when I graduated from school at fifteen, he gave me a ring that I took to a Fifty-ninth Street hock shop; I got twenty-five dollars and bought books. I went immediately to tell him what I'd done, deciding, I think, that day that the break had to come. He stared at me for a long time, and then he laughed and said the words I later used in *The Little Foxes*: "So you've got spirit after all. Most of the rest of them are made of sugar water.")

But that New York apartment where we visited several times a week, the summer cottage where we went for a visit each year as the poor daughter and granddaughter, made me into an angry child and forever caused in me a wild extravagance mixed with respect for money and those who have it. The respectful periods were full of self-hatred, and during them I always made my worst mistakes. But after *The Little Foxes* was written and put away, this conflict was to grow less important, as indeed the picture of my mother's family was to grow dim and almost fade away.

It was not unnatural that my first love went to my father's family. He and his two sisters were free, generous, funny. But as I made my mother's family all one color, I made my father's family too remarkable, and then turned both extreme judgments against my mother.

In fact, she was a sweet eccentric, the only middle-class woman I have ever known who had not rejected the middle class—that would have been an act of will—but had skipped it altogether. She liked a simple life and simple people, and would have been happier, I think, if she had stayed in the backlands of Alabama riding wild on the horses she so often talked about, not so lifelong lonely for the black men and women who had taught her the only religion she ever knew. I didn't know what she was saying when she moved her lips in a Baptist church or a Catholic cathedral or, less often, in a synagogue, but it was obvious that God could be found anywhere, because several times a week we would stop in a church, any church, and she seemed to be at home in all of them.

But simple natures can also be complex, and that is difficult for a child, who

wants all grown people to be sharply one thing or another. I was puzzled and irritated by the passivity of my mother as it mixed with an unmovable stubbornness. (My father had not been considered a proper husband for a rich and pretty girl, but my mother's deep fear of her mother did not override her deep love for my father, although the same fear kept my two aunts from ever marrying and my uncle from marrying until after his mother's death.)

Mama seemed to do only what my father wanted, and yet we lived the way my mother wanted us to live. She deeply wanted to keep my father and to please him, but no amount of protest from him could alter the strange quirks that Freud already knew about. Windows, doors, and stoves haunted her, and she would often stand before them for as long as half an hour, or leaving the house, would insist upon returning to it while we waited for her in any weather. And sad, middle-aged ladies would be brought home from a casual meeting on a park bench to fill the living room with woe: plain tales of sickness, or poverty, or loneliness in the afternoon often led to their staying on for dinner with my bored father.

I remember a time when our apartment was being painted, and the week it was supposed to take stretched into three because one of the two painters, a small, sickly man with an Italian accent, soon found that my mother was a sympathetic listener. He would, in duty, climb the ladder at nine in the morning, but by eleven he was sitting on the sofa with the tale of the bride who died in childbirth, the child still in Italy, his mother who ailed and half starved in Tuscany, the nights in New York where he knew nobody to eat with or talk to. After lunch, cooked by our bad-tempered Irish lady, and served to him by my mother to hide the bad temper, he would climb the ladder again and paint for a few hours while my mother urged him to stop work and go for a nice day in the sunshine. Once, toward the end of the long job—the other painter never returned after the first few days—I came home carrying books from the library, annoyed to find the painter in my favorite chair. As I stood in the doorway, frowning at my mother, the painter said, "Your girl. How old?"

"Fifteen," said my mother.

"In Italy, not young, fifteen. She is healthy?"

"Very healthy," said my mother. "Her generation has larger feet than we did."

"I think about it," said the painter. "I let you know."

I knew my mother didn't understand what he meant, because she smiled and nodded in the way she always did when her mind had wandered, but I was angry and told my father about it at dinner. He laughed, and I left the table, but later he told

my mother that the painter was not to come to the house again. A few years later when I brought home for dinner an aimless, handsome young man who got roaring drunk and insisted upon climbing down the building from our eighth-floor apartment, my father, watching him from the window, said, "Perhaps we should try to find that Italian house painter." My mother was dead for five years before I knew that I had loved her very much.

MY MOTHER'S childbearing had been dangerously botched by a fashionable doctor in New Orleans, and forever after she stood in fear of going through it again, and so I was an only child. (Twenty-one years later, when I was married and pregnant, she was as frightened for me, and unashamedly happy when I lost the child.) I was thirty-four years old, after two successful plays, and fourteen or fifteen years of heavy drinking in a nature that wasn't comfortable with anarchy, when a doctor told me about the lifelong troubles of an only child. Most certainly I needed a doctor to reveal for me the violence and disorder of my life, but I had always known about the powers of an only child. I was not meaner or more ungenerous or more unkind than other children, but I was off-balance in a world where I knew my grand importance to two other people who certainly loved me for myself, but who also liked to use me against each other. I don't think they knew they did that, because most of it was affectionate teasing between them, but somehow I knew early that my father's jokes about how much my mother's family liked money, how her mother had crippled her own children, my grandmother's desire to think of him—and me—as strange vagabonds of no property value, were more than teasing. He wished to win me to his side, and he did. He was a handsome man, witty, high-tempered, proud, and, although I guessed very young I was not to be certain until much later, with a number of other women in his life. Thus his attacks on Mama's family were not always for the reasons claimed.

When I was about six years old, my father lost my mother's large dowry. We moved to New York and were shabby poor until my father finally settled for a life as a successful traveling salesman. It was in those years that we went back to New Orleans to stay with my father's sisters for six months each year. I was thus moved from school in New York to school in New Orleans without care for the season or the quality of the school. This constant need for adjustment in two very different worlds made formal education into a kind of frantic tennis game, sometimes played with children whose strokes had force and brilliance, sometimes with those

who could barely hold the racket. Possibly it is the reason I never did well in school or in college, and why I wanted to be left alone to read by myself. I had found, very early, that any other test found me bounding with ease and grace over one fence to fall on my face as I ran toward the next.

THERE was a heavy fig tree on the lawn where the house turned the corner into the side street, and to the front and sides of the fig tree were three live oaks that hid the fig from my aunts' boardinghouse. I suppose I was eight or nine before I discovered the pleasures of the fig tree, and although I have lived in many houses since then, including a few that I made for myself, I still think of it as my first and most beloved home.

I learned early, in our strange life of living half in New York and half in New Orleans, that I made my New Orleans teachers uncomfortable because I was too far ahead of my schoolmates, and my New York teachers irritable because I was too far behind. But in New Orleans I found a solution: I skipped school at least once a week and often twice, knowing that nobody cared or would report my absence. On those days I would set out for school done up in polished strapped shoes and a prim hat against what was known as "the climate," carrying my books and a little basket filled with delicious stuff my Aunt Jenny and Carrie, the cook, had made for my school lunch. I would round the corner of the side street, move on toward St. Charles Avenue, and sit on a bench as if I were waiting for a streetcar until the boarders and the neighbors had gone to work or settled down for the postbreakfast rest that all Southern ladies thought necessary. Then I would run back to the fig tree, dodging in and out of bushes to make sure the house had no dangers for me. The fig tree was heavy, solid, comfortable, and I had, through time, convinced myself that it wanted me, missed me when I was absent, and approved all the rigging I had done for the happy days I spent in its arms: I had made a sling to hold the school books, a pulley rope for my lunch basket, a hole for the bottle of afternoon cream-soda pop, a fishing pole and a smelly little bag of elderly bait, and a pillow embroidered with a picture of Henry Clay on a horse that I had stolen from Mrs. Stillman, one of my aunts' boarders; and I drove a proper nail to hold my dress and shoes to keep them neat for the return to the house.

It was in that tree that I learned to read, filled with the passions that can only come to the bookish, grasping, very young, bewildered by almost all of what I read, sweating in the attempt to understand a world of adults I fled from in real life but

desperately wanted to join in books. (I did not connect the grown men and women in literature with the grown men and women I saw around me. They were, to me, another species.)

It was in the fig tree that I learned that anything alive in water was of enormous excitement to me. True, the water was gutter water and the fishing could hardly be called that: sometimes the things that swam in New Orleans gutters were not pretty, but I didn't know what was pretty, and I liked them all. After lunch—the men boarders returned for a large lunch and a siesta—the street would be safe again, with only the noise from Carrie and her helpers in the kitchen, and they could be counted on never to move past the back porch or the chicken coop. Then I would come down from my tree to sit on the side-street gutter with my pole and bait. Often I would catch a crab that had wandered in from the Gulf; more often I would catch my favorite, the crayfish, and sometimes I would, in that safe hour, have at least six of them for my basket. Then, about two thirty, when house and street would stir again, I would go back to my tree for another few hours of reading or dozing or having what I called the ill hour. It is too long ago for me to know why I thought the hour "ill," but certainly I did not mean sick. I think I meant an intimation of sadness, a first recognition that there was so much to understand that one might never find one's way, and the first signs, perhaps, that for a nature like mine, the way would not be easy. I cannot be sure that I felt all that then, although I can be sure that it was in the fig tree, a few years later, that I was first puzzled by the conflict which would haunt me, harm me, and benefit me the rest of my life: simply, the stubborn, relentless, driving desire to be alone as it came into conflict with the desire not to be alone when I wanted not to be. I already guessed that other people wouldn't allow that, although, as an only child, I pretended for the rest of my life that they would and must allow it to me.

I liked my time in New Orleans much better than I liked our six months' apartment life in New York. The life in my aunts' boardinghouse seemed remarkably rich. And what a strange lot my own family was. My aunts Jenny and Hannah were both tall, large women, funny and generous, who coming from a German, cultivated, genteel tradition had found they had to earn a living and earned it without complaint, although Jenny, the prettier and more complex, had frequent outbursts of interesting temper. It was strange, I thought then, that my mother, who so often irritated me, was treated by my aunts as if she were a precious Chinese clay piece from a world they didn't know. And in a sense, that was true: her family was rich, she was small, delicately made, and charming—she

was a sturdy, brave woman, really, but it took years to teach me that—and because my aunts loved my father very much, they were good to my mother and protected her from the less wellborn boarders. I don't think they understood—I did, by some kind of child's malice—that my mother enjoyed the boarders and listened to them with the sympathy Jenny couldn't afford. I suppose none of the boarders were of great interest, but I was crazy about what I thought went on behind their doors.

I was conscious that Mr. Stillman, a large, loose, good-looking man, flirted with my mother and sang off-key. I knew that a boarder called Collie, a too thin, unhappy-looking no-age man, worked in his uncle's bank and was drunk every night. He was the favorite of the lady boarders, who didn't think he'd live very long. (They were wrong: over twenty years later, on a visit to my retired aunts, I met him in Galatoire's Restaurant looking just the same.) And there were two faded, sexy, giggly sisters called Fizzy and Sarah, who pretended to love children and all trees. I once overheard a fight between my mother and father in which she accused him

of liking Sarah. I thought that was undignified of my mother and was pleased when my father laughed it off as untrue. He was telling the truth about Sarah: he liked Fizzy, and the day I saw them meet and get into a taxi in front of a restaurant on Jackson Avenue was to stay with me for many years. I was in a black rage, filled with fears I couldn't explain, with pity and contempt for my mother, with an intense desire to follow my father and Fizzy to see whatever it was they might be doing and to kill them for it. An hour later, I threw myself from the top of the fig tree and broke my nose, although I did not know I had broken a bone and was concerned only with the hideous pain.

I went immediately to Sophronia, who had been my nurse when I was a small child before we moved, or half moved, to New York. She worked now for people who lived in a large house a streetcar ride from ours, and she took care of two little red-haired boys whom I hated with pleasure in my wicked jealousy. Sophronia was the first

and most certain love of my life. (Years later, when I was a dangerously rebellious young girl, my father would say that if he had been able to afford Sophronia through the years, I would have been under the only control I ever recognized.) She was a tall, handsome, light-tan woman—I still have many pictures of the brooding face—who was for me, as for so many other white Southern children, the one and certain anchor so needed for the young years, so forgotten after that. (It wasn't that way for us: we wrote and met as often as possible until she died when I was in my twenties, and the first salary check I ever earned she returned to me in the form of a gold chain.) The mother of the two red-haired boys didn't like my visits to Sophronia, and so I always arrived by the back door. But Sophronia was not



Lillian with Sophronia

at home on the day of my fall. I sat on her kitchen steps crying and holding my face until the cook sent the upstairs maid to Audubon Park on a search for Sophronia. She came, running, I think for the first time in the majestic movements of her life, waving away the two redheads. She took me to her room and washed my face and prodded my nose and put her hand over my mouth when I screamed. She said we must go immediately to Dr. Fenner, but when I told her that I had thrown myself from the tree, she stopped talking about the doctor, bandaged my face, gave me a pill, put me on her bed, and lay down beside me. I told her about my father and Fizzy and fell

asleep. When I woke up she said that she'd walk me home. On the way she told me that I must say nothing about Fizzy to anybody ever, and that if my nose still hurt in a few days I was only to say that I had fallen on the street and refuse to answer any questions about how I fell. A block from my aunts' house we sat down on the steps of the Baptist church. She looked sad, and I knew that I had displeased her. I touched her arm, which had always been between us a way of saying that I was sorry.

She said, "Don't go through life making trouble for people."

I said, "If I tell you I won't tell about Fizzy, then I won't tell."

She said, "Run home, now. Good-bye."

And it was to be good-bye for another year, because I had forgotten that we were to leave for New York two days later, and when I telephoned to tell that to Sophronia, the woman she worked for said I wasn't to telephone again. In any case, I soon forgot about Fizzy, and when the bandage came off my nose—it looked different but not different enough—our New York doctor said that it would heal by itself, or whatever was the nonsense they believed in those days about broken bones.

WE WENT back to New Orleans the next year and the years after that until I was sixteen, and they were always the best times of my life. It was Aunt Hannah who took me each Saturday to the movies and then to the French Quarter, where we bought smelly old leather books and she told me how it all had been when she was a girl: about my grandmother—I remembered her—who had been a very tall woman with a lined, severe face and a gentle nature; about my grandfather, dead before I was born, who in his portrait over the fireplace looked too serious and distinguished. They had, in a middle-class world, evidently been a strange couple, going their own way with little interest in money or position, loved and respected by their children. "Your grandfather used to say" was a common way to begin a sentence, and although whatever he said had been law, he had allowed my father and aunts their many eccentricities in a time and place that didn't like eccentrics, and to such a degree that not one of his children ever knew they weren't like other people. Hannah, for example, once grew angry—the only time I ever saw her show any temper—when my mother insisted I finish my dinner: she rose and hit the table, and told my mother and the startled boarders that when she was twelve years old, she had decided she didn't ever want to eat with people again, and so she had taken to sitting on the steps

of the front porch, and my grandmother, with no comment, had for two years brought her dinner on a tray, and so what was wrong with one dinner I didn't feel like sitting through?

I think both Hannah and Jenny were virgins, but if they were, there were no signs of spinsterhood. They were nice about married people, they were generous to children, and sex was something to have fun about. Jenny had been the consultant to many neighborhood young ladies before their marriage night, or the night of their first lover. One of these girls, a rich ninny, Jenny found irritating and unpleasant. When I was sixteen I came across the two of them in earnest conference on the lawn, and later Jenny told me that the girl had come to consult her about how to avoid pregnancy.

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her to have a glass of ice water right before the sacred act and three sips during it."

When we had finished laughing, I said, "But she'll get pregnant."

"He's marrying her for money; he'll leave her when he gets it. This way at least maybe she'll have a few babies for herself."

And four years later, when I wrote my aunts that I was going to be married, I had back a telegram: FORGET ABOUT THE GLASS OF ICE WATER TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

I think I learned to laugh in that house and to knit and embroider and sew a straight seam and to cook. Each Sunday it was my job to clean the crayfish for the wonderful bisque, and it was Jenny and Carrie, the cook, who taught me to make turtle soup, and how to kill a chicken without ladylike complaints about the horror of dealing death, and how to pluck and cook the wild ducks that were hawked on our street every Sunday morning. I was taught, also, that if you gave, you did it without piety and didn't boast about it. It had been one of my grandfather's laws that no poor person who asked for anything was ever to be refused, and his children fulfilled the injunction. New Orleans was a city of many poor people, particularly black people, and the boardinghouse kitchen after the house dinner was, on most nights, a mighty pleasant place: there would often be as many as eight or ten people, black and white, most always very old or very young, who sat at the table on the kitchen porch while Carrie ordered the kitchen maids and me to bring the steaming platters and the coffeepots.

It was on such a night that I first saw Leah, a light-tan girl of about fifteen, with red hair and freckles, a flat, ugly face, and a big stomach. I suppose I was about fourteen years old that night, but I remember her very well because she stared at me through her hungry eating. She came again about

a week later, and this time Carrie herself took the girl aside and whispered to her, but I don't think the girl answered her because Carrie shrugged and moved away. The next morning, Hannah, who always rose at six to help Jenny before she went to her own office job, screamed outside my bedroom window. Leaning out, I saw Hannah pointing underneath the house and saying softly, "Come out of there."

Slowly the tan-red girl crawled out. Hannah said, "You must not stay under there. It's very wet. Come inside, child, and dry yourself out." From that day on Leah lived somewhere in the house, and a few months later had her baby in the city hospital. The baby was put out for adoption on Sophronia's advice, with a little purse of money from my mother. I never knew what Leah did in the house, because when she helped with the dishes Carrie lost her temper, and when she tried making beds Jenny asked her not to, and once when she was raking leaves for the gardener he yelled, "You ain't in your proper head," so in the end, she took to following me around.

I WAS, they told me, turning into a handful. Mrs. Stillman said I was wild, Mr. Stillman said that I would, of course, bring pain to my mother and father, and Fizzy said I was just plain disgusting mean. It had been a bad month for me. I had, one night, fallen asleep in the fig tree and, coming down in the morning, refused to tell my mother where I had been. James Denery the Third had hit me very hard in a tug-of-war, and I had waited until the next day to hit him over the head with a porcelain coffeepot, and then his mother complained to my mother. I had refused to go back to dancing class.

And I was now spending most of my time with a group from an orphanage down the block. I guess the orphan group was no more attractive than any other, but to be an orphan seemed to me desirable and a self-made piece of independence. In any case, the orphans were more interesting to me than my schoolmates, and if they played rougher they complained less. Frances, a dark beauty of my age, queened it over the others because her father had been killed by the Mafia. Miriam, small and wiry, regularly stole my allowance from the red purse my aunt had given me, and the one time I protested she beat me up. Louis Calda was religious and spoke to me about it. Pancho was dark, sad, and to me, a poet because once he said, "*Yo te amo*." I could not sleep a full night after this declaration, and it set up in me forever after both sympathy and irritability with the first sexual stir-

rings of little girls, so masked, so complex, so foolish as compared with the sex of little boys. It was Louis Calda who took Pancho and me to a Catholic Mass that could have made me a fourteen-year-old convert. But Louis explained that he did not think me worthy, and Pancho, to stop my tears, cut off a piece of his hair with a knife, gave it to me as a gift from royalty, and then shoved me into the gutter. I don't know why I thought this an act of affection, but I did, and went home to open the back of a new wristwatch my father had given me for my birthday and to put the lock of hair in the back. A day later when the watch stopped, my father insisted I give it to him immediately, declaring that the jeweler was unreliable.

It was that night that I disappeared, and that night that Fizzy said I was disgusting mean, and Mr. Stillman said I would forever pain my mother and father, and my father turned on both of them and said he would handle his family affairs without comments from strangers. But he said it too late. He had come home very angry with me: the jeweler, after my father's complaints about his unreliability, had found the lock of hair in the back of the watch. What started out to be a mild reproof on my father's part soon turned angry when I couldn't explain about the hair. (My father was often angry when I was most like him.) He was so angry that he forgot that he was attacking me in front of the Stillmans, my old rival Fizzy, and the delighted Mrs. Dreyfus, a new, rich boarder who only that afternoon had complained about my bad manners. My mother left the room when my father grew angry with me. Hannah, passing through, put up her hand as if to stop my father and then, frightened of the look he gave her, went out to the porch. I sat on the couch, astonished at the pain in my head. I tried to get up from the couch, but one ankle turned and I sat down again, knowing for the first time the rampage that could be caused in me by anger. The room began to have other forms, the people were no longer men and women, my head was not my own. I told myself that my head had gone somewhere, and I have little memory of anything after my Aunt Jenny came into the room and said to my father, "Don't you remember?" I have never known what she meant, but I know that soon after I was moving up the staircase, that I slipped and fell a few steps, that when I woke up hours later in my bed, I found a piece of angel cake—an old love, an old custom—left by my mother on my pillow.

The headache was worse, and I vomited out of the window. Then I dressed, took my red purse, and walked a long way down St. Charles Avenue. A St. Charles Avenue mansion had on its back lawn a famous dollhouse, an elaborate copy of the

mansion itself, built years before for the small daughter of the house. As I passed this showpiece, I saw a policeman and moved swiftly back to the doll palace and crawled inside. If I had known about the fantasies of the frightened, that ridiculous small house would not have been so terrible for me. I was surrounded by ornate, carved reproductions of the mansion furniture scaled for children, bisque figurines in miniature, a working toilet seat of gold leaf in suitable size, small draperies of damask with a sign that said "From the damask of Marie Antoinette," a miniature samovar with small bronze cups, and a tiny Madame Récamier couch on which I spent the night, my legs on the floor. I must have slept, because I woke from a nightmare and knocked over a bisque figurine. The noise frightened me, and since it was now almost light, in one of those lovely mist mornings of late spring when every flower in New Orleans seems to melt and mix with the air, I crawled out.

Most of that day I spent walking, although I had a long session in the ladies' room at the railroad station. I had four dollars and two bits, but that wasn't much when you meant it to last forever and when you knew it would not be easy for a fourteen-year-old girl to find work in a city where too many people knew her. Three times I stood in line at the railroad ticket windows to ask where I could go for four dollars, but each time the question seemed too dangerous and I knew no other way of asking it.

Toward evening, I moved to the French Quarter, feeling sad and envious as people went home to dinner. I bought a few Tootsie Rolls and a half loaf of bread and went to the St. Louis Cathedral in Jackson Square. (It was that night that I composed the prayer that was to become, in the next five years, an obsession, mumbled over and over through the days and nights: "God forgive me, Papa forgive me, Mama forgive me, Sophronia, Jenny, Hannah, and all others, through this time and that time, in life and in death." When I was nineteen, my father, who had made several attempts through the years to find out what my lip movements meant as I repeated the prayer, said, "How much would you take to stop that? Name it and you've got it." I suppose I was sick of the nonsense by that time because I said, "A leather coat and a feather fan," and the next day he bought them for me.) After my loaf of bread, I went looking for a bottle of soda pop and discovered, for the first time, the whorehouse section around Bourbon Street. The women were ranged in the doorways of the cribs, making the first early-evening offers to sailors, who were the only men in the streets. I wanted to stick around and see how

things like that worked, but the second or third time I circled the block, one of the girls called out to me. I couldn't understand the words, but the voice was angry enough to make me run toward the French Market.

The Market was empty except for two old men. One of them called to me as I went past, and I turned to see that he had opened his pants and was shaking what my circle called "his thing." I flew across the street into the coffee stand, forgetting that the owner had known me since I was a small child, when my Aunt Jenny would rest from her marketing tour with a cup of fine, strong coffee.

He said, in the patois, "*Que faites, ma 'fant? Je suis fermé.*"

I said, "*Rien. My tante attend—Could I have a doughnut?*"

He brought me two doughnuts, saying one was lagniappe, but I took my doughnuts outside when he said, "*Mais où est vo' tante à c' heure?*"

I fell asleep with my doughnuts behind a shrub in Jackson Square. The night was damp and hot, and through the sleep there were many voices, and much later, there was music from somewhere near the river. When all sounds had ended, I woke, turned my head, and knew I was being watched. Two rats were sitting a few feet from me. I uri-



nated on my dress, crawled backward to stand up, screamed as I ran up the steps of St. Louis Cathedral and pounded on the doors. I don't know when I stopped screaming or how I got to the railroad station, but I stood against the wall trying to tear off my dress and only knew I was doing it when two women stopped to stare at me. I began to have cramps in my stomach of a

kind I had never known before. I went to the ladies' room and sat bent in a chair, whimpering with pain. After a while the cramps stopped, but I had an intimation, when I looked into the mirror, of something happening to me: my face was blotched, and there seemed to be circles and swirls I had never seen before, the straight blond hair was damp with sweat, and a paste of green from the shrub had made lines on my jaw. I had gotten older.

SOMETIME during that early morning I half washed my dress, threw away my pants, put cold water on my hair. Later in the morning a cleaning woman appeared, and after a while began to ask questions that frightened me. When she put down her mop and went out of the room, I ran out of the station. I walked, I guess, for many hours, but when I saw a man on Canal Street who worked in Hannah's office, I realized that the sections of New Orleans that were known to me were dangerous for me.

Years before, when I was a small child, Sophronia and I would go to pick up, or try on, pretty embroidered dresses that were made for me by a colored dressmaker called Bibettera. A block up from Bibettera's there had been a large ruin of a house with a sign, ROOMS—CLEAN—CHEAP, and cheerful people seemed always to be moving in and out of the house. The door of the house was painted a bright pink. I liked that and would discuss with Sophronia why we didn't live in a house with a pink door.

Bibettera was long since dead, so I knew I was safe in this Negro neighborhood. I went up and down the block several times, praying that things would work and I could take my cramps to bed. I knocked on the pink door. It was answered immediately by a small young man.

I said, "Hello." He said nothing.

I said, "I would like to rent a room, please."

He closed the door but I waited, thinking he had gone to get the lady of the house. After a long time, a middle-aged woman put her head out of a second-floor window and said, "What you at?"

I said, "I would like to rent a room, please. My mama is a widow and has gone to work across the river. She gave me money and said to come here until she called for me."

"Who your mama?"

"Er. My mama."

"What you at? Speak out."

"I told you. I have money—" But as I tried to open my purse, the voice grew angry.

"This is a nigger house. Get you off. *Vite*."

I said, in a whisper, "I know. I'm part nigger."

The small young man opened the front door. He was laughing. "You part mischief. Get the hell out of here."

I said, "Please," and then, "I'm related to Sophronia Mason. She told me to come. Ask her."

Sophronia and her family were respected figures in New Orleans Negro circles, and because I had some vague memory of her stately bow to somebody as she passed this house, I believed they knew her. If they told her about me, I would be in trouble, but phones were not usual then in poor neighborhoods, and I had no other place to go.

The woman opened the door. Slowly I went into the hall.

I said, "I won't stay long. I have four dollars and Sophronia will give more if—"

The woman pointed up the stairs. She opened the door of a small room. "Washbasin place down the hall. Toilet place behind the kitchen. Two-fifty and no fuss, no bother."

I said, "Yes ma'am, yes ma'am," but as she started to close the door, the young man appeared.

"Where your bag?"

"Bag?"

"Nobody put up here without no bag."

"Oh. You mean the bag with my clothes? It's at the station. I'll go and get it later—" I stopped because I knew I was about to say, I'm sick, I'm in pain, I'm frightened.

He said, "I say you lie. I say you trouble. I say you get out."

I said, "And I say you shut up."

Years later, I was to understand why the command worked, and to be sorry that it did, but that day I was very happy when he turned and closed the door. I was asleep within minutes.

Toward evening, I went down the stairs, saw nobody, walked a few blocks, and bought myself an oyster loaf. But the first bite made me feel sick, so I took my loaf back to the house. This time, as I climbed the steps, there were three women in the parlor, and they stopped talking when they saw me. I went back to sleep immediately, dizzy and nauseated.

I woke to a high, hot sun and my father standing at the foot of the bed staring at the oyster loaf.

He said, "Get up now and get dressed."

I was crying as I said, "Thank you, Papa, but I can't."

From the hall, Sophronia said, "Get along up, now. *Vite*. The morning is late."

My father left the room. I dressed and came into the hall carrying my oyster loaf. Sophronia was standing at the head of the stairs. She pointed out, meaning my father was on the street.

I said, "He humiliated me. He did. I won't—"

She said, "Get you going, or I will never see you whenever again."

I ran past her to the street. I stood with my father until Sophronia joined us, and then we walked slowly, without speaking, to the streetcar line. Sophronia bowed to us, but she refused my father's hand when he attempted to help her into the car. I ran to the car, meaning to ask her to take me with her, but the car moved, and she raised her hand as if to stop me. My father and I walked again for a long time.

He pointed to a trash can sitting in front of a house. "Please put that oyster loaf in the can."

At Vanalli's Restaurant he took my arm. "Hungry?"

I said, "No, thank you, Papa."

But we went through the door. It was, in those days, a New Orleans custom to have an early black coffee, go to the office, and after a few hours have a large breakfast at a restaurant. Vanalli's was crowded, the headwaiter was so sorry, but after my father took him aside, a very small table was put up for us—too small for my large father, who was accommodating himself to it in a manner most unlike him. He said, "Jack, my rumpled daughter would like cold crayfish, a nice piece of pompano, a separate bowl of béarnaise sauce, don't ask me why, French fried potatoes—"

I said, "Thank you, Papa, but I am not hungry. I don't want to be here."

My father waved the waiter away, and we sat in silence until the crayfish came. My hand reached out instinctively and then drew back.

My father said, "Your mother and I have had an awful time."

I said, "I'm sorry about that. But I don't want to go home, Papa."

He said angrily, "Yes, you do. But you want me to apologize first. I do apologize, but you should not have made me say it."

After a while, I mumbled, "God forgive me, Papa forgive me, Mama forgive me, Sophronia, Jenny, Hannah—"

"Eat your crayfish."

I ate everything he had ordered and then a small steak. I suppose I had been mumbling throughout my breakfast.

My father said, "You're talking to yourself. I can't hear you. What are you saying?"

"God forgive me, Papa forgive me, Mama forgive me, Sophronia, Jenny—"

My father said, "Where do we start your training as the first Jewish nun on Prytania Street?"

When I finished laughing, I liked him again. I said, "Papa, I'll tell you a secret. I've had very bad cramps, and I am beginning to bleed. I'm changing life."

He stared at me for a while. Then he said, "Well, it's not the way it's usually described, but it's accurate, I guess. Let's go home now to your mother."

We were never, as long as my mother and father lived, to mention that time again. But it was of great importance to them, and I've thought about it all my life. From that day on I knew my power over my parents. That was not to be too important: I was ashamed of it and did not abuse it too much. But I found out something more useful and more dangerous: if you are willing to take the punishment, you are halfway through the battle. That the issue may be trivial, the battle ugly, is another point.

MY MOTHER had gone to Sophie Newcomb College in New Orleans, and although the experience had left little on the memory except a fire in her dormitory, she felt it was the right place for me. (My aunts Jenny and Hannah could keep an eye on me.) But I had had enough of Southern education and wanted to go to Smith. A few months before the autumn entrance term, when I thought the matter had been settled, my mother and father held out for Goucher on the strange ground that it was closer to New York. But a month before I was to leave for Goucher, my mother became ill, and it was obvious that I was meant to stay at home. I do not remember any sharp words about these changes, and that in itself is odd, because sharp words came often in those years, but I do remember a feeling of what difference did it make. I knew, without rancor, that my parents were worried about a wild and headstrong girl; and then, too, a defeat for an only child can always be turned into a later victory.

New York University had started its Washington Square branch only a few years before, with an excellent small faculty and high requirements for the students it could put into one unattractive building. I was, of course, not where I wanted to be, and I envied those of my friends who were. And yet I knew that in another place I might have been lost, because the old story was still true: I was sometimes more advanced but often less educated than other students, and I had little desire to be shown up. And by seventeen, I was openly rebellious against almost everything. I knew that the seeds of the rebellion were scattered and aimless in a nature that was wild to be finished with something-or-other and to find something-else-or-other, and I had sense enough to know that I was overproud, oversensitive, overdaring because I was shy and frightened. Ah, what a case can be made for

vanity in the shy. (And what a losing game is self-description in the long ago.)

It was thus in the cards that college would mean very little to me, although one professor opened up a slit into another kind of literature: I began an exciting period of Kant and Hegel, a little, very little, of Karl Marx and Engels. In a time when students didn't leave classes or even skip them very often, I would slip away from a class conducted by a famous editor, annoyed at the glimpses of his well-bred life, and would slam my seat as I left in the middle of a lecture by the famous Alexander Woollcott whenever he paraded the jibe-wit and shabby literary tastes of his world. (My bad manners interested Woollcott. He went out of his way, on several occasions, to find me after class and to offer a ride uptown. But the kindness or interest made me resentful and guilty, and I remember a tart exchange about a novel written by a friend of his. Years later, because Woollcott admired Dashiell Hammett, who did not admire him, I was to meet him again. And after that, when I wrote plays, he was pleasant to me, if saying that I looked like a prow head on a whaling ship is pleasant.)

A good deal of the college day I spent in a Greenwich Village restaurant called Lee Chumley's curled up on a dark bench with a book, or arguing with a brilliant girl called Marie-Louise and her extraordinary, foppish brother, up very often from Princeton, carrying a Paris copy of *Ulysses* when he wasn't carrying Verlaine. (Hal was a handsome, strange young man, and we all hoped to be noticed by him. A few years later he married one of our group, and a few years after that he killed himself and a male companion in a Zurich hotel room.)

In my junior year, I knew I was wasting time. My mother took me on a long tour to the Midwest and the South, almost as a reward for leaving college. We returned to New York for my nineteenth birthday, and the day after, I began what was then called an "affair." It was an accident: the young man had pressed me into it partly because it satisfied the tinkering malice that had gone through the rest of his life, mostly because it pained his best friend. The few months it lasted did not mean much to me, but I have often asked myself whether I underestimated the damage that so loveless an arrangement made on my future. But my generation did not often deal with the idea of love—we were ashamed of the word, and scornful of the misuse that had been made of it—and I suppose that the cool currency of the time carried me past the pain of finding nastiness in what I had hoped would be a moving adventure.

In the autumn, feeling pleasantly aimless, but knowing that I deeply wanted to work at some-

thing, I went to a party and met Julian Messner, the vice president of Horace Liveright. I had never met a publisher before, never before had a conversation with a serious man much older than myself, and I mistook what was an automatic flirtatious interest for a belief that Julian thought I was intelligent. In any case, by the time the party was over, I had a job.

A job with any publishing house was a plum, but a job with Horace Liveright was a bag of plums. Never before, and possibly never since, has an American publishing house had so great a record. Liveright, Julian, T. R. Smith, Manuel Komroff, and a few even younger men had made a new and brilliant world for books. In the years before I went to work, and in the few years after I left, they discovered, or persuaded over, Faulkner, Freud, Hemingway, O'Neill, Hart Crane, Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, E. E. Cummings, and many other less talented but remarkable people, all of them attracted by the vivid, impetuous, high-living men who were the editors. It didn't hurt that Horace was handsome and daring, Julian serious and kind, Tom Smith almost erudite, with his famous collection of erotica and odd pieces of knowledge that meant nothing but seemed to; that the advances they gave were large and the parties they gave even larger, full of lush girls and good liquor; that the sympathy and attention given to writers, young or old, were more generous than had been known before, possibly more real than have been known since. They were not truly serious men, I guess, nor men of the caliber of Max Perkins, but they had respect for serious writing. Their personal capers, which started out as outrageous and dashing in the fusty world of older publishing houses, became comic and in time, dangerous and destructive. In the case of Horace himself, the end was sad, broken, undignified. But I was there at a good time and had a good time while I was there.

BY THE time I grew up, the fight for the emancipation of women, their rights under the law, in the office, in bed, was stale stuff. My generation didn't think much about the place or the problems of women; we were not conscious that the designs we saw around us had so recently been formed that we were still part of the formation. (Five or ten years' difference in age was a greater separation between people in those days, perhaps because the older generation had gone through the war.) The shock of Fitzgerald's flappers was not for us: by the time we were nineteen or twenty we had either slept with a man or pretended that we had. And

we were suspicious of the words of love. It was rather taken for granted that you liked one man better than the other and hoped he would marry you, but if that didn't happen you did the best you could and didn't talk about it much. We were, I suppose, pretend cool, and paid for it later on, but our revolt against sentimentality had come, at least, out of distaste for pretense. Of the five girls I knew best, three married for money and said so, and we were not to know then that two of them, in their forties, would crack up under deprivation or boredom.

I was not, therefore, attracted by the lady intellectuals I met at Liveright's. They puzzled me. They talked so much about so little, they were weepy about life and men, and I was too young to be grateful for how much I owed them in the battle of something-or-other in the war for equality. They came through the office door as novelists or poets or artists, and there I caught only glimpses and heard only gossip. But at parties I saw them in action and felt envy for their worldliness, their talent, their clothes, their age—and bewilderment at their foreign, half-glimpsed problems.

Liveright gave a great many parties. Any writer on a New York visit, any new book, any birthday was an excuse for what he called an "A" party or a "B" party. (Liveright was possibly the first publisher to understand that writers care less for dollars than for attention.) The "A" parties were respectable and high-class chatty. The "B" parties were drunk, cut-up sex stuff, and often lasted into another day and night with replacements. I was invited to both the "A" and "B" parties, maybe because I was young and thought to be unjudging, maybe for reasons not so good.

The respectable parties were filled with wives, single or divorced ladies, and a few wellborn lesbians. They chatted about books and Freud. Not many of them had read Freud carefully, and so he was considered by some as a metaphysician and by others as a welcome emancipator. And his conclusions about children were considerably misunderstood: I remember one of Maxwell Bodenheim's wives deploring, in Freud's name, the stodgy mind of her very young son who would not admit that when his mama flapped her arms she really rose in the air and soared above the city. She had been cursed, she felt, with a seven-year-old banker type. When she turned to me for agreement, I truly ran across the room feeling younger than her son and more ignorant. But I felt that way most of the time: Edmund Wilson, who met me somewhere in those years, says that I was a shy girl who spoke very little. I like him to say that, but the shyness was a cover for the fear of being shown up.

The "B" parties were filled with pretty ladies, semi-ins, almost-actresses, or newspaper girls, and they slept quite openly with the gentlemen guests or executives of Liveright's or the bankers Horace so often had at his parties because he so often needed their money. Some of the ladies had permanent alliances—permanent meant about six months, and semi-permanent meant a few weeks. The "B" party girls puzzled me as much as the "A" party ladies and seemed to me no livelier. (If I had known the word square, I would have used it.) I felt that the words of emotion they spoke were not the truth, but then I was not yet old enough to be kind about lost ladies. Whatever step my generation had taken, forward or backward, it was large enough to separate us from people not too much older than ourselves.

Sometimes the parties were given at Horace's apartment, more often they were given at the office. And the office was a wacky joint in a brownstone house on Forty-eighth Street. Certain jobs were more clearly defined than others, but even the stenographers and shipping clerks often wandered about reading manuscripts, offering opinions about how to advertise or sell a book, and there was seldom a day without excitement. Some days a "great" new book was found; some days no corner could be found for work because too many writers were in town or had just dropped by; sometimes one of the editors had been in mysterious trouble the night before and everybody went around to his house or hospital to call upon him; on no day could you ever be sure what you would see through a half-open office door, or how long lunch hour would be for Horace and the editors, or who was taking a long nap afterward. All the men in the office made routine passes at the girls who worked there—one would have had to be hunchbacked to be an exception—and one of the more pleasant memories of my life is the fast sprinting I would do up and down the long staircases to keep from being idly pinched or thrown by a clutching hand on a leg.

But the nicest times came when an efficiency cleanup was ordered. Then for a short time we would look and act like every other office and return from lunch prompt and sober, and work late into the night. I enjoyed the calm and was sorry that such periods never lasted more than a few days.

IT WAS in one of those efficiency periods that I knew there was talk of firing me—I had misplaced an important manuscript, I didn't know how to file, my typing was erratic, my manuscript reports were severe. I would have been fired if I hadn't,

that very week, discovered that I was pregnant by the man who, a half-year later, I would marry.

A young man called Donald Friede had just been made a partner because Horace needed the money Donald brought into the firm. (He always needed money and often found it by selling part of the business to rich young men.) Donald seemed friendly, more my age, and I was so desperate to find an abortionist that, foolishly, I asked if he knew such a doctor. He found one immediately, swore himself to secrecy, and I made an appointment with the doctor for the following week. The morning following Donald's vow of secrecy, every member of the firm called me into his office to offer money, to ask the name of my child's father, to guess that it was one of them, to make plans and plots for help I didn't want. I was suddenly a kind of showcase. I was angry about that, and so throughout the good-natured questionings I sat sullen, staring into space, refusing answers, trying not to think about the vicarious, excited snoopiness I knew was mixed with the kindness.

The operation, done without an anesthetic in a Coney Island half-house, with the doctor's mother as assistant, was completed on a Monday evening. I went home, weak and more frightened than I had ever been about anything, and so ignorant that I was awake all night worried that my parents could tell what had happened by just looking at me. On Tuesday morning, feeling sick, but sure that my mother would call a doctor if I said that, I went back to work. Horace called me in to ask how I was and to give me a glass of midmorning champagne; Friede stopped by my desk to ask if I had now decided to reveal the name of the father; Julian Messner asked me out to lunch and bought me a drink that was called a pink-un, and stared at me throughout lunch as if I were a recent arrival from a distant land. We didn't talk much at lunch, but as we walked back to the office he said, gently, "I don't understand what you're about."

I said, "That's all right, Julian," and knew he didn't like the answer.

As we climbed the steps of the brownstone, T. R. Smith yelled, "Julian, tell that ninny to go home to bed. She shouldn't have come to work today. Tell her to get out of here."

I was sure this was his way of firing me, so on my way past his office, I stopped in. I said, "I know I've lost the manuscript, Tom, but I've been nervous and tomorrow I'll find it—"

He said, "What are you made of, Lilly?"

I said, "Pickling spice and nothing nice."

He said, "That kind of talk. I don't understand you kids. Go home."

I said I couldn't, that if I went home too early

my mother would be nervous and make a fuss, so I'd go to the movies.

He said, "You look awful. Lie down on the couch. I'll send you in some supper. When you feel better, go home, or go wherever you go."

He went back to the manuscript he was reading, the phone calls he was making, and I went to sleep on the couch.

When I woke up he said, "What's your generation about?"

"I don't know what it's about, and I don't know why all of you keep asking questions like that. Everybody here seems angry with me for a reason I don't understand, and I'm angry with Donald for breaking his word."

Smith said, "It isn't that we're angry with you. We're worried about ourselves. We're used to bums, and we're used to nice or near-nice girls who make speeches and cause a fuss. We're not used to a respectable girl who doesn't make trouble for the man, says she is probably going to marry him anyway, but won't when she's pregnant, doesn't even tell him what day the abortion is—"

"I didn't tell him because it would have made me more nervous."

"How many men have you slept with?"

"Three hundred and thirty-three, Tom, not counting my brothers and uncles who don't much like to be counted."

I came toward his desk, took a deep breath, and no longer cared about being fired. "And it's none of your business. I haven't much liked being everybody's pregnant pet the last few days and all the questions. It's as if all of you were waiting for me to cry or to throw myself from a window or to tell you the man had deserted me and wouldn't I come home with one of you nicer boys—"

He said, "Not me. I don't want you home with me. You're not up my alley. But you're right. Exactly right."

"Funny," I said, "because none of you gives a damn about me."

"Not one damn. They even forgot you were here until this happened. But you acted too calm, wouldn't talk, came to work and so on, so now we realize that you're younger, different than the women we know. There is a new generation, and nobody here likes to think that. But we'd better catch up on it if we want to publish it. I don't think we're going to like it, but maybe you'd better start telling us about it."

A waiter came into Smith's office, bringing a tray from the speakeasy next door. Smith moved a table in front of me, gave me a drink, and stared at me as I ate all of the good food. I grinned at him, and he said, "So?"

I said, "I don't know how to answer you. I don't

know about my generation. It's just us. We think we sound better than your ladies, but we don't know even that much because we haven't had time to make theories or maybe even need any."

"What do you think of what you call our ladies?"

I said, "All the talk about love, all the stuff."

"Did you ever read *Flaming Youth*?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, smarty, a lot of people did. We want Sam Adams to do a new book, maybe a sequel. But I think things have changed even in these few years, and I don't think we know, or he knows, what we're talking about. You can help."

I said I wasn't flaming youth, didn't even know what it meant.

"Yes, you do. You're it. Or it to us."

He came and sat by me and patted my hand. "It was I who wanted to fire you. You're not very efficient. But I'll make you a bargain. Get a couple of your bright friends, bring them over to Horace's this Saturday night, let Sam Adams ask all of you a few questions, and you can keep the job. For a while, anyway."

SATURDAY night my two friends, Marie-Louise and Alice, and I were escorted to Horace's apartment entrance by Alice's two brothers. As flaming youth we'd each had a root beer and a sandwich in a delicatessen. The boys left us at the door with a few bad jokes, and the three of us went up to Horace's duplex apartment.

I should have guessed there would be a party, there was a party almost every Saturday night, but I couldn't have guessed how noisy it would be. We stood in the door, knowing nobody, feeling awkward and foolish, until Tom Smith saw us, and crossing the room, motioned us up the stairs. I remember Liveright calling out from his place on the sofa, telling us to come and join him, but Tom hurried us to a kind of small library-guestroom, and then, having made a leering examination of my friends, went out, closing the door. None of us talked: we felt like new patients in a hospital ward. In a few minutes Tom came back carrying glasses and a bottle. He was followed by Mr. Adams, who sat down on the couch bed and motioned us to chairs around him.

I would like to say these many years later that I remember his questions. But I don't, and for a good reason: he had already decided on whatever he meant to write, and the questions were fitted to his decisions. So most of the time we didn't know what he was talking about.

After a few drinks, Mr. Adams' boredom with us was no longer concealed. (I think he had agreed

to meet us only because Smith had insisted upon it. And the hour was late and he wasn't young.) The three of us felt silly and resentful, so when he got down to stuff like "How old were you when you had your first sexual encounter?" Marie-Louise said she didn't know what encounter meant, kind of, and when Mr. Adams explained that it meant being in bed with a man, she said that in Bombay, where she had been born, things like that didn't take place in a bed. She had been born in Albany, New York, was a virgin until she married two years later, but it was a good thing to say because it put a little fire under Alice and me, who had been acting sulky. I said I had my first encounter in a chicken coop in New Orleans when I was four years old, but Mr. Adams was more interested in Alice, who was a beautiful girl and who could cry any time she felt like it. She was crying now over her first encounter, an imaginary geographer-explorer who had disappeared on what she sometimes called the Niger and sometimes called the Amazon. Marie-Louise, tired of Alice's overlong fantasy, took to singing. She had a pretty voice, and she was improvising about her love in Bombay. Mr. Adams liked the singing and asked her if she wanted him to speak to Liveright, who would speak to Otto Kahn, the culture-kick banker, about money for singing lessons. Alice had now left the geographer behind and was trying to tell Mr. Adams that she had had so many encounters that only her priest could remember the details, but she'd make him write them all down for Mr. Adams because her father was a papal count. (Her father was a rich Jew from Detroit, and she was already started on the road to Marxism that would lead her, as a student doctor, to be killed in the Vienna riots of 1934.)

The three of us had had too many drinks, were talking at the same time, were laughing too much at nothing. Mr. Adams rose, thanked us, suggested that we all go downstairs and join Horace's party.

But the door wouldn't open. I don't know why it wouldn't open, and although he later denied it, I've always believed that Tom Smith had locked us in and forgotten about us. In any case, there we were. We tried hitting the door, we shouted, we stamped on the floor, but no sounds could overreach the noise of the party below. Mr. Adams finally threw himself against the door with such angry force that he reeled and fell back over a chair, and pushed Alice when she tried to help him up. She stayed on the floor and claimed that it was the first time in all of her many encounters that a man had been mean to her. When she started to cry, Marie-Louise said to cut it, but by now the tears were real, and they were soon being nasty to each other.

The only other door in the room led to a bathroom, and when Mr. Adams went in there, we had no reason to be curious. (In any case we were too busy: Marie-Louise and Alice were shouting at each other, and I was explaining the damage alcohol made on the brain.) When the three of us quieted down, and Alice and Marie-Louise had apologized to one another, we whispered and giggled about the new encounters we were making up for Mr. Adams' return. It took us quite a while to realize that Adams had been missing for longer than a trip to a toilet usually requires. We knocked on the bathroom door, got no reply, consulted, and finally opened the door. There was no sign of him, but the bathroom window was open and sounds were coming from below. We climbed the bathtub ledge to see that Mr. Adams was on a fire escape three flights below us, one story above ground level. He was shouting into a window that faced him, but nobody answered. He took to pounding on the window and then to pushing it. He was sweating, and he looked sick. Slowly he walked to the opening of the fire escape, crouched, and began to shake the ladder. But the ladder had rusted through the years and would not budge. Mr. Adams stood erect as if to jump. But he didn't make the jump, and he was right: it was a long jump, he was not young, and frustration and anger had turned him clumsy. He slipped and fell the length of the fire-escape landing.

Marie-Louise said, "Ssh. He wouldn't want us to see him."

Alice said, "He's going to hurt himself." She pushed us both aside, climbed out the window, going young and rapid down the ladders. Adams didn't see her until she had almost reached him, and then, in some kind of panic, or shame, he grabbed her leg and motioned her to go back. Alice kicked his hand and made the long jump to the ground with an athlete's soft, forward motion. Adams shouted something to her we couldn't hear, but we could see that her face changed to anger.

She stepped back to look up at us and called out, "Don't ever have encounters with old gentlemen on fire escapes." Then she disappeared around a corner of the building, and in a few minutes Mr. Adams rose from his fire escape and began a slow climb back to our bathroom window.

I said to Marie-Louise, "Take your clothes off, get in the shower, and when he gets here, pop out and offer yourself. I think that's what flaming youth does every Saturday night."

She said, "Don't be mean," and backed me out of the bathroom.

The three of us didn't speak during the half hour it took the janitor and his assistant to take the door

off the hinges. We faced a large group of people from the party who treated us as if we were a vaudeville turn put on for their amusement. By the time we got past them and downstairs, Mr. Adams had disappeared, and Alice was sitting next to Tom Smith.

I said, "Tom, flaming youth thinks you locked us in and it was a dirty trick."

Tom put his arm around Alice. "This little girl has sense. Some little girls don't have too much. I think we'll fire you tomorrow."

I wasn't fired, but I left a few months later to get married. Mr. Adams never wrote a sequel to *Flaming Youth*, although he did write a book called *The Flagrant Years* about the "beauty market." I don't think that could have been us.

AFTER I was married I would often drop around to the office to see my old friend Louis Kronenberger, who had gone to work there, and sometimes Julian Messner would take me out to lunch. I wanted very much to ask him to give me back my old job, but I guess I knew I wouldn't get it. In any case, I had a feeling that the place was in a decline. Rumors went about that Horace was wasting money producing plays and was drinking too much; and because the Depression had now set in, the rich, available young men partners were no longer to be found. Gradually the firm began to disappear, its assets and contracts taken over by a man who had been the head of the shipping room. It was, of course, a sad story, but there were so many sad stories in the early 1930s that I don't remember any special pain when I met Horace again in Hollywood. He had become a producer at Paramount Pictures: some of the old glamour was there, where his name was still famous and his recent history not yet fully understood. But every time I saw him—not many times, perhaps five or six—I knew, for a simple reason, that the pride was breaking: he would, immediately, cross the room to sit beside me because I alone in the room was the respectful young girl who had known him in the great days, and the more he drank the more we talked of those days, not so many years before. (He had as a mistress, a very nice actress, and was by this time divorced from his wife. The nice actress was good to him and faithful, and we all took for granted that he would marry her.)

Then for a long time I didn't see him, and I no longer can remember whether he was fired from Paramount or resigned. I saw him again after I was divorced and Hammett and I had moved to New York. About a year after that, I had a call from him asking me to his wedding reception the following



Photo by Lillian Hellman

Dashiell Hammett

week. I didn't want to go, although I don't know what instinct dictated that, but Hammett, who didn't know him very well and didn't like him very much, unexpectedly insisted that we go.

The reception was given at the apartment of one of his respectable lady cousins. The room was filled with people I had never seen before, although an occasional familiar face would float in and float out. The party seemed in the managerial hands of two brothers who, when they weren't kissing the gentlemen guests, were kissing each other.

I said to one of them, "Where's Horace?"

"Passed out," he shrieked with laughter, "and so has the bride. They had a simply, simply splendid fight."

"She never used to drink," I said.

"Always. Always. How do you know? You never met her."

When we got that straight, it turned out that Horace had not married the nice actress, but another actress, recently met, a dark beauty who appeared in a few minutes, lurching, demanding that somebody find the bridegroom because she wanted an immediate divorce.

I said to Hammett, "Let's get out."

Hammett said, "No. Wait for him, the poor bastard."

And so we sat through the long afternoon and night, neither of us having much to drink, although those were the heavy drinking days. Hammett, sober, was always a silent man, and after a while I couldn't bring myself to even the smallest conversation with the strange men and women in the room. We must have been an odd pair, sitting silent on a big couch as the place emptied, filled again, grew quiet, then noisy with new visitors, the bride screaming

"darlings" at some, curses at others, explaining over and over again that the bridegroom had given her a black eye. (Her eyes were beautiful and clear.) Toward midnight, I think I must have dozed, because I remember being surprised to see Hammett on his feet as Horace came through the door. The fine clothes were rumpled, the strong, handsome face was set as if it had been arranged before a mirror. He came directly toward me, and I rose to meet him.

Horace said, "You don't have to rise to greet me. Nobody does anymore."

Hammett said, "Don't tell her things like that. I'm having enough trouble keeping her respectful."

It was a good thing to say because it made Horace smile. He said, "I need a drink. Were you the only one to come today?"

I said that all his old friends and writers had been there—it was not true—but it was late now, and they had gone when they couldn't find him.

He said, "I've been resting. Where's the bride?" When he went to look for her, and Hammett came back with the drink Horace had forgotten about, we decided to go home. On the way down the stairs, voices were suddenly raised, and I recognized Horace angry, and the bride even angrier.

I was never to see him again. But in 1933 one of his former secretaries called to tell me that he was very ill and broke and living alone. She gave me the address, I took five hundred dollars from the bureau drawer where Hammett always left money for me, and took a taxi to the address. But I had the wrong address and had to telephone home to ask Hammett to find the piece of paper on which I had written it.

I said, "I'm taking him five hundred dollars. Is that enough?"

Hammett said, "Enough to make you feel noble. Get yourself in a taxi and come back here. He won't want money from you, have a little sense. Find somebody else to take it to him."

I said, "That's foolish. Why wouldn't he want it from me?"

Hammett said, "OK, do what you want."

But I went home and called Dick Simon, of Simon and Schuster, who had once worked for Liveright. Simon's secretary said he was out of town, and would be back in a week. But three days later Horace died.

I HAD left my job at Liveright's to marry Arthur Kober, who was a charming young man working as a theater press agent and just beginning to write about his friends in the emerging Jewish-American lower-middle-class world.

We didn't have much money, but we had enough for a pleasant life of reading, afternoon bridge for me, and nice, aimless evenings. I found that I liked to do the good New Orleans cooking of my childhood and wanted to learn more about the excellent backwoods cooking of my mother's Alabama. I went back to writing short stories in fits of long hours of secret work. But I knew the stories were not very good, and so I always put them aside.

Those first few years of marriage included a long trip to Paris, where Arthur worked on a magazine. I wandered around Europe in a jumble of passivity and wild impatience. I believed I was not doing or living the way I had planned—I had planned nothing, of course. I was bewildered: if I really felt there were a million years ahead of me, why then did I feel so impatient, so restless?

I think we were younger in our twenties than people are now because the times allowed us to be and because we were not very concerned with position or money or the future. (That came to most of us a few years later.) And I was even younger than my friends. I was rash, overdaring, certain only that any adventure was worth having, and increasingly muddled by the Puritan conscience that made me pay for the adventures. I needed a teacher, a cool teacher, who would not be impressed or disturbed by a strange and difficult girl. I was to meet him, but not for another four or five years.

The time came when my idle life didn't suit Arthur and didn't suit me. I wasn't any good at finding jobs or keeping them, and so Arthur found them for me in the theater. I worked as a press agent for an arty little group who didn't pay me after the second week. I worked as a play reader for Anne Nichols, the author of *Abie's Irish Rose*, who wanted to become a producer. I had a good time for four months in Rochester, New York, working for a stock company and gambling every night for money to spend in Europe that summer. Once, for a few weeks, I went back to the short stories, but I convinced myself that I was not meant to be a writer. I was rather relieved by that discovery—it gave me more time to listen to a gangster who ran Rochester's underworld, more time to win money at bridge from Rochester society, more time to read and drink.

I have no clear memories of those days, those years, not of myself where and when, not of other people. I know only that I was ignorant pretending to be wise, lazy pretending to work hard, so oversensitive to a breath of reservation that I called it unfriendliness and swept by it with harsh intolerance. It was the fashion then to like the witty insult behind the back, the goose-grease compliment before the face. (That fashion has now returned, and we like only those we consider "pleasant.")

But I did not want that form of human exchange. I respected only those I thought told the "truth," without fear for themselves, independent of popular opinion. And thus, like so many lady extremists, I began a history of remarkable men, often difficult, sometimes even dangerous.

I did win enough money in those scrubby Rochester days to go to Europe that summer of 1929. I went to Germany, liked Bonn, and decided to study there for a year. I lived in a university boarding-house, waiting for the day of enrollment, and went on nice picnics with large healthy blonds. I thought I was listening to a kind of socialism, I liked it, and agreed with it. But one day on an autobus, riding out to the picnic grounds, two of them gave me a cheesy-looking pamphlet about their organization—cannot remember its name, but it was, of course, a youth camp publication of Hitler's National Socialism—and asked if I wouldn't like to become a member, no dues for foreigners if they had no Jewish connections. I said I had no other connections that I knew of, although a second cousin in Mobile had married the owner of a whorehouse, non-Jewish. But nobody paid attention to what I said, because Hellman in Germany is often not a Jewish name. I left Bonn the next day and came back to New York.

It has been forgotten that for many people the Depression years were the good years. True, my father, like so many of his generation, took a beating from which he did not recover, but Arthur was offered a job as a scenario writer for Paramount Pictures at more money than we had ever seen. We had been living in a beat-up old house on Long Island, and I was reluctant to leave it. So Arthur went ahead of me to Hollywood, and I fooled and fiddled with excuses until the day when I did go, knowing even then, I think, that I would not stay.

WE RENTED a dark house in Hollywoodland, the hilly section above the already junky Hollywood Boulevard. I do not know why we chose such an ugly house nor why we employed an ex-actress to cook bad dinners. The ex-actress was a sad, lonely woman who gave me my first concern about middle age because she so often cried and spoke about growing bald. Arthur and I felt sorry for her, but my father didn't ever feel sorry for bad cooks, and so, when he and my mother came west for a visit, at the second night's dinner he said to me, "How can you eat salad before the soup, and what kind of people eat grapefruit at dinner? What has happened to you?"

He was right. Something had happened to me. Torpor had touched down. I spent most of the day

reading in a leather chair, and at night I was learning to drink hard. I was out of place, and the drinking made uninteresting people matter less, and late at night, matter not at all. I was twenty-five years old that June, and I had stepped too early into solitude.

After my father spoke to me, I was worried enough to try again for a job. My husband pulled strings, and I was given fifty dollars a week at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to read manuscripts and write reports about them. In order to get the job, you had to read two languages—or pretend that you did—and you had to write the kind of idiot-simple report that Louis Mayer's professional lady storyteller could make even more simple when she told it to Mr. Mayer.

Twelve men and two women sat in a large room in a rickety building on stilts, and every small tremor—and California had a number of tremors that year—sent the building atilt. When you finished a manuscript (you were expected to read at least two a day), you went into another large room and waited your turn for one of the half-broken typewriters. It was said that if your reports showed signs of promise, you would be promoted to what was called a junior writer position, but after that I don't know what became of you because I was never promoted.

The job didn't matter to me after the first few weeks' pleasure of having any job at all, but it did matter to the learned Austrian who sat next to me, and to the former English lady writer who sat by herself in a corner, and most of all it mattered to one who had been a most respected editor of a New York publishing house and had left his wife to live with a young girl and ended up here. I used to stare at him a good deal hoping we could become friends, but while he was polite to me, as he was to all others, I was the one person in the room who knew about him and thus most to be avoided. (I knew the girl he had run away with, and the fact that she was an ugly girl somehow made the whole story more interesting.) In the third or fourth month of our bowing acquaintance, his girl picked him up one evening and invited me to dinner the following week. I looked forward to the evening, but a few days before the dinner he did not appear

in the office, and the head lady of the typewriters told me that his daughter had killed herself, and he had returned to New York. I tried to find his girl, but the landlady at the sad little half-house said she had moved without leaving an address. I was never to see or hear from them again, although many years later he did a distinguished piece of scholarly research.

The days and the months went clip-clop along, much as they had done in the leather chair in our ugly house, except that now I was reading junk when, alone, I had been with good books. I would leave home at eight thirty, drive to Culver City carrying a small basket with my lunch and a bottle of wine. I would, by one o'clock, have a vague head-

ache that would disappear as I ate my picnic on the back lot of the studio and got fuzzy on the wine and the surrounding dream of old movie sets piled next to one another: early Rome at right angles to the painted roses of a girlie musical, at the left of a London street, side by side with a giant, empty whaling ship.

Photo by Dashiell Hammett

Lillian Hellman about 1940



It was not a good place to eat lunch, but it was better than going to the studio commissary, where I had to pass a large table for famous directors and writers, some of whom knew my husband and thus had to make the kind of half rise-bow, acknowledged in all worlds where classes are sharply marked to mean you are above the ordinary but not enough above it to include you in the circle. Nor was I interested in looking at the almost-stars, and occasional real stars, who sat at special tables spooning the chicken soup that was Mr. Mayer's special pride. (I did not know then that the glamour of theater people was never to mean anything to me, which was forever to make me difficult for those who have the right to think it should.) I remember once seeing Garbo there and thinking she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and I often remember John Gilbert, whose career was about to come to an end because his voice shocked the talking-picture audiences, and Norma Shearer, the face unclouded by thought. (Years later, after *The Children's Hour*, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, broke and anxious for a job, borrowed four hundred dollars from me "to go to dinner with Shearer and her

husband, Irving Thalberg, because he's the head of the studio, duckie, and crazy about her the way Jews are about women who aren't."

I didn't understand why that should cost four hundred dollars until a few days after the dinner when Mrs. Campbell showed me a dress she had bought for the occasion. Four hundred dollars was a fortune for a dress in those days, but I thought it a splendid gesture for a proud old lady and asked her if Thalberg had given her the job she wanted. "No, duckie, and I don't think I'll get it. So I'll give you a few of Bernard Shaw's letters as repayment." I said I didn't want Mr. Shaw's letters, but by this time she was giggling and playing with a little dog called Moonbeam. Through the giggles she said, "You see, dearie duckie, I was doing rather splendidly at first. And then, well, it's true, isn't it, and *that's* the important thing, I said to Mr. Thalberg, 'Your wife has the most beautiful little eyes I've ever seen.'")

AFTER my picnic lunch, warm with wine, I would go back to work and try for a nap if the head lady of the typewriters was out of the building. But two and sometimes three and four reports of plays or novels is a lot of work for one day, and by four o'clock there wasn't a face in the room that didn't show the strain. But I would stay late, always with the excuse that I wasn't finished or the typewriter had broken or that I was waiting for somebody to call me.

In truth, I was avoiding the ride home. I do not know why that drive in the dark of six o'clock was so terrible to me. Maybe because the flat, soggy land of the main road was the kind of country I had never seen before, maybe the awful speed and jerkiness of California drivers, maybe the ugly house I was going home to, maybe because I knew this shabby job had solved nothing. Maybe all of that and maybe little of it, I don't know anymore, but the drive had become so bad for me that I would tremble as I got into the car and would often have to stop the car and press my hands together to stop the movements they were making. Sometimes when I stopped I fell asleep for a while; once I leaned from the window and screamed; once I left the car, went to a small hotel, and phoned to say I couldn't get home and didn't want anybody to come for me; twice I had minor accidents, and once I killed a rabbit and sat by it for a few hours. I did not yet know about "inhuman cities" or roads built with no relief for the eye, or the effects of a hated house upon the spirit. I didn't even understand about my marriage, or my life, and had no knowledge of the new twists I was braiding into the kinks I was already bound round with.

Certainly I did not know that fear, to many, was no disgrace. Like most of the middle class, I had been brought up to swim, drive cars, climb around. Irrational fear was no part of your own class, and you had contempt for the few times you had seen it in other people. Now here it was, out in the open, and I realized it had been with me before, and would now be with me forever unless I did something, a favorite phrase of my time. I did nothing more than go home, because I had no place else to go.

That is the way I saw it then, because that is the way I wrote about it then, but now I know it is not a whole or a true picture. We often had nice weekends in Tijuana, where my father found an oyster shucker he had known in New Orleans. The oyster shucker owned a small restaurant and was so happy to see my father that he would go quail shooting at dawn and broil them for us at breakfast, drinking Pernod as he told of the old days when he would open oysters for my father and the other young bloods and their "girlies." Once, when he told about a ball in New Orleans that had lasted three days and punched my father in the ribs with teasing about "seven girlies" in those three days, my mother's pleasant face changed so sharply that I thought she was sick. She went to the ladies' room, and I followed her there. She was sitting in a chair, staring at the floor. I don't think we spoke, but I remember thinking that I had never in my life been jealous about a man and had contempt for what I was watching. A few years later, when I had gone to live with Dashiell Hammett, I remember being ashamed of that contempt and always wishing to apologize to my mother for it.

And we had pleasant evenings with our best friends, Laura and Sidney Perelman and Laura's brother, Nathanael West. The five of us, and a few others, stayed close together not only because we liked one another but because we were in what was called "the same salary bracket." Then, and probably now, if you were a writer who earned five hundred dollars a week, you didn't see much of those who earned fifteen hundred a week. That was OK with me because other, richer and more important, groups puzzled me and made me disorderly: the remarkable gadgets in their houses, the then new swimming pools, the earnest talk made me irritable and nasty. It took me years to understand that it had been a comic time, with its overperfect English antiques that were replacing the overcarved Spanish furniture and hanging shawls; the fluty refined language—one producer spoke often of his daughter's "perberty," and Hammett phoned me one night from Jean Harlow's house to tell me that she had rung the bell for the butler and said, "Open the window, James, and leave in a tiny air,"

and the attempt, running side by side with the new life, to stand by the old roots: Jewish mama stories and Jewish mamas proudly imported from the East, French cooks and stuffed derma, and one studio executive who lived in a colonial house with Early American furniture and a mezuzah above the door encased in pickled pine. And there was the wife of a composer who had two ermine coats exactly alike in case one should burn, and the ex-star, our neighbor, who often came calling to show me the knife cuts on her body put there the night before by a very religious movie director, and over our own fireplace in the ugly house there was a portrait of a lion whose eyes lit up if you pressed a button, and we knew a pug dog who would not eat his meat unless his Polish mistress flavored it with what she called a *soupçon d'ail*.

MORE interesting to me was the foggy edge-world of people who had come to Hollywood for reasons they had long ago forgotten. They lived in the Murphy-bed, modern apartments that were already the slums off Hollywood Boulevard, or in the rickety houses that stuck out like broken tree-geraniums from the Hollywood mud hills. There were still traces of the days when most of them had wanted to act or write or paint, but those days passed into years of drinking and dopping or grubbing. I saw this world only after I knew Hammett, but because of my nature and theirs, I saw it only through a crack in the door. It seemed to me a world of independent spirits, and I envied the long, free nights and the sleeping days, but they thought my envy was something else, and were suspicious of me. I remember an older woman asking, "Where did you get that suit?" And before I could answer she said, "It takes too damned long to tell that your clothes are good." They saw me, I think, as a tight, tense sightseer, and believed that my unspoken romantic view of them was an outlander's patronage. Hammett saw this world for what it was, and turned to it only during drinking bouts, turning sharply away when they were over. Pep West saw it through his own, wonderfully original mind and wrote, in *The Day of the Locust*, the only good book about Hollywood ever written. (Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon* was a sentimental view of Irving Thalberg: Scott had written magnificently of the rich and powerful in the East and in Europe, but he got sticky mooncandy about a man who was only a bright young movie producer.)

The people of that world are now, in my memory, rolled into one mass in one room, and I cannot be sure that I do not mix up the men with the women, their dogs with their children or moth-

ers. But I do remember an artist who went barefoot along the streets and picked up a job when he had to as a first-rate captain or engineer on one of the yachts of the rich. His leaning house in the hills was full of china and glass and sheets bearing the names of the many large boats from which they had been taken, and he did funny imitations of movie moguls on the water.

And I remember a small, faded woman called Sis, who lived with and exchanged men with her mother. Sis was always too doped to talk much, and as she sat in a chair holding a small dog on her lap, silent, waited upon by her vigorous green-blond mother, she seemed to me an interesting girl, but the one time I tried talking to her she suddenly slapped my face. She died a few months later when, according to her mother, she was so drunk that she fell to the floor and hit her head on a radiator. Hammett said he didn't believe that because he had never known anybody who doped heavily to drink heavily, and evidently somebody agreed with him because there were a few days of excitement when the mother was arrested and charged with throwing Sis against the radiator during a fight. Nothing ever came of that except a party the mother gave when the police could prove nothing, or didn't want to. And there was a man, an ex-actor, who played the flute and lived with a fat woman everybody said was a man, and there was the American Indian who sold postcards on Hollywood Boulevard and went to every fancy movie opening in top hat and tails. One night Hammett and I were having dinner in the Brown Derby, and the Indian came in, pushing his way past the headwaiter, to sit down next to Hammett. He said, "My grandfather was chief of the Sioux, my great-grandfather was killed by—"

"How much do you want?" Hammett asked.

"Nothing as a gift from you. You told me once you arrested an Indian for murder—"

Hammett put his wallet on the table and said, "Take it any way you want, but don't tell me what you think."

The Indian opened the wallet and took out five twenty-dollar bills. "Be sure I do not take it as a gift. I take it as a loan. You are better than most, but you—"

Hammett said wearily, "Arrested an Indian for murder. That's right."

The Indian said, "And thus it is impossible for me—"

"Sure, sure," Hammett said, "Mail it to me someday." The Indian bowed, kissed my hand, and was gone.

I said, "He's proud, isn't he?"

Hammett said, "No. He's a Negro pretending to be an Indian. He's a no-good stinker."

I said, "Then why did you give him the money?"
 "Because no-good stinkers get hungry too."

But all that came after I left the job at Metro. I was there for about a year, and then one night, driving home, I knew I could not make that drive again. It had, of course, become a symbol of much else that had gone wrong. A short time later Arthur and I separated, without ill feeling, and I went back to New York.

I forgot about those rides in the car, don't think I ever thought about them again until seven or eight years later. By that time I had written two plays and two movies, was earning a lot of money, and was able to write a clause in a contract with Samuel Goldwyn that allowed me a choice of scripts and did not require me, except for short periods, to go to Hollywood.

AND so I was living on an island off the shore of Connecticut when the Spanish Civil War began in 1936. Never before and never since in my lifetime were liberals, radicals, intellectuals, and the educated middle class to come together in single, forceful alliance. (The present feeling against the war in Vietnam is stronger, of course, and more widespread. But it took us four or five years to realize that *we*, our own people, my hairdresser's husband, and the son of my friend's friend, and a former student of my own at Harvard, and a garage mechanic who should never have been trusted with a penknife, had all been drafted to murder for reasons neither they nor we understood.) Therefore when Archibald MacLeish, in 1937, suggested that he, Hemingway, Joris Ivens, and I make a documentary movie about Spain, I jumped at the chance to do something. Sitting in New York it was easy enough to write a check, but too hard to write a shooting script, or even an outline, about a war I did not know in a place I had never seen. I decided to join Ivens in Spain, but I came down with pneumonia in Paris, came home, and didn't get to Spain for another eight or nine months. But Hemingway was already in Spain, and he was much better qualified than I to make the picture.

In 1938, after I had been to Spain and was back in Hollywood for a short stay, Ernest and Joris brought the final cut of *Spanish Earth* to California. It was a good picture, with remarkable work by Ivens and a narration by Ernest that I still like—I saw the picture again about a year ago—because he felt deeply enough not to care that he often sounded like a parody of himself. Fredric and Florence March offered us their house for a first, private showing of the picture. We invited a few well-heeled people and raised thirteen thou-

sand dollars, a great deal of money in those days, to buy ambulances for Spain. (We all felt so good that night that nobody much cared that Errol Flynn, invited because he claimed he had been to Spain during the war—Ernest said that Flynn had crossed the border and crossed right back again—went to the toilet during the money raising and was not seen again.)

When we left the Marches, Dorothy Parker asked a few of us to her house for a nightcap. (She had known Ernest for many years, and while they didn't like each other, the night was pleasant enough to make both of them affectionate.)

I had met Scott Fitzgerald years before in Paris, but I had not seen him again until that night, and I was shocked by the change in his face and manner. He hadn't seemed to recognize me, and so I was surprised and pleased when he asked if I would ride with him to Dottie's. My admiration for Fitzgerald's work was very great, and I looked forward to talking to him alone. But we didn't talk: he was occupied with driving at ten or twelve miles an hour down Sunset Boulevard, a dangerous speed in most places, certainly in Beverly Hills. Fitzgerald crouched over the wheel when cars honked at us, we jerked to the right and then to the left, and passing drivers leaned out to shout at us. I could not bring myself to speak, or even to look at Fitzgerald, but when I saw that his hands were trembling on the wheel, all my rides from Metro came rushing back, and I put my hand over his hand. He brought the car to the side of the road, and I told him about my old job at Metro, the awful rides home, my fears of California drivers, until he patted my arm several times, and then I knew he hadn't been listening and had different troubles.

He said, "You see, I'm on the wagon. I'll take you to Dottie's, but I don't want to go in."

When we finally got to Dottie's, he came around to open the door for me. He said softly, "It's a long story. Ernest and me."

In those days I knew no stories about Hemingway and Fitzgerald, just that they had been friends and weren't anymore, but I remembered that Dottie had once told me that she and Scott had slept together years before I knew her, in a casual one- or two-night affair.

I said, "But Dottie wants to see you. Everybody in that room wants to meet you."

He shook his head and smiled. "No, I'm riding low now."

"Not for writers, nor will you ever. *The Great Gatsby* is the best—"

He smiled and touched my shoulder. "I'm scared of Ernest, I guess, scared of being sober when—"

I said, "Don't be. He could never like a good

writer, certainly not a better one. Come. You'll have a nice time."

I put out my hand, and after a second, he smiled and took it. We went into the hall and turned left to the living room. Nobody saw us come in because the four or five people in the room were all turned toward Ernest, who stood with his back to the door, facing the fireplace. I don't know why he did it, or what had gone on before, but as we



Photo by Irving Penn, about 1948

started into the room, Hemingway threw his high-ball glass against the stone fireplace. Fitzgerald and I stopped dead at the sound of the smashing glass; he stepped back into the hall and turned to leave, but I held his arm, and he followed me through a swinging door as if he didn't know or care where he was going. Dottie and Hammett were in the kitchen talking about Errol Flynn as they watched Alan Campbell, Dottie's husband, grow irritable about ice trays.

I said, "Ernest just threw a glass."

Dottie said, "Certainly," as she kissed Fitzgerald.

I moved toward Dash and said in a whisper, "Please help Mr. Fitzgerald. He's frightened of Ernest, and the glass-throwing didn't help."

Hammett, when he was drinking heavily, and he was that night, seldom paid any attention to what anybody said but continued with whatever was in his head at the minute. So now he said, "Ernest has never been able to write a woman. He only puts them in books to admire him."

By the time I asked what the hell that had to do with what I was saying, he was out of the kitchen, and when I went back into the hall, he was saying the same thing to somebody else. The rest of the evening was quiet, but I don't remember how long Fitzgerald stayed, and I was never to see him again.

But somewhere through the liquor fog of that night, and many others like it, what had been said to him, or what he had seen or sensed himself, stayed in Dash's mind. (Often he would forget a night or a week, could not remember where or with whom he had been, only to discover that many of the details of such periods were almost recorded accurate.)

Later we were in the Stork Club, and the table grew, as it so often did, until it included Ernest and Gustav Regler, a German writer I had known in Spain. (Ernest and Dash had seemed to like each other—they had dined alone a few times when Ernest was in New York—and once I had said, "Ernest is generous about your books, that's nice." Hammett laughed. "Must mean I'm a bad writer.")

The Spanish War was just ended, and many Republicans and their supporters had been caught in France, or in northern Spain, and had to be bailed or bought out. We had all given money to make that possible, but Ernest was in a bad humor that Stork Club night and gave small jab lectures about safe people in New York. People began to leave our table until nobody was left but Ernest, Regler, Dash, and me, and by that time Dash had had as much to drink as Ernest, and had grown too quiet. Now he put his head in his hands as Ernest spoke again of the friends who must be saved.

Ernest said, "What's the matter with you, Hammett?"

"I don't always like lectures."

I remember an angry silence, and then suddenly Ernest seemed in a good humor and Dash in a bad humor as they talked of saving intellectuals or saving ordinary people, and when Regler or I tried to speak, neither of them cared. When I came back from a trip to the ladies' room, Ernest had a tablespoon between the muscles of his upper and lower arm and was pressing it hard. Hammett was staring down at the tablecloth. Just as I settled myself the spoon crumpled, and Ernest threw it down with a happy grin.

He turned to Hammett, "All right, kid, let's see you do that."

Kid looked up, stared at Ernest, returned his head to his hands, and I knew there was going to be trouble. I tinkled and giggled and chatted and chattered, but nobody paid any attention. I didn't hear anything for a few minutes until Ernest said, "So you're against saving the intellectuals?"

Hammett spoke through his hands, "I didn't say that. I said there were other people in the world." He turned to me, "Come on. Let's go."

He half rose. Ernest's hand shot out and held him down. Ernest was grinning. "No. Let's see you do the spoon trick first."

Dash stared at Ernest's hand, settled in his chair again, put his head back in his hands. Regler began to talk about something, but I don't remember what he said. Ernest was holding out another tablespoon as he whispered to Dash.

Dash said, "Why don't you go back to bullying Fitzgerald? Too bad he doesn't know how good he is. The best."

The hand on Dash's arm came away and the fingers spread open as the grin disappeared. Ernest said, very sharply, "Let's see you bend the spoon."

Dash got up. He was drunk now, and the rise was unsteady. He said, very softly, "I don't think I could bend the spoon. But when I did things like that, I did them for Pinkerton money. Why don't you go roll a hoop in the park?"

He left the table, and by the time I got up to follow, he was nowhere to be found on the street.

In the succeeding chapters of AN UNFINISHED WOMAN Miss Hellman writes of various aspects of her life in a span of time that extends from the Spanish Civil War to the present. She concludes with a group of portraits from which we have chosen three.

I FIRST met Dorothy Parker in 1931, shortly after I moved back to New York with Hammett. She caused a wacky-tipsy fight between us. She had read *The Maltese Falcon* and *Red Harvest*, perhaps a year or two before, and she had written about them, but she had not met Hammett until a cocktail party given by William Rose Benét. I was already uncomfortable at this party of people much older than myself, when a small, worn, prettyish woman was introduced to Hammett and immediately fell to her knees before him and kissed his hand. It was meant to be both funny and serious, but it was neither, and Hammett was embarrassed into a kind of simper.

I had a habit in those days—there are still often hangovers of it on other levels—of making small matters into large symbols, and after enough cocktails, I saw the gesture as what New York life was going to be like for an unknown young woman among the famous. That night I accused Dash of liking ladies who kissed his hand, he accused me of being crazy, I said I wasn't going to live with a man who allowed women to kneel in admiration, he said he had "allowed" no such thing, didn't like it, but if I wanted to leave right away, he would not detain me. I said I'd go as soon as I had finished my steak, but I guess by that time we were fighting about something else, because a few months later he said if I ever reminded him of the incident

again, I would never live to finish another steak.

I was not to meet Dottie again until the winter of 1935 in Hollywood, and then, having glared at her for most of the evening in memory of that silly first meeting, we talked. I liked her, and we saw each other the next day and for many, many other good days and years until she died in June of 1967.

It was strange that we did like each other and that never through the years did two such difficult women ever have a quarrel, or even a mild, unpleasant word. Much, certainly, was against our friendship: we were not the same generation, we were not the same kind of writer, we had led and were to continue to lead very different lives, often we didn't like the same people or even the same books, but more important, we never liked the same men.

When I met her in 1935 she was married to Alan Campbell, who was a hard man for me to take. He was also difficult for her, and she would talk about him in a funny, half-bitter way not only to me but, given enough liquor, to a whole dinner party. But she had great affection for Alan and certainly—since she was to marry him twice—great dependence on him. If I didn't like Alan, she didn't like Hammett, although she was always too polite to say so. More important to me, Hammett, who seldom felt strongly about anybody, didn't like Dottie, and in the later years would move away from the house when she came to visit us. He was not conscious that his face would twist, almost as if he had half-recovered from a minor stroke, as she embraced and flattered a man or woman, only to turn, when they had left the room, to say in the soft, pleasant, clear voice, "Did you ever meet such a shit?" I think the game of embrace-denounce must have started when she found it amused or shocked people, because in time, when she found it didn't amuse me, she seldom played it. But Hammett found it downright distasteful, and I gave up all efforts to convince him that it was the kind of protection sometimes needed by those who are frightened.

I am no longer certain that I was right: fear now seems too simple. The game more probably came from a desire to charm, to be loved, to be admired, and such desires brought self-contempt that could only be consoled by behind-the-back denunciations of almost comic violence.

If she denounced everybody else, I had a right to think that I was included, but now I think I was wrong about that, too: so many people have told me that she never did talk about me, never complained, never would allow gossip about me, that I have come to believe it. But even when I didn't, it didn't matter. I enjoyed her more than I have ever enjoyed any other woman. She was modest—

this wasn't all virtue; she liked to think that she was not worth much—her view of people was original and sharp, her elaborate, overdilicate manners made her a pleasure to live with, she liked books and was generous about writers, and the wit, of course, was so wonderful that neither age nor illness ever dried up the spring from which it came fresh each day. No remembrance of her can exclude it.

The joke has been changed and variously attributed to Mischa Elman and Heifetz, but it is hers, because I was there when it happened. We were knitting before the living room fireplace in the country house that she and Alan once owned in Pennsylvania. Upstairs, Alan was having an argument with his visiting mother. The afternoon grew dark; it began to snow; we made the fire very large and sat in silence. Occasionally, the upstairs voices would grow angry loud, and then Dottie would sigh. When the voices finally ceased, Alan appeared in the living room.

He said, immediately, irritably, "It's hot as hell in here."

"Not for orphans," Dottie said, and I laughed for so long that Alan went for a walk and Dottie patted my hand occasionally and said, "There, there, dear, you'll choke if you're not careful."

Once she said to me—I quoted it at her funeral and found to my pleasure, as it would have been to hers, that the mourners laughed—"Lilly, promise me that my gravestone will carry only these words: 'If you can read this you've come too close.'"

Long before I knew her she dined in Paris with a group of lesbians who were seriously talking of the possibility of legal marriage between them. Dottie listened most politely, clucked in agreement. They expected her friendly opinion and asked for it. The large eyes were wide with sympathy. "Of course you must have legal marriages. The children have to be considered."

But for me, the wit was never as attractive as the comment, often startling, always sudden, as if a curtain had opened and you had a brief and brilliant glance into what you would never have found for yourself. Like the wit, it was always delivered in a soft, clear voice; like the wit, it usually came after a silence, and started in the middle. One day she looked up from a book: "The man said he didn't want to see her again. That night she tried to climb into the transom of his hotel room and got stuck at the hips. I've never got stuck at the hips, Lilly, and I want you to remember that."

Dottie was very fond of the Gerald Murphys, but fondness never had anything to do with judgment. The Murphys had been in Europe and she had not seen them for six or eight months. We met to walk to their apartment for dinner. Dottie said, "Make a



Dorothy Parker
and Alan Campbell, 1940

Wide World Photos

guess who Gerald will have discovered this time, what writer, I mean."

I said I couldn't guess, I didn't know Gerald as well as she did.

She said, "OK. Give me three guesses, and if I hit one right, will you buy me a drunken lunch tomorrow?"

I agreed, and she said immediately, "Madame de Staël, Gerard Manley Hopkins, or Philippe de Swarzberger."

"Who is Philippe de Swarzberger?"

"An Alsatian who moved around Tibet. Born 1837, died 1871, or so it's thought. A mystic, most of whose work has been lost, but two volumes remain in Lausanne under lock and key, and Gerald invented him this afternoon."

We had a fine dinner at the Murphys and were drinking our brandy when Gerald produced a small book and asked if he could read a few poems from it. It was, indeed, a volume of Gerard Manley Hopkins.

It was Gerald who told the story that always seemed to me to sum up the contradictions in the Parker nature. Long before I met her, she had an affair of high tragicomedy with a handsome, rich, wellborn stockbroker, getting extra enjoyment from it because Elinor Wylie had also had her eye on him. Murphy said that one night he called to take Dottie to dinner. She appeared as neat and pretty

as usual, but with a black eye, recently caked blood on the mouth, and nasty bruises on the arm. She explained to Gerald that the wellborn had beaten her up the night before, that even worse cuts and bruises were concealed by her dress.

Gerald, horrified, said, "How can you bear that man, Dottie? He's a very dirty cad."

Dottie turned to stare at him, opened the door of the taxi, said softly, "I can't let you talk about him that way, Gerald," and fell from the taxi into the middle of Park Avenue traffic. (The cad, many years and a wife or two later, was to fire a gun into his mouth in the Martha's Vineyard airport.)

HER taste in men was, indeed, bad, even for writer ladies. She had been loved by several remarkable men, but she only loved the ones who did not love her, and they were the shabby ones. Robert Benchley had loved her, I was told by many people, and certainly I was later to see the devotion he had for her and she for him. She had had an affair with Ring Lardner, and both of these men she respected, and never attacked—a rare mark of feeling—but I don't think she was in love with them, because respect somehow canceled out romantic love. (She talked far too much about how men looked—handsome, well-made, and so on.) But then her relations with lovers, and with her husband, were always a mystery to me, perhaps because I had missed the early days of the attempted suicides, the long, famous tape of the broken heart. There is no question she wanted it that way—she wanted the put-down from everybody and anybody, and she always resented it and hit back. The pride was very great, although she never recognized that she so often pleaded for the indignity that offended it.

But she was, more than usual, a tangled fishnet of contradictions: she liked the rich because she liked the way they looked, their clothes, the things in their houses, and she disliked them with an open and baiting contempt; she believed in socialism but seldom, except in the sticky sentimental minutes, could stand the sight of a working radical; she drank far too much, spent far too much time with ladies who did, and made fun of them and herself every inch of the way; she faked interest and sympathy for those who bored her and for whom she had no feeling, and yet I never heard her hit mean except where it was, in some sense, justified; she herself was frightened of being hit, being made fun of, being inconvenienced, yet when she was called by the House Un-American Activities Committee and I went to say that I would come with her, she said, in genuine surprise, "Why, Lilly?" I don't think it occurred to her, or to many of her genera-

tion, that the ruling classes were anything but people with more money than you had. She acted before the committee as she acted so often with their more literate, upper-class cousins at dinner: as if to say, "Yes, dear, it's true that I'm here to observe you, but I do not like you and will, of course, say and write exactly that."

But she wrote it too often in sentimental short stories about the little dressmaker or the servant as they are patronized by the people Dottie had dined with the night before. It was her way of paying back the rich and powerful, and if it is understandable in life, it is too raw and unshaded for literature. The good short stories, like "Big Blonde," are her imaginative projections of what she knew or feared for herself, and have nothing to do with vengeance on the rich. Her put-them-in-their-place stories are often undigested, the conclusions there on the first page. The other stories, and much of the light verse, I think, are a valuable record of their time and place.

But I am not an intelligent critic of those I like. It is not that I am overgenerous or overloyal; it's that their work, from the very best to the not very good, is too close to what I know about them, or hope to find out, and thus I am so occupied by the revelations of the author in the work that I cannot be cool about the work itself. This has been of value: it has made it possible to be good friends with writers who, in the end, do not require extravagant praise if you make clear that you have little interest in extravagant analysis. A book is good, bad, or medium for me, and I usually don't know the reasons why. Years later, I will often think the good was not as good as I once thought, but on the record, my inability to know the why, my rather lumpish, incoherent acceptance or rejection, has often been less mistaken than the opinions of those who care more or know more of what literature is made.

And so it was with Dottie. I never gave her all the good words she got from so many others, and I always cut off her praise of my work, never sure that she meant it, never really caring. We were polite, we were reticent, but very little fakery was given or required, although certainly we both lied now and then about each other's work, and we both knew it. I once wrote a short story, my first since I was very young, and gave it to her to read. She had warm words for it, but the fact that she picked up a phrase—I no longer remember what phrase—and kept praising its originality and delicacy worried me. A few months later she asked me what I had done with the story. I said I had decided it was a lady-writer story, not about anything. She protested, she quoted the phrase again, she said how much impressed she had been, and she tripped

over a group of poodle puppies that we had brought along on our walk. As she stooped down to console them, I said, "God is not just. He punishes puppies for the lies of pretty ladies to their friends."

She said, "Lilly, I *do* like the story"—but I had walked ahead of her.

In a few minutes she caught up with me, and we went in silence to the lake. It was a cold spring, but Hammett and I had decided to set the snapping turtle traps earlier than usual, and I was anxious to have a look. I hauled up one of the long, wire cages, and there was our first turtle of the year. As I put the cage on the ground to look at him, his penis extended in fear.

Dottie said, "It must be pleasant to have sex appeal for turtles. Shall I leave you alone together?" She had paid me back, and all was well.

After Dottie married Alan Campbell for the second time—she had phoned me from California immediately after the wedding reception with "Lilly, the room was filled with people who hadn't talked to each other in years, including the bride and bridegroom"—we did not see each other as often as in the years before. But there would be periods when she moved back to New York and would come to stay with me in Martha's Vineyard. It was in those years that Dash would pack and leave the house to return only after Dottie had left. But there was the last, painful summer of his life when he could not leave any place anymore, and I had to lie to Dottie about the reason for putting her up in a guesthouse down the road. I would sit with Dash as he nibbled on his early dinner and pretend to eat from my tray. Almost immediately he would sleep from the weariness of eating, and Dottie would come soon after to have dinner with me. I never ate a whole dinner that summer, partly because the pretend eating had spoiled my appetite, partly because I was so often silent angry with Hammett for making the situation hard for me, not knowing then that the dying do not, should not, be asked to think about anything but their own minute of running time. Dottie stayed about a month that year, without ever seeing Dash, and the measure of her tact was that she never asked a question about a situation she must have understood.

Hammett died that next winter; I sold the Vineyard house, and built myself a new house. The first telephone call in the new house came from Dottie to tell me that Alan was dead from an overdose of sleeping pills. She was very sure that the overdose was not intentional—she believed he had had too much to drink and had forgotten how many pills he had taken. I believed her. Alan was the first person I ever knew to take sleeping pills, and I remember a trip to Europe the three of us made on the old *Normandie*.

One day I said to Dottie, "What happens to Alan every afternoon, where is he?"

"Takes a sleeping pill. He hates to toss and turn from four to six."

LESS than a year after Alan's death, Dottie moved back to New York. We saw each other, of course, but after the first few times, I knew I could not go back to the past. The generation difference between us seemed shorter as I grew older, but I was irritable now with people who drank too much, and Dottie's drinking made her dull and repetitive, and she made me sad. I had money again but no longer enough to give it without thought before it was needed, which is the way it used to be between us; but mainly, plainly, I did not want the burdens that Dottie, maybe by never asking for anything, always put upon her friends. I was tired of trouble and wanted to be around people who walked faster than I and might pull me along with them.

And so, for the next five years of her life, I was not the good friend I had been. True, I was there in emergencies, but I was out the door immediately they were over. I found that Dottie's middle age, old age, made rock of much that had been fluid, and eccentricities once charming became too strange for safety or comfort.

Dottie had always, even in the best days, clung to the idea that she was poor. Often she was, because she was generous to others and to herself, but more often it came from an insistence on a world where the artist was the put-upon outsider, the *épaté* rebel who ate caviar from rare china with a Balzac shrug for when you paid. I had long ago given up trying to figure out her true poverty periods from the pretend-poverty periods, and the last sick years seemed no time to argue. She had, many years before, given me a Picasso gouache and a Utrillo landscape, saying as she gave them that she was leaving them to me anyway, so why not have them now? It was her charming way of paying off a debt, and I remember being impressed with the grace. A few years after the gift, when I thought she was short of money, I sold the Utrillo and sent her a check. (She never told me that she had received the check, we never spoke of it at all.) Now, in 1965, she needed money, and so I decided to sell the Picasso. It was a good small picture, sold immediately for ten thousand dollars, and I took the check to Dottie the day I got it. Two days later, a woman unknown to me phoned to say that Dottie was in the hospital, sick and without money. I said that couldn't be, she said it was, and would I guarantee the hospital bills? I went to the hospital that day. Dottie and I talked for a long time, and as

I rose to go, I said, "Dottie, do you need money?"

"She's been calling you," she said, "the damned little meddler. She's called half of New York to make me into a pleading beggar."

"She meant no harm. She thinks you're broke."

"I *am* broke, Lilly. But I don't want people, not even you—"

"You're not broke. I gave you a check two days ago for ten thousand dollars. Where is it?"

She stared at me and then turned her face away. She said, very softly, "I don't know."

And she didn't know, she was telling the truth. She wanted to be without money, she wanted to forget she had it. The check was found in a bureau drawer along with three other checks. It had always been like that, it always would be. After her death, and nobody ever left fewer accumulations, I found four uncashed seven-year-old checks. She never had much, but what she had she didn't care about, and that was very hat-over-the-windmill stuff in a sick lady of seventy-four.

What money she had, she left to Martin Luther King, a man she had never met. I was the only executor of the will. I was, I am, moved that she wanted it that way, because the will had been dictated during the years of my neglect. But I had always known and always admired her refusal to chastise or complain about neglect. When, in those last years, I would go for a visit, she always had the same entrance speech for me, "Oh, Lilly, come in quick. I want to laugh again." In the same circumstances, I would have said, "Where have you been?"

And in a little while, we would laugh again, not as often, not as loud as in the old days, but enough to give us both a little of the old pleasure. Her wit, of course, was delicate, clear, and sharp. I don't know what mine is, but it isn't that, and I never knew why it amused her. But we were affectionate about each other's jokes, even when they weren't very good, and would endlessly repeat them to other people with the pride of mothers. (She never in her life repeated her own witticisms, perhaps sure that other people would do it for her. I was one of the many who did.)

Among the small amount of papers she left were odds and ends of paid or unpaid laundry bills, a certificate of the aristocratic origins of a beloved poodle, a letter dated ten years before from an admirer of her poems, and the letter from me sent from Russia about six weeks before she died. This is the letter:

Dearest Dottie,

Leningrad is a beauty, Moscow is not, but I think you ought to know that once upon a time not so long ago there was a man called Beria, Stalin's police boy, who liked very young girls. Then there was

Madame Comrade Gigglewitz—I was told her name but I can't remember it—whose second husband was a minor GPU official, but not so minor he didn't know Beria's tastes. Madame Gigglewitz waited until her beautiful Natasha, the child of a first marriage, reached the age of fifteen and then, putting Natasha in her baby carriage, she wheeled her over to Beria. You will remember that the sexual act does not necessarily take a long time, particularly when your Mummie is there to help. So clipclop and Natasha is pregnant. Beria likes that and sets



Dorothy Parker, 1963

Wide World Photos

Natasha up in an apartment with a curly fur coat, an elderly cleaning woman, a car and chauffeur, and when he isn't too tired from sending people to Siberia he comes around to coo at the baby.

But Stalin, Beria's friend and admirer, ups and dies. For three days Natasha hears nothing from her lover and nothing from the chauffeur who has always taken her on a daily nice drive. On the fourth day she is irritable, as you would be, too. So she calls Beria's secretary and asks when the car can be expected.

The secretary says, "I think never," and hangs up.

Most of us go to our mummies when a secretary is rude, and that's just what she did. Madame Gigglewitz is brighter than Natasha—who wouldn't be?—so in a few hours they are sitting before a judge swearing to a document that accuses Beria of trai-

torism whispered to Natasha through the years, or bed. Natasha's Ma had guessed right, of course: Beria had been arrested, was tried and condemned, and Natasha's testimony helped to shuffle him off. A year passes—do you remember once asking me what else a year could do?—before Madame Gigglewitz and Natasha thought it wise to petition for the support of Beria's child. They are sentimental here about the sins of the father shall not be visited, so they give the child a nice allowance and Natasha goes to live with Mummie, share and share alike the kid's money.

But Natasha hasn't had enough trouble so she takes to hanging out in an Armenian restaurant. There she meets Mr. X. He's a nice, kindly Jew who has a surprising amount of money and this time it's a real marriage which all goes to show that my people—so, O.K., for the fiftieth time don't tell me you're half Jewish—do not wish to corrupt women the way many of your mother's people so often do. A few years and two children later, over beyond the Urals, strange rumblings are heard in the land. They grow and grow until the storm reveals that Mr. X is one of the bosses of a syndicate, operating, often in caves, with stolen government material to make private light machinery. Scandal, arrest, execution of Mr. X. (Do you remember the story in the *New York Times*?)

Now you can say that Natasha ain't the best luck for a boy, but that kind of talk won't get anybody anything. Anyway, there's always Mummie, and after the two of them have had a good cry, what's there to do but wait, knowing that God has been on their side before.

Now, in time, comes a delegation, half from America, half from Israel to investigate charges of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. Our two cozies hot-foot it over to the delegation to tell the story of Mr. X, a fine fellow, an excellent husband, innocent of all knavery, persecuted only because he was a Jew. This saddens the hearts and confirms the opinions of the visitors, and after several meetings with Natasha, private or public, I couldn't find out, the American delegation begs to be allowed to send a monthly contribution for the support of Mr. X's children. The Israelis cannot afford money, but certainly they are sympathetic.

I have a friend here—I first met him during the war—who is a doctor. Last summer my friend went to the country to visit his brother. Three A.M. and the brother is awakened by a man who says his wife is dying down the road, would the doctor come immediately? The dying lady—she does not die, she is still down the road—is Madame Gigglewitz. During the long hours before a Moscow ambulance arrives she occasionally confuses my friend, the doctor, for a priest, and the tale I've told you

is told to him. The house is filled with pictures of the pretty Natasha—she offers one to the doctor—and enormous baskets of fresh and dried fruits. From time to time Madame Gigglewitz raises her voice above a whisper: "Have a piece of fruit, Doctor, it comes regularly from some dirty Jews in Israel."

Around the envelope of my letter was folded a piece of paper that was the beginning, obviously, of a letter Dottie never finished. It said, "Come home soon, Lilly, and bring Natasha on a leash. She'd be such a nice companion for C'est Tout. I—"

C'est Tout, a very small poodle, was with her when she died. I was never to see Dottie again, but even now I don't think of her as dead, and only a few weeks ago, when Peter Feibleman told me a story I had not heard before, I had a nice minute of wanting to reach for the telephone. The story is all of her as age put aside the deceits of youth, as time solidified the courage she didn't want to admit was there.

Feibleman was with her when Alan Campbell's body was taken to the coroner's car. (No charge of suicide was ever made.) Among the friends who stood with Dottie on those California steps was Mrs. Jones, a woman who had liked Alan, had pretended to like Dottie, and who had always loved all forms of meddling in other people's troubles. Mrs. Jones said, "Dottie, tell me, dear, what I can do for you."

Dottie said, "Get me a new husband."

There was a silence, but before those who would have laughed could laugh, Mrs. Jones said, "I think that is the most callous and disgusting remark I ever heard in my life."

Dottie turned to look at her, sighed, and said gently, "So sorry. Then run down to the corner and get me a ham and cheese on rye and tell them to hold the mayo."

IN MANY places I have spent many days on small boats. Beginning with the gutters of New Orleans, I have been excited about what lives in the water and lies along its edges. In the last twenty years, the waters have been the bays, ponds, and ocean of Martha's Vineyard, and autumn, when most people have left the island, is the best time for beaching the boat on a long day's picnic by myself—other people on a boat often change the day into something strained, a trip with a purpose—when I fish, read, wade in and out, and save the afternoon for digging and mucking about on the edge of the shore. I have seldom found much: I like to look at periwinkles and mussels, driftwood, shells, horse-

shoe crabs, gull feathers, the small fry of bass and blues, the remarkable skin of a dead sand shark, the shining life in rockweed.

One night about six months ago, when I was teaching at Harvard, it occurred to me that these childish, aimless pleasures—my knowledge of the sea has grown very little with time, and what interested me as a child still does—which have sometimes shamed me and often caused self-mocking, might have something to do with the digging about that occasionally happens when I am asleep. It is then that I awake, feeling that my head is made of sand and that a pole has just been pulled from it with the end of the pole carrying a card on which there is an answer to a long-forgotten problem, clearly solved and set out as if it had been arranged for me on a night table.

On that night I was living in a tickety Cambridge house and went running down the steps at the sound of a crash. A heavy rainstorm had broken the cheap piece of modernity that had been lighting the ceiling, and as I stood looking at the pieces on the floor, I thought: Of course, one has been dead three years this month, one has been dead for over thirty, but they were one person to you, these two black women you loved more than you ever loved any other women, Sophronia from childhood, Helen so many years later, and it was all there for you to know two months ago when, poking about the beach, a long distance from the house Helen and I had lived in, I found a mangled watch, wondered where I had seen it, and knew a few hours later that it was the watch I had bought in the Zurich airport and that had disappeared a short time after I gave it to Helen. The answer now was easy. She never walked much because her legs hurt. Sam had brought it down to the beach, and she didn't want to tell me that my dog, who loved her but didn't love me, could have done anything for which he could be blamed.

From the night of that rainstorm in Cambridge, for weeks later, and even now, once in a while, I have dreamed of Sophronia and Helen, waking up sometimes so pleased that I try to go on with a dream that denies their death, at other times saddened by the dream because it seems a deep time-warning of my own age and death. When that happens, in argument with myself, I feel guilty because I did not know about Sophronia's death for two years after it happened, and had not forced Helen into the hospital that might have saved her. In fact, I had only been angry at her stubborn refusal to go. How often Helen had made me angry, but with Sophronia nothing had ever been bad . . . But the answer there is easy: Sophronia was the anchor for a little girl, the beloved of a young woman, but by the time I had

PLAYS BY LILLIAN HELLMAN

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, 1934

DAYS TO COME, 1936

THE LITTLE FOXES, 1939

WATCH ON THE RHINE, 1941

THE SEARCHING WIND, 1944

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST, 1946

MONTSERRAT, *an Adaptation*, 1949

THE AUTUMN GARDEN, 1951

THE LARK, *an Adaptation*, 1955

CANDIDE, *an Operetta*, 1956

TOYS IN THE ATTIC, 1960

MY MOTHER, MY FATHER AND ME, 1963,
an Adaptation

met the other, years had brought acid to a nature that hadn't begun that way—or is that a lie?—and in any case, what excuse did that give for irritation with a woman almost twenty years older than I, swollen in the legs and feet, marrow-weary with the struggle to live, bewildered, resentful, sometimes irrational in a changing world where the old, real-pretend love for white people forced her now into open recognition of the hate and contempt she had brought with her from South Carolina. She had not, could not have, guessed this conflict would ever come to more than the sad talk of black people over collard greens and potlikker, but now here it was on Harlem streets, in newspapers and churches, and how did you handle what you didn't understand except with the same martyr discipline that made you work when you were sick, made you try to forgive what you really never forgave, made you take a harsh nature and force it into words of piety that, in time, became almost true piety? Why had these two women come together as one for me? Sophronia had not been like that.

I don't know what year Helen came to work for me. We never agreed about the time, although when we felt most affectionate or tired we would argue about it. But it was, certainly, a long time ago. The first months had been veiled and edgy: her severe face, her oppressive silences made me think she was angry, and my nature, alternating from vagueness to rigid demands, made her unhappy, she told me years later. (She did not say it that way; she said, "It takes a searching wind to find the tree you sit in.")

Then one day, at the end of the first uncomfortable months, she said she was grateful, most deeply. I didn't know what she meant, didn't pay much attention, except that I knew she had grown affectionate toward me, even indulgent. Shortly after, she brought me three hundred dollars done up in tissue paper with a weary former Christmas ribbon. I asked her what it was, she said please to count it, I counted it, handed it back, she handed it back to me and said it was the return of the loan for her daughter. I said I didn't know what she was talking about. Her face changed to angry sternness as she said, "I want no charity. I pay my just debts, Miss Hellman. Mr. Hammett must have told you I said that to him."

Hammett hadn't told me she said anything, but it turned out that one night when he had come from the country to have dinner with me, and found he was too tired to return to the country—it was the early period of emphysema—he decided to spend the night in the library. He had been reading at about three in the morning when the phone rang and a frightened voice said there was an emergency, was it possible to call Helen? He had climbed four flights of steps to fetch her, and when she had finished with the phone she said her niece or her daughter or somebody-or-other had had a terrible accident and she would have to go immediately. He asked her if she needed money, and after the long wait she always took when pride was involved, she asked him for taxi money.

Hammett had said, "What about money for the hospital?"

She had said, "Black people don't have it easy in a hospital."

He had said, "I know. So a check won't do you any good. You'd better have cash."

I said to Hammett, "But what's this got to do with me?"

He said, "It's your money she's returning. I took it out of the safe."

He told me how disturbed she had been when he had opened my safe, and so he had said, "Don't worry. It's OK. There's no sense waking Miss Hellman because she can't learn how to open the safe and that makes her angry."

For many years after, whenever I tried to open the safe, she would come as close to mirth as ever I saw her, saying always that I wasn't to get disturbed, she thought my fingers were too thin for such work, and then always reminding me of the night Hammett gave her the money, "before he even knew me, that is a Christian man."

I said to him, "Helen thinks you're a Christian man."

"Sure. She's a convert to my ex-church. We teach 'em to talk like that."

"I won't tell her that. She might not like you."

"I won't find that too tough."

"But I'm worried that she might think you don't like her."

"I don't like her."

He didn't like her, and he was the only person I ever met who didn't. Sometimes he would say it was because she spoke rudely to me. (He was right: when she didn't feel well, she often did.) Sometimes he would say he couldn't stand Catholic converts, or overbig women, or he would complain that she was the only Negro in America who couldn't carry a tune. Even through the last four and a half years of his life, when he had come to live in the house and when she, a woman older than he by a number of years I never knew, would climb the steps with endless trays or mail or books or just to ask if there was anything he wanted, he never said anything more to her than "Good morning," or "Thank you," or, on special occasions, "It looks like a pleasant day." I think it is possible that the two of them, obsessed with pride and dignity, one of the more acceptable forms of self-love, but self-love nevertheless, had come face to face with a reflection, and one of them didn't like what he saw in the mirror.

Other people always came, in time, to like her and admire her, although her first impression on them was not always pleasant. The enormous figure, the stern face, the few, crisp words did not seem welcoming as she opened a door or offered a drink, but the greatest clod among them came to understand the instinctive good taste, the highbred manners that once they flowered gave off so much true courtesy. And, in this period of nobody grows older or fatter, your mummy looks like your girl, there may be a need in many of us for the large, strong woman who takes us back to what most of us always wanted and few of us ever had.

It is difficult to date anything between people when they have lived together long enough, and so I can't remember when I knew, forgot, knew, doubted, and finally understood that her feelings for white people and black people were too complex to follow, because what had been said on one day would be denied on the next. In the early years, when she told me of the white family in whose house she had been raised in Charleston, her mother having been the cook there, I would dislike the Uncle Tomism of the memories, and often when the newspapers carried a new indignity from the South we would both cluck about it, but she would turn away from my anger with talk about good and bad among white people, and she had only known the good. During the University of Mississippi mess, I asked her what she meant by good whites, good to her?

She said, "There's too much hate in this world."

I said, "Depends on where you carry the hate, doesn't it, what it's made of, how you use it?"

She shrugged. "I ain't ever hated."

I said, too fast, "Yes, you have. You just don't know it—" and stopped right before I said, "You often hate me, I've known it for years and let you have it as a debt I wouldn't pay anybody else but Sophronia."

OH, SOPHRONIA, it's you I want back always. It's by you I still so often measure, guess, transmute, translate, and act. What strange process made a little girl strain so hard to hear the few words that ever came, made the image of you, true or false, last a lifetime? I think my father knew about that very early, because five or six years after I was separated from Sophronia by our move to New York, when I saw her only during our yearly visits to New Orleans, he shouted at me one night, "To hell with Sophronia. I don't want to hear about her anymore."

That night started in Montgomery, Alabama, although why or how we got to Montgomery I no longer remember. My father had, among other eccentricities, an inability to travel from one place to another in a conventional line: If it was possible to change trains or make a detour, he arranged it. And since we traveled a great deal between New York and New Orleans, stopping for business or for friends, we were often to be found in railroad stations waiting for a train that would take us out of our way.

I had been sleeping on a bench that night in Montgomery, Alabama, so I don't know when I first saw the three figures—a young, very thin Negro girl, and two white men. The men were drunk, my father said later, and maybe that accounted for the awkward, shaggy movements, their sudden twists and turns. The girl would move to a bench, sit, rise as the men came toward her, move to a wall, rest, slide along it as the men came near, try for another bench, circle it, and move fast when they moved fast. She was trying to stay within the station lights, and as the train came in, she ran down the platform toward it. But she miscalculated and ran outside the lights. I saw one of the men light matches and move in the darkness. When he caught the girl he put the lighted matches to her arm before he kissed her. The girl dropped her valise, and there was the noise of glass breaking. I have no clear memory of the next few minutes until I heard my father say, "Let the girl alone." Then he hit the man, and the other man hit my father, but he didn't seem hurt because he picked the girl up and shoved her up the steps of the train, came running back for

me, shoved me up the steps of the train, got in himself, and suddenly began to yell, "My God, where is your mother?" My mother was on the ground repacking the girl's valise. The two men were running toward her, but she smiled and waved at my father and put up her hand in a gesture to quiet him. She had trouble with the lock of the valise, but she seemed unhurried about fixing it.

My father was halfway down the train steps when she rose, faced the two men, and said, "Now you just step aside, boys, and take yourselves on home." I don't know whether it was the snobbery of the word "boys" or the accents of her native Alabama, but they made no motion as she came aboard the train.

The girl was invited to share our basket supper, and she and my mother spent the next few hours speaking about the nature of men. I went into the corridor to find my bored father.

Like most other children, I had learned you usually got further by pretending innocence. "What did those men want to do with the girl?"

When he didn't answer, I said, "Rape, that's what. You're a hero. Sophronia will be pleased."

His voice was loud and angry. "To hell with Sophronia. I don't want to hear about her anymore."

A few days later, sitting on a bench in Audubon Park, while the two small boys she now nursed played near us, I told Sophronia the story. When she didn't speak, I said, "Papa was brave, wasn't he?"

"Yep."

"What's the matter?"

"Things not going to get themselves fixed by one white man being nice to one nigger girl."

I thought hard and long about that, as I thought about everything she said, and by the next year's visit to New Orleans I had decided on a course for myself. Sophronia and I had gone to the movies and were returning home on a streetcar. We had always moved back to sit in the Negro section of the car, but this time I sat in the front directly behind the driver and pulled her down next to me. She whispered to me, I whispered back, she half rose, I pulled her down, and she sat still for a minute waiting for me to grow quiet. The conductor had evidently been watching us, because he turned his head.

"Back."

I held so tight to her arm that she couldn't move.

He said, "Get back in the car. You know better than this."

I said, my voice high with fright, "We won't. We won't move. This lady is better than you are—"

And the car came to a sudden jolt in the middle of the street. People rose, and an old woman moved

toward us. The conductor opened the doors.

Sophronia got to her feet, and I screamed, "Come back, Sophronia, don't you dare move. You're better than anybody, anybody—" and the old lady slapped me as the conductor took my arm. I was carrying a book bag and I threw it at him, turned to push the old lady, turned back to find Sophronia. She had moved between me and the conductor, who looked more surprised than angry. Now she grabbed my arm and pulled me into the street.

I said, "Let's run."

She said, "You run. I'm past the runnin' age."

So we stood together, staring up at the streetcar, waiting for what we did not know. Then the car started up and moved away from us. I was crying as we walked together toward my aunts' house.

After a while she said, "Crybaby."

"I did wrong?"

It was an old question, and she had always had a song for it:

Right is wrong and wrong is right
And who can tell it all by sight?

I said, "Sophronia, I want to go away with you for always, right now. I've thought a lot about it all year, and I've made up my mind. I want to live with you the rest of my life. I won't live with white people anymore—"

She put her hand over my mouth. When she took it away, I knew she was very angry. She said, "I got something to tell you, missy. There are too many niggers who like white people. Then there are too many white people think they like niggers. You just be careful."

She crossed the street and was gone before I could move. Sleepless that night and miserable the next day, I went on the second day to find her in Audubon Park.

I said, "Aren't you going to see me anymore?"

She said, "I got a no-good daughter and a no-good son."

I had heard this from my mother, but I didn't know then, and I don't know now, what no-good meant to her, and so I waited. We sat without speaking on the park bench watching one little red-haired brother push the other off a tricycle.

She called out, "Stanley, Hugh," and the fight stopped immediately.

After a while, I said, "Aren't you going to see me anymore?"

"You're growing up, a few years away. Time's approachin' to straighten things out."

"You mean I'm no good, either?"

She turned her head and looked at me as if she were puzzled. "I mean you got to straighten things out in your own head. Then maybe you goin' to be

some good and pleasure me. But if they keep on pilin' in silly and gushin' out worse, you goin' to be trouble, and you ain't goin' to pleasure me and nobody else."

Many years later, I came to understand that all she meant was that I might blow up my life with impulsiveness or anger or jealousy or all the other things that she thought made a mess, but that day, in my thirteenth year, I shivered at the contempt with which she spoke. (And there I was not wrong. I came to know as she grew older and I did, too, that she did feel a kind of contempt for the world she lived in and for almost everybody, black or white, she had ever met, but that day I thought it was only for me.)

I got up from the bench in maybe the kind of pain you feel when a lover has told you that not only does the love not exist anymore, but that it possibly never existed at all.

I said, "You mean I am no good and you don't want to see me anymore. Well, I won't hang around and bother you—"

She got slowly to her feet. "You all I got, baby, all I'm goin' to have."

Then she leaned down and kissed me. She hadn't kissed me, I think, since I was three or four years old. Certainly I have had happier minutes since, but not up to then. We shook hands, and I went back to the park bench the next day.

THERE has always been a picture of Sophronia in my house, all of them taken with me as a young child. Some years after Helen came to work for me, I came into the library to find her with one of the pictures in her hand.

I said, "My nurse, my friend. Handsome woman, wasn't she?"

"You look like a nice little girl."

"Maybe I was, but nobody thought so. I was trouble."

"She didn't think so."

I took the picture from Helen, and for the first time in the forty years since it had been taken, saw the affection the woman had for the child she stood behind.

I said, "It takes me too long to know things."

"What?"

"Nothing. I hadn't seen her for two years before she died."

"You didn't go to the funeral?"

"I didn't know she died. Her daughter didn't tell me."

"She was a light-skinned woman?"

I know about that question, I've known about it all my life.

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Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he!
 He called for his glass, and he called
 for crushed ice, to show his ingenuity.
 "Nothing so dandy, as Kahlúa and brandy"
 Said he as he did his thing.
 "I lose my patience with pale imitations-
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"Yes, very. But she didn't use it, if that's what you mean."

"How old was she?"

"In the picture? I don't know. I—my God. She couldn't have been thirty. I can't believe it, but—"

"Black women get old fast."

"Yes," I said, "watching white women stay young."

"White women never been bad to me."

I was in a sudden bad humor, maybe because she wasn't Sophronia. I said, "Colored women who cook as well as you do never had a bad time. Not even in slavery. You were the darlings of every house. What about the others who weren't?"

She said, "You mean the good house nigger is king boy."

I said, "I mean a house nigger pay no mind to a field hand."

She laughed at the words we had both grown up on. A half hour later I went down to the kitchen for a cup of coffee. She was using an electric beater, and so neither of us tried to talk over the noise. Then she turned the beater off and, I think for the first time in her life, raised her voice in a shout.

"You ain't got no right to talk that way. No right at all. Down South, I cook. Nothing else, just cook. For you, I slave. You made a slave of me, and you treat me like a slave."

I said, "Helen! Helen!"

"A slave. An old, broken slave."

"You're a liar," I said, "just a plain goddamned liar."

"God will punish you for those words."

"He is, right now."

She took a check from her apron pocket—her share of the last royalties from *Toys in the Attic*—tore it up, and held out the pieces to me.

"There. Take it. You think money and presents can buy me, you're wrong."

I said, "I'm going up to Katonah. That will give you a few days to move out."

That night, sitting on a pile of books that had become the only place one could sit in the depressing little cottage filled with furniture broken by the weight of phonograph records and books, ashtrays toppling on the edges of manuscripts, a giant desk loaded with unopened mail that had arrived that day or five years ago, facing a window that had been splintered by the gun of somebody who didn't like his politics, I told Hammett about the afternoon.

He said, "Why do you talk to her about the South?"

"I didn't think she hated me."

"She doesn't. She likes you very much and that scares her, because she hates white people. Every morning some priest or other tells her that's not

Christian charity, and she goes home more mixed up than ever."

"I guess so. But I don't care about what she hates or doesn't. I care about what I said to her. I'll wait until she has left, and then I'll write and say I'm sorry I screamed liar."

He stared at me and went back to reading. After a while he said, "You should have screamed at her years ago. But of course you never lose your temper at the right time. Then you feel guilty and are sure to apologize. I've always counted on that, it's never failed."

I said, "All these years, waiting to catch me out."

"Yep. And shall I tell you something else that goes hand in hand, kind of?"

"I am, as you know, grateful for all high-class revelations."

"Well," he said, "when you start out being angry, you're almost always right. But anybody with a small amount of sense learns fast that if they let you go on talking, you come around to being wrong. So after you've slammed the door, or taken a plane, or whatever caper you're up to, that fine, upright, liberal little old sense of justice begins to operate, and you'll apologize not only for the nonsense part of what you've said but for the true and sensible part as well. It's an easy game—just a matter of patience."

I thanked him and went back to New York. It has long been my habit to enter the house on the bedroom floor, and on that day I did not wish to see the kitchen without Helen, did not wish to face a life without her, so it was four or five hours before I went downstairs. Helen was sitting in a chair, her Bible on the table.

She said, "Good evening. Your hair is wet."

"Yes," I said, "I'm trying to curl it."

WE DID learn something that day, maybe how much we needed each other, although knowing that often makes relations even more difficult. Our bad times came almost always on the theme of Negroes and whites. The white liberal attitude is, mostly, a well-intentioned fake, and black people should and do think it a sell. But mine was bred, literally, from Sophronia's milk, and thus I thought it exempt from such judgments except when I made the jokes about myself. But our bad times did not spring from such conclusions by Helen—they were too advanced, too unkind for her. They came, I think, because she did not think white people capable of dealing with trouble. I was, thus, an intruder, and in the autumn of 1963 she told me so.

I had gone down to Washington to write a magazine piece about the Washington March. Through

Negro friends, through former Harvard students, through a disciple of Malcolm X, I had arranged to meet the delegations from Louisiana and Alabama. Sophronia's grandson, whom I had never seen, was to arrive with the Alabama delegation. Many years before, I had had letters from his older sister, a teacher at Tuskegee. Now, when I wrote to ask if they would like to come to Washington, she had written back that they could not make the trip. Immediately after, I had a letter from Orin saying that he wanted to come if I would send the bus fare, but please not to tell his sister, because she did not approve. I had sent the money, and as far as I knew, he was on his way.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the March, I was sitting on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial waiting for Orin, wondering if he looked like Sophronia, if he had brought me the photographs I had asked for, if his mother had ever told him much about her. At nine o'clock I went to look for the Alabama delegation. They had been in Washington for six hours, but nobody had heard of Orin and they were sure he had never been on the bus, never signed up to come.

It was, of course, a remarkable day. Two hundred thousand people came to ask only what they thought had been promised, still calm, pleasant, and gay in the face of the one-hundred-year-old refusal. But as the day wore on, I felt as if a respectable Madison Avenue funeral had gone on too long. When Martin Luther King rose to speak—and there was no question of the pride the audience felt in the man, no question that he represented all that was gentle and kind in this kindest of people—I remembered too many Negro preachers from my childhood and grew impatient with “I have a dream.”

I wandered off looking for something to eat. I dropped my pocketbook, spilled the contents, and was helped by a small colored boy who, when I thanked him, said, “OK, lady, courtesy of the Com-

monwealth.” I laughed and found that his companion, a tall young Negro, was laughing, too.

I said, “What’s that mean, courtesy of the Commonwealth?”

“Nothing,” said the young man. “Old George tries to learn a new word every day. We were up around Boston last night so today it will be ‘Commonwealth.’”

Old George turned out to be fourteen years old, small for his age, and the young man’s name was Gene Carondelet.

I said, “That’s the name of a street in New Orleans.”

He said, “Yep. That’s why I took it.”

Old George weaved in and out of the crowd, bringing frankfurters and then coffee, while Carondelet told me he had

been in jail seven times for trying to register Negroes in Greenwood, Mississippi, and for leading a march in Baton Rouge. He said he had never seen old George before McComb, Mississippi, where a policeman had hit George over the head and George’s mother had hit the policeman. The next day George’s mother said, “Take the boy with you. He’s in danger here. Take him and teach him.”

“He’s been with me for eight months. That George can do, learn anything. Makes a mighty fine speech. Make a speech for the lady.”

George rose. “You folks better take your black behinds down to vote your way to free-

dom. The first correlative to freedom—” At the word “correlative” George grinned at me and sat down, saying he didn’t feel too well, he had his headache back again. Carondelet explained that in a few days they were going to New York to see a doctor about the headaches George had been having since he got hit over the head by the policeman.

About a week later, I came in the house to find Carondelet, George, and a gangly, popeyed man of about twenty-four sitting in the living room with Helen. Carondelet said they’d been waiting for an



Lillian Hellman, 1968

New York Times photo

hour, and now they had to go because George was on his way to the doctor's. As I took them to the elevator, I did not notice that the strange man was still in the living room until George said, "You wanted him, you got him."

"Who?"

"That Orin something."

Carondelet said, "He's silly stuff."

Orin was, indeed, a dull young man, sleepy, over-polite, as anxious as I was to get the visit over with. He had been born long after Sophronia's death, had no memory of his mother's ever having talked about her. What about his uncle, Sophronia's son? Never heard of him. Where was his mother? She'd skipped long ago, maybe dead, maybe still turning a trick. Why hadn't he come to Washington with the Alabama delegation? They weren't his kind. He'd come to New York, been robbed, lost my address, hadn't eaten, where was the men's room? I pointed toward the kitchen, waited a long time, puzzled and sad that this man should be Sophronia's grandson.

When he did come back, I said I had to go to work, and rose to shake his hand. He suddenly began to talk in a more animated way, although the words were now slurred. I had become Miss Hellmar or, more often, "man" in puzzling sentences like "Man, this is some town, and they can take me to it any time they got enough, man," and "Man, where them two finkies I come here with, and where is here, just where is here at?" After a while I said I'd get him some money for the trip back home if he wanted to make it, and he began to laugh as I went into the hall to find Helen standing by the door.

She said, "He took a shot in the toilet."

"What do you mean?"

"A no-good punkie-junkie. Maybe heroin."

The words were so modern, so unlike her, that I stared, amused and puzzled that there was a side of her I didn't know.

"I don't think so. He's just stupid, and uncomfortable with me."

When I came back down the steps, the phonograph was playing very loudly and Orin was moving around the room. I couldn't hear what Helen said, but his voice was very loud.

"Lady man, I'm stayin' right where I fall, see?"

Helen said, "You a sick boy. You going for a cure, or you going to hell."

"Lady man, hell's my place and you my girl, tired and old. Maybe even have to send you on a little errand soon—"

She crossed to him, pulled his arms behind his back, and stepped to one side as he tried to kick her. She held him easily, gracefully, as she pulled him toward the door.

She said to me, "Go for a walk," and closed and locked the door.

The following morning she said, "You see, things happen to people."

I didn't answer her, and after an hour or so she appeared again—an old habit, conversation without prelude, in space, from hours or days or months before—"I locked the door 'cause I wanted you out of trouble."

"No," I said. "You just didn't think I'd be any good at it."

"Time I told you what I ain't told you. My daughter same way, same thing."

After a while I said, "That shouldn't have happened to you."

"No good for colored people to come north, no good," she said. "Live like a slummy, die like one. South got its points, no matter what you think. Even if just trees."

I was never to see or hear from Orin again, but when George got out of the hospital, he came to stay with us several times, appearing and disappearing without explanation. There was something odd about his relations with Helen, something teasing on his side, cautious on hers.

A few days after he arrived, he was romping with the poodle on the lawn outside her window, while I read on the porch above their heads.

He said to her, "Hey, Mrs. Jackson, your poodle got fleas."

"Lot of people got fleas," she said.

After a long pause, George called out, "I've been thinking about what you said, and I'm goddamned if I understand it."

"You been sleepin' here, Miss Hellman been sleepin' here. That's all I got to say."

George screamed with laughter. "You mean *we* give the dog the fleas? You some far-out lady, Mrs. Jackson." And a door slammed.

At a dinner, a few weeks later, he said to Helen, "Could I have a piece of your corn bread?"

"Where you see corn bread?"

"Why you hide it where you do?"

It had long been her habit to hide any food that was fattening on the pretense that she ate very little and thus had inherited her "fat glands." Now she opened the stove, reached far back into the oven, and slammed down on the table a giant corn-bread cake and a pot of greens and fatback.

"Can I have some," I said, knowing he had made a bad mistake, "nothing in the world like potlikker and corn—"

She said to George, "What you do all day, besides snoopin'? You know more about this island than we ever find out, or want to."

"Sure do," said George, "that my job. Got to find out before you organize. You, for example. Find

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out all about you being like crazy with your money. You got so much money, give it to SNCC instead of wasting it on that no good Almira family down in town."

Helen said, softly, "Eat your dinner, son."

George said to me, "Old man Almira leave his family for a fourteen-year-old girl, and Mrs. Jackson here, that makes her sad, so she send money all year round, *all year round*, to the wife and kiddies—"

Helen said, "No-good men, that's what you all are."

George said, "And no-good kiddies. You some fine picker, Mrs. Jackson. The Almira boy was the one set the fire last week, and the girl whores all over the Cape."

"You lie, boy, and you a mighty dirty talker about your own people."

"First," said George, "they ain't my people 'cause they ain't all black, they part Portuguese. Two, bums is bums, forget the color. Three, a revolutionary got no right to defend the baddies even of his own color, kind, or faith. Otherwise it comes about—"

I said, "Oh, shut up, George," and Helen hit me on the arm, an old sign of affectionate approval.

GEORGE came to visit us the next summer for a few days, but I did not see him at all in 1965 until the cold autumn day of Helen's funeral. That night, quite late, he rang the bell, a small suitcase in his hand.

He said, "I wouldn't have come like this, but I'm going back to Atlanta, and I wanted to—well, I don't know."

We talked for a while about what he'd been doing, where he'd been, and then he said, "You're worried, Miss Hellman."

"Yes," I said, "if that's the word."

"About the funeral. They didn't come to you?"

"I guess that's part of it, but not much. No, they didn't come to me, although they telephoned, the two nieces, and the daughter I'd never heard from before. They asked me what kind of funeral I wanted, but I didn't like to intrude, or maybe—I don't know."

"Stinking funeral."

I said, "It's hard to know what strong people would want. I've been there before. You think they're trying to tell you something, forbid you something, but you don't know—"

"Ah," he said, "the one thing they knew for sure was she didn't want that coffin, all done up for a bishop, with brass. Seventeen hundred dollars."

"My God, I didn't know that. What fools—well, at least I talked them into burying her in South Carolina. That I know she wanted."

"It's my birthday," George said, so we had two drinks. When he got up to leave, he said, "Don't worry about the funeral or the coffin. It's done, done."

"That's not what's worrying me. She got sick on Monday. I wanted her to go to the hospital. She wanted to go home. I was annoyed with her and went for a walk. When I came back she was gone. I phoned the next day, and she said she was better, but might not be able to work for a while, and then as if she wanted to tell me something. The next morning she was dead."

"She did want to tell you something. She was getting ready to die."

I said, "You know too much, George, too much you're sure of. I don't believe she knew she was going to die. I won't believe it. And how do you know how much the coffin cost?"

"They told me," he said. "On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Jackson asked me to come round."

"She asked you, she didn't ask me. I'm jealous, George."

"She had things for me to do, errands."

I said, "She always had people doing secret errands. I didn't know you saw each other."

"Oh, sure, whenever I came up north, and then I always wrote to her. My second operation, I stayed in her place till I was better."

"You didn't tell me you had a second operation."

He smiled. "Anyway, there I am on Tuesday. She shows me two savings bank things and says they're for her grandchildren. Then she gives me orders to pack her clothes and take 'em to the post office, all of them except one dress and shoes."

"Where did she send them?"

"Somebody in Augusta, Georgia. Then I take around the TV radio set, and I sell that for her. When I come back, she asked me to make her a lemonade and said she wanted to sleep. I said I'd be back at night, but she said not to come, she wanted rest. Then she gave me one hundred dollars. Eighty-five for me, she said, or wherever I wanted to give it. Fifteen for Orin when I found him."

"Orin? Orin?"

"He's still hanging around. She always gave him a little money. But he ain't going to get this fifteen, 'cause I ain't going to find him. She was some far-out lady, Mrs. Jackson. Some far-out Christian lady."

"Sure was," I said.

"I hope you feel better," he said. "Next time I'm here, I'll come see you."

But he never has come to see me again.

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Arts and Letters

The Politics of Günter Grass

by Michael Harrington

Günter Grass is best known to Americans as the most serious comic genius of the postwar period, a Rabelaisian surrealist who has incarnated the Hitler years and their frantic aftermath in profound fantasies. That, one might say, is accomplishment enough, for it places him in the very front rank of the contemporary imagination. Yet, as his new collection of essays, *Speak Out!*, makes clear, Grass is more than a brilliant writer; he is probably a great one. He also represents the very best of the German democratic tradition. It can be said without exaggeration that Günter Grass and men like him are the only hope that Germany will finally transcend the terrible, and still unresolved, heritage of Nazism.

Moreover, if the political content of his essays is important for an understanding of the almost quarter of a century since the fall of the Third Reich, it is particularly relevant to the present and immediate future. For German democracy is now challenged by militant, youthful critics on the confrontation left who insist that parliaments and elections are a hoax, and by a resurgent right with strong ties to the Nazi

past in the National Democratic Party. And, at the very same time, Walter Ulbricht's "Democratic Republic" has joined with the Russians in the imperialist suppression of the Czechoslovakian freedom movement and thus helped to reintroduce the mood of cold war into Central Europe. Under these circumstances, Günter Grass's insights take on an imperative urgency.

Grass, as he himself recounts in his "Speech to a Young Voter," was born in Danzig in 1927. At fourteen he was a member of the Hitler Youth, by seventeen he was serving in the Panzers, and at eighteen he was in an American prisoner-of-war camp. It was then that he began to understand the crimes which his generation committed in the name of the future. "When I was nineteen," he writes, "I began to have an inkling of the guilt our people had knowingly and unknowingly accumulated, of the burden of responsibility which my generation and the next would have to bear."

So Günter Grass is not the "good German" who seeks to avoid any responsibility for the Nazi horrors by claiming that he did not know about them. He voluntarily assumes a

tragic responsibility for crimes which he did not himself commit but in which he feels himself, and his country, implicated. And it is that clear and moral rejection of the unspeakable horrors of Hitlerism which makes him an opponent of the established powers in both Germanys and, indeed, throughout the world.

For that matter, Grass's summary survey of postwar politics posits a sort of symbiotic relationship between capitalist West and Communist East:

For more than twenty years every attempt to free Western democracy from its reactionary straitjacket was defamed as open Communism—or crypto-Communism. The anti-Communism enthroned in the West is the greatest triumph Communism could have achieved. It struck keen-sighted democrats blind. . . . This explains why parliamentary democracies have supported a corrupt feudal system in Persia, this is what made it possible for the anachronistic dictators of Spain and Portugal to stand side by side with Konrad Adenauer on the platform of anti-Communism; while today the United States and its sullen satellites support the dictator Ky merely because he calls himself an anti-Communist,

just as the Soviet Union and its equally sullen satellites support the dictator Nasser merely because he represents himself as socialist, anti-capitalist, anti-imperialist. . . . A corrupted Communism that has developed into a dictatorship of the bureaucracy is confronted by democracies whose parliaments are subservient to lobbies, whose formerly free elections have more and more become a farce.

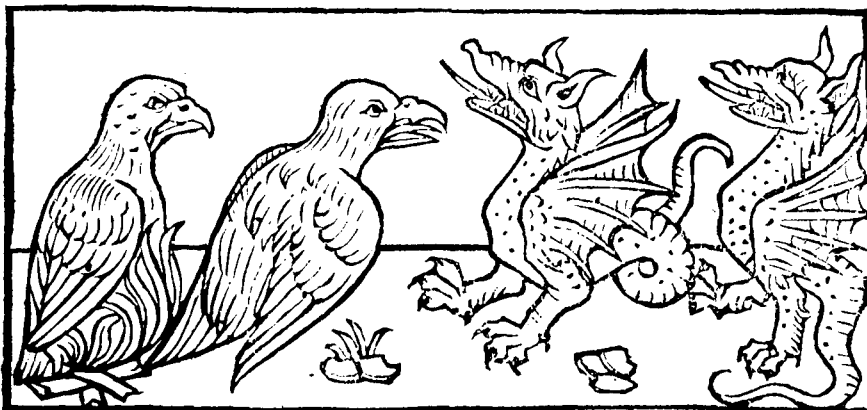
Günter Grass has applied these uncompromising critical categories to his own country. Americans who thought of Germany as an "economic miracle" in which God, capitalism, and anti-Communism triumphed have been shocked and surprised by some of the events of the past several years: riots on the left and electoral progress by the neo-Nazi right.

As an active participant in his country's democratic left—the Social Democratic Party (SPD)—Grass, as these essays show, was aware of these disturbing, even explosive, tendencies all along.

He described Axel Cäsar Springer, the West German press lord, as a "co-chancellor, who is accountable to no Parliament, who cannot be voted out of office, and who has set

up a state within the state. . . ." In 1965, when Willy Brandt, the SPD's candidate for Chancellor, was vilified for having participated in the anti-Hitler emigration, Grass said that the resultant defeat meant that the Christian Democrats would

the other leaders were preparing the Great Coalition with the Christian Democrats, he pleaded with them not thus to legitimate the foreign and domestic policies of Adenauer's Germany. Yet, as he wrote in 1967 when the coalition had become offi-



lead the dance around the golden calf for another four years. And there is particular scorn, and even horror, for the Christian Democrats when they make a former commentator on the Nazi race laws, Hans Globke, a high administration official—or install a former Hitler Party member as the Chancellor of an officially anti-Hitler Germany.

All of these charges have, of course, been made by Walter Ulbricht and the East German Communists—only they do not apply the same standards of morality to themselves. Grass does it for them. The "Free German Youth" (FDJ) are likened to the Hitler Youth, the army is characterized as built upon Prussian militarism, and East Germany's ossified Stalinism is invidiously compared to the yearning for freedom in Czechoslovakia.

Indeed, Grass is particularly outraged by the ways in which leaders on both sides of the German Iron Curtain falsified the heroic general strike and rising of the East German workers in 1953. For Grass, the event was a "workers' rising of clearly social democratic nature." For Ulbricht, it was a fascist putsch, and for the West Germans (with important exceptions like Willy Brandt), it was a "people's movement" without class or political character. Where, Günter Grass asks, is his generation, which was so helpless in the face of this enormous sacrifice?

And yet Grass, for all of his active commitment to social democracy and the SPD, is not a party-liner of any kind. When Willy Brandt and

cial reality, it was not so much the cause as the consequence of the crisis of German democracy. The real roots were oligarchic domination of the parties, the powerful drive toward a political pragmatism which undermined parliamentary control and made special interests all-powerful.

Out of this understanding of the profoundly negative tendencies in his country's recent history, Grass is able to come to terms with the New Left—and the New Right—in Germany today. The fact that the youth regard democracy as a fraud is a result of the structural hypocrisies of the society. And, says Grass, the disillusionment was sped by the Social Democratic attack on the youth from the right. In his May Day, 1968, speech he argues that there is no security from false prophets unless there is reform, including the democratization of the parties and the abrogation of the NATO Treaty through a general European peace agreement with the Warsaw Pact states.

And yet in thus underlining what is understandable—and valuable—in the youthful protest, Grass does not lose his faith in democracy. He believes that the SPD can, and should, give democratic expression to the unrest which has brought the students into the street. And throughout these essays that is perhaps the pervasive theme: the commitment to democracy and freedom as it is expressed in an honest confrontation with the realities of German politics.

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In an earlier essay, Grass is seeking to answer the question "What is the German fatherland?" And his own response is:

Let us be builders of cities! . . . Thus will the question, "What is the German fatherland?" be realistically answered. We need only reason and something of that pioneer spirit which inspired the German immigrants in America who built their Frankfurt, Hamburg and Berlin in the Middle West. We must not seek after the lost provinces [of the old Germany] but rather to regain that essence which once was the German fatherland.

That is the authentic voice of the German democratic spirit which, in the tremendous achievements of its labor and socialist movements, once held out a marvelous promise to the entire world.

Indeed, there are some similarities between Grass and a great German novelist of the previous generation, Thomas Mann. Both started out on the right: Grass in the Hitler Youth, Mann as a pre-World War I con-

servative (his *Reflections of a Non-political Man*, published during World War I, is an attack on democracy itself). The peace drove Mann to the left until he eventually joined in a united front with the Social Democrats and, later, the Communists. Similarly, Grass was moved to active participation in the campaigns of the SPD. Yet for all Mann's enormous accomplishments, he never really did find a political correlative to his philosophic opinions. He died filled with fear of the future but uncertain of how to resist the trends which frightened him. Grass has, I think, made a deeper, and certainly a more activist, commitment than Mann. And it goes beyond that periodic flurry of electoral activity which has involved American writers and intellectuals in recent years. It is more substantial and fundamental than that.

For all his criticisms of his own party and society, Günter Grass rightly concludes, "To the question: 'Where do you stand today?' I reply: 'I remain a Social Democrat.'"

Words Into Skin

by Laurence Lieberman

Leonard Michaels is a young writer whose work has appeared in many of the more important literary magazines—*New American Review*, *Parisian Review*, the *Paris Review*, and the *Evergreen Review* among others. *Going Places* is his first collection.

The key events in his stories—usually holocausts in the lives of his protagonists—are indistinguishable

meter of his life on the back floor of his cab, "begging as they dragged him by his hair over the front seat and onto the floor in back where the mat reeked of whiskey, stale butts, the corruption of lungs, and a million yards of bowel"; Philip, the hilarious nude fugitive encountered at the subway change booth by the Negro attendant guarding the turnstile, "Hey, man, you naked? . . . You're naked. . . . Scat, mother, go home"; Isaac, the talmudic scholar, discovering his physical deformity—following a fall on the icy street—in a phone booth "like a coffin"; Melanie, raped by the Turk on the "cracking, desiccated leather" front seat of his old Chevrolet, later identifying her hideously diminished self with "an armless, naked manikin" in a store window, and worse yet, "a thalidomide baby, all torso and short-circuited"; the voluptuous Miss Abbe Carlyle, confronted and slowly seduced by the twenty Puerto Rican boys congregated into the shape of a great bird of prey on a

Going Places

by Leonard Michaels
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95)

from the settings in which they occur. Settings are felt to be a physical extension of the agonized victims who inhabit them. I am constantly reminded by Michaels' emblematic stage sets that no other time and no other place could have fostered precisely the form or quality of torture that strikes the persona dumb, dead, or fiercely awake—excruciatingly alive for the first time: Beckman, mugged and beaten within a milli-

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Of the five additional stories, one deals subtly with madness; one with homosexuality; one with a large and happy Midwestern family; one with a boy and girl, blissful in bed.

Most remarkable, perhaps, is "Superburger." Much-anthologized, already celebrated, it is the strange threnody of a rootless "kid." Amoral, you could call him, or monstrous, or merely innocent, in his oblique dealings with the vulnerable adult world. This story is at once ambiguous and utterly truthful. We regard it as a masterpiece.

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banistered front stoop in Spanish Harlem. This is the most imposing and unforgettable emblematic setting in the collection: "Twenty were jammed together on the stoop; tiers of heads made one central head, and the wings rested along the banisters: a raggedy monster of boys studying her approach." These are not simply locales, settings—traditional background—ever. Life does not merely occur in these machines, edifices; life transfigures the forms that enshrine its daily happening, the forms merging with the bodies they enclose, altering and entering into their life stream.

In "Going Places," the title story, Michaels realizes a totally plastic, epidermal style. Every sentence is charged with a tactility of phrasing that suggests oddly that words are somehow being alchemized into skin. It is a style that gives new significance, a new literalness, to the expression, *he put a skin on everything he said*: "His brows showed the puffed ridges of a pug's discolored, brutalized flesh where a billion capillaries had been mashed and

meat-hammered to the consistency of stone. Ugly, but not meaningless . . . memento moris twisted into living flesh reflected in his rear-view mirror." In this description of cabdriver Beckman's face following his beating, physical violence of a kind that leaves the victim with permanent scars ("memento moris") is viewed as a necessary initiation rite, a first step in the painful never-ending quest for "absolute physical being." Beckman's tragedy unfolds as we slowly realize that his blessing is a curse in disguise. The self-discovery resulting from his being beaten nearly to death enables him to change his life radically for the better, from cabdriver to painter, but it leaves him with an irresistible urge to return to total physical risk—courting suicide—and perhaps to crucify himself into the truth.

In two of the stories, "Crossbones" and "Intimations," Michaels is perhaps inventing a new genre, which may stand in the same relation to the conventional story as does the story, say, to the novella. The short-short form appropriates the compression and density of lyric poetry and brings them into fiction. Only a couple of pages in length, these stories need to be reread many times, and gradually, they leave the reader feeling the sense of totally apprehending complex human alliances—or misalliances—ordinarily possible only in the longer forms. One gets a marvelous grasp of the total life-network of the characters in Michaels' short-shorts, as though the essence of a whole novel has been successfully encapsulated in a couple of pages. Michaels' most impressive device in these stories is the elaboration of a long sinuous "crocodilian" sentence which manipulates syntax to catapult words across gulfs of experience; not unusually, seven or eight transitions—in thought or action—are scaled within a single synchromeshed sentence, a sentence that can shift instantly from high gear to low without friction.

The weaker stories in this volume are the wacky sexual fantasies. In some of them Michaels resorts overmuch to clever stunts. The characters display gimmicky dialogue and quirky personality trappings—nervous tics, limps, mutilations, all manner of Freudian and Reichian hang-ups—but the varieties of gaminess



don't conceal the hollow characterization or the frayed seams in a story's overextended structure. These erotic stories are often wildly funny, but the humor is pitched to a scale of laughter that approximates—in its zany crudeness—the cartoons and jokes one finds in *Playboy*.

In the better stories of this type, "City Boy" and "Fingers and Toes," Michaels succeeds in burlesquing the stock responses of slick pornography and achieves erotic satire of unmistakable originality. His surrealist scenes are always gorgeously physical. People who are essentially crippled and ineffectual in their daily lives are enabled to blossom into absurdly fulfilled beings in their (or the author's) fleshly fantasies.

Michaels' language is a created, a freshly discovered, idiom revealing the remarkable plasticity of people who are at once trapped—and fantastically bursting alive—in their bodies. The body is always discovered shockingly anew to be the most grotesquely beautiful and delicate of machines; the body, acted upon by the crowded machinery in close quarters of the overpopulated Manhattan, can re-enact through exquisite sexuality—and thereby translate into personality and spirit—the numbingly complex physical intensities and can transform into a reordering synthesis countless and unrememberable daily physical contortions in autos, elevators, and phone booths. Sexuality in the stories assimilates monstrous mental and physical violations of the partner, but transcends them all in a wisdom of the body which can never be learned in any other way, and which must seem—in the world of these stories—to be worth any price that must be paid.

The Writers

Michael Harrington is the author of *The Accidental Century*. His essay will appear in a somewhat different form as the introduction to *Speak Out!* by Günter Grass, to be published in May by Harcourt, Brace & World.

Laurence Lieberman is the author of *The Achievement of James Dickey*.

William Jay Smith is poetry consultant to The Library of Congress.

Edward Weeks is a senior editor of the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Herbert Kupferberg is writing a book about the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Dan Wakefield is author of *Supernation at Peace and War*.

Phoebe Adams contributes regularly to the *Atlantic*.

The Landscape of Madness

by William Jay Smith

In his first novel, *The Interrogation*, which won its author the Prix Renaudot, J. M. G. Le Clézio admits in a preface to two secret ambitions. "One of them is to write one day," he says, "a novel of such a kind that if the hero dies in the last chapter—or, at a pinch, develops Parkinson's disease—I shall be swamped beneath a flood of scurrilous anonymous letters." The second is to write

Terra Amata

by J. M. G. Le Clézio
translated from the French
by Barbara Bray
(Atheneum, \$5.95)

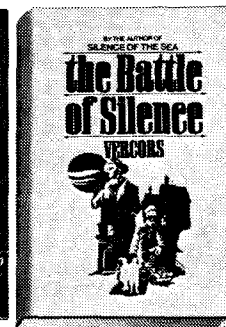
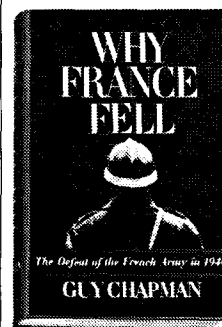
a really effective novel later on, "something in the spirit of Conan Doyle, appealing not to the readers' taste for realism—along the broad lines of psychological analysis and illustration—but to their sentimentality." In *Terra Amata*, which now appears in a fine English translation, he may have realized both ambitions, although perhaps not quite in the way he had anticipated. The hero of this new novel dies, causes unspecified, and is buried in the last chapter; but I doubt that M. Le Clézio will be swamped by anonymous letters of any sort. And while it may not appear so on first reading, *Terra Amata* is, in a sense, very much in the spirit of Conan Doyle: while presented in the guise of psychological analysis and illustration, its basic appeal is sentimental. It is really a little fold-out puzzle, or, as M. Le Clézio himself says of *The Interrogation*, a "kind of game or jigsaw puzzle in the form of a novel."

What we have now is simply a do-it-yourself piece, a happening in which the author does everything possible to make the reader feel not only that what is happening is happening to him but also that he is making it happen, that he is the writer as well as the reader. "Come up on stage," the author seems to say, "let's see what we can make of all this. Your guess is as good as mine." M. Le Clézio's interest is simply in spread-

ing the scrambled jigsaw before us and letting us focus on the pieces. He has a predilection for prologues, and he indulges himself, and his reader, again here. This novel begins: "You've opened the book at this page. You've turned over two or three pages, glancing idly at the title, the name of the author . . ." and ends: "What does it matter that there was one to write and another to read? In the last resort, in the very last resort, they are one and the same, and they've always known it. There is not just one word, one sun, one civilization. There are millions of things everywhere. Isn't the poem there, or there, or in your eye, the eye of the beholder? I didn't really write what you've just read. . . . But I've said enough. Now it's your turn."

And so, if it is not too old-fashioned a question to ask, what is it all about? It is about nothing less than the entire universe, about one person who is born on this insignificant earth, born by chance, that is, and whose name happens to be Chancelade (*de la Chance*, you see), who kills potato bugs, grows up, has a girlfriend who by chance is called "Mina," makes love, peoples the earth ("Another thing you could do was have a son"), tries to communicate (and, of course, tell the whole truth along the way), dies, and is buried. Chancelade, the hero of this miniature saga, is a kind of Lucky Jim, who projects his anguish and frustration into timeless space. And there is—as in every French film—a girl beside him watching and admiring him while he does. Chancelade is Everyman everywhere and at every time. The book is all paradox from beginning to end—the structuralism of Claude Lévi-Strauss linked to the existentialism of Sartre and the absurdity so dear to the authors of the *nouveau roman*. It seems a terribly youthful work, that of a philosophy student in a cold room who has stayed up too late, read too much in too many dusty tomes, and is trying to put it all down—utterly without humor—before turning on the gas. But in

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the paradox, in the shifting of the jigsaw pieces, there is, all the same, a certain poetry.

M. Le Clézio is frequently very good at communicating sensations. In one section entitled "In a region that resembled Hell," he describes in detail the sights, sounds, and smells of driving along the Côte d'Azur in a traffic jam, and he does give his reader the definite sensation of being in hell. "He felt that he was gliding into the landscape of madness, in time with the electric music. Soon he would be one of them, an insect among insects; the crowd would close around him like a mouth and digest him greedily." The novel begins by detailing the landscape, "a stretch of earth and dry rubble, with a few mountains, a few hills, and, on the other side, the great plateau of the sea." And it ends with the landscape still the same under "the inescapable sun": "There is nothing figurative anywhere, because everything is self-sufficient. There is no imagination. Nothing is isolated, and nothing communicates."

For a novel concerned with nothingness, in which there is no communication, a great many pages are devoted to attempts at it. There are Chinese characters sprinkled throughout. One section is composed of invented, incomprehensible words; the hero and heroine communicate for pages at another point in sign language. I was going to try to decipher that, but I looked first at another section in which Chance-lade addresses his mistress by blinking a flashlight in Morse code. The message, printed in code (and, of course, translated from French to English in code), begins: "Dear Mina are you there I want to say what I've never been able to say before. . . ."

When I got that far, I gave up. It may well be that, as Lévi-Strauss maintains, society's myths and beliefs are as fundamental to its form as language. But still one wishes that M. Le Clézio would give greater vent to his poetic self, and realize that language, like life, may be a prison, but it may also be a privilege and a promise.

Some years ago I was lunching at the University Club in New York with Eric Hodgins, then editor of *Fortune*. When we had finished our coffee and were making our way out of the long, handsome room, he paused; "Right on this spot," he said, pointing dramatically down at the stone floor, "a plaque should be inserted reading, 'Here on the evening of December 6, 1941, Admiral Whoo-sis, U.S.N. assured the members of the Club that under no circumstances would Japan dare to attack Pearl Harbor.'" That display of cockeyed overconfidence is exceeded only by the Kremlin directive that war with Germany was not imminent, issued to the Russian Eleventh Army, defending Leningrad, the night before Hitler struck.

Of the two, Stalin's blunder was the more inexcusable. For six months he had been warned repeatedly by his spies (the most reliable of them, Richard Sorge, in Tokyo, had sent final confirmation of the German plans), by his diplomats, and by his military intelligence, naturally alarmed by the German overflights and the multiplying reports of more than 140 Nazi divisions massing

I read *Terra Amata* in Paris at Christmas while the astronauts were circling the moon. The novel seemed representative of Paris at the moment, with all its buildings washed clean and already beginning to get dirty again, Paris obsessed by its man-made beauty and its logical heritage, trying to break free in so many ways into the greater modern world, but still held back, in its attempt, by its sentimental self-concern. I went at the same time to see Jean-Louis Barrault's wonderful spectacle, a re-creation of Rabelais, which is held on the planks of a former wrestling arena. Rabelais, with his grotesque, but always human, characters, his long lists of invented, earthy words, seemed infinitely more modern, yet more in touch with all that is primitive and eternal on this blue, beloved earth than this at times brilliant, but fundamentally pretentious, little puzzle.

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

along the frontier. Sir Stafford Cripps, British Ambassador in Moscow, had warned him—and been denounced as a provocateur. *Why* was Stalin so obtuse, *how* could he and his inner circle have shut their minds to reality? The answers are in one of the most extraordinary books any American has ever written about the

The 900 Days

by Harrison E. Salisbury
(Harper & Row, \$10.00)

A Compass Error

by Sybille Bedford
(Knopf, \$5.95)

A Stronger Climate

by R. Praver Jhabvala
(Norton, \$4.95)

Edward Lear

by Vivien Noakes
(Houghton Mifflin, \$8.95)

A Dog's Life

by Michael Holroyd
(Holt, Rinehart
and Winston, \$4.50)

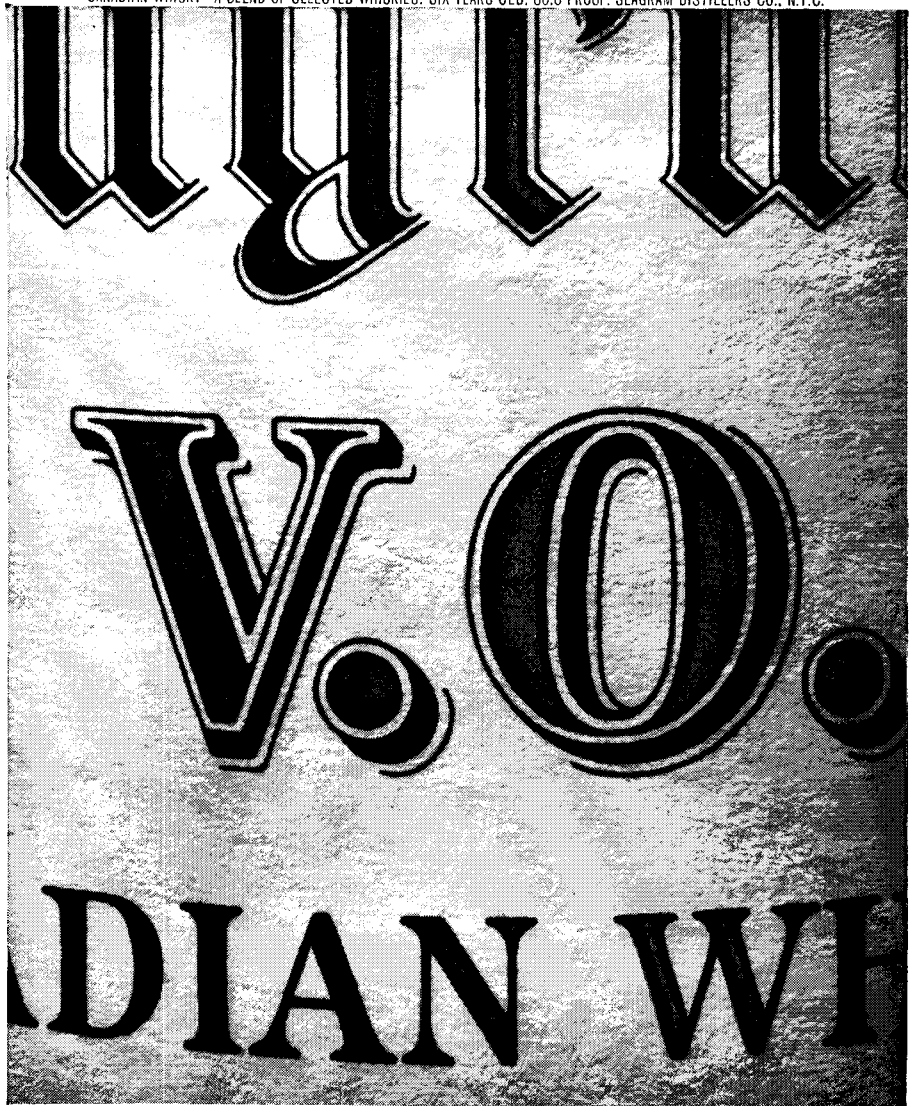
Soviet Union. Harrison Salisbury's *The 900 Days*, the vivid, pitiful, monumental record of the Siege of Leningrad, of the miasma which preceded it, and of how the Russian people recovered what their dictator had so very nearly lost.

In answer to why, Mr. Salisbury takes us back to the terrible purges of 1937-1938 in which the armed services were decapitated. Three of the five Soviet marshals and two of the four fleet commanders were shot; every commander of an army corps was shot, and almost every division commander shot or sent to Siberia; half the regimental commanders had vanished and with them the majority of experienced military commissars. A nation cannot liquidate from a third to a half of its 75,000 top officers and expect leadership from the intimidated captains who remain. Stalin knew the Red Army was in no condition to hold off the Germans in 1941. He would appease Hitler; there would be no war.

How in the face of Intelligence could he live with this myth? Stalin argued that Hitler would not attack until provoked—so hear no evil, see no evil, and be cautious! He compelled Zhdanov, "his heir," Malenkov, Vishinsky, and Dekanozov, the Soviet Ambassador in Berlin, to his way of thinking, and he compelled the press and radio to say that war talk was preposterous—until at dawn of June 22, 1941, the Panzers burst through the frontier. At this point Stalin took to his quarters in traumatic shock.

Leningrad, Kiev, and the great breadbasket of the Ukraine, then Moscow, were the immediate objectives, and the resistance at the outset was totally unorganized. The Panzers cut off or demolished entire divisions, headquarters vanished without a yelp; 1200 Soviet planes were destroyed in the first day, 900 of them on the ground; Forts No. 6 and No. 9, thought to be impenetrable, were captured as easily as the Maginot Line. Faced with chaos, the Kremlin released the best of the old commanders in Siberia, sped them to the front, and began to trade space for time in which to rearm. Mr. Salisbury was in Russia during the years of the Khrushchev "thaw" and had the opportunity to interview the veterans and the civilian survivors and to read their published recollections, for they could then speak free-

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ly and critically of the military disaster. "Revisionist" is a dirty word in the Soviet Union, but Soviet historians have no scruple in revising Russian history to suit the political climate. The more damaging exposés published during the de-Stalinization are now expunged from the record. Thus it is safe to say that *The 900 Days* will stand as the indispensable, irrefutable chronicle that it is.

Leningrad is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, the San Francisco of Russia, and its inhabitants have a pride and sophistication which have long been the envy of the Muscovites. They were to need every ounce of their tenacious loyalty in the long night. There were two and a half million civilians, including four hundred thousand children, in the city when the siege began, and approximately half a million in the military forces defending. The air defenses could not hold off the Nazi

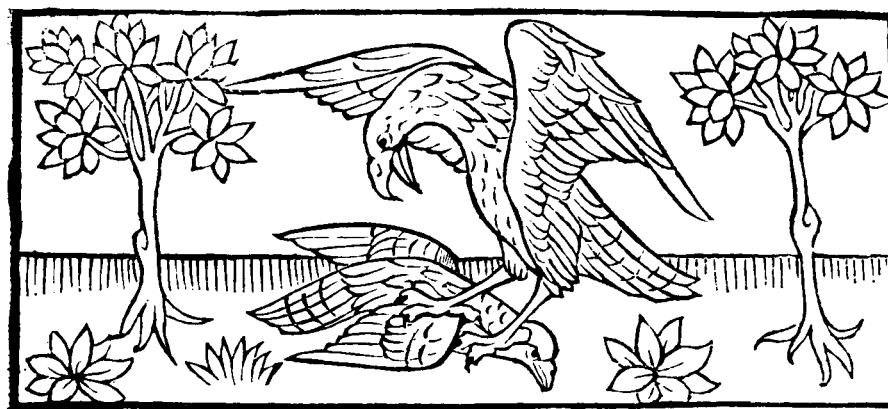
ever died in a modern city—anywhere—anytime: more than ten times the number who died in Hiroshima." (Can one wonder that the Russians squirm at the thought of a Germany rearmed?) *The 900 Days* is not a book for diversion, it is a book to remember. Leningrad is the crippled heroine of this tragedy; she is still beautiful but never again will be one of the two capitals of Russia.

A Compass Error by Sybille Bedford is a story of sophistication and innocence, the revelation of Flavia, a slender desirable girl of seventeen, told half in dialogue and half in soliloquy. Flavia's grandfather was an Italian prince who married an American heiress, and her father a wine-loving Member of Parliament. The story begins in the summer of 1930 when she has been temporarily abandoned in St-Jean in Provence by her mother, who has disappeared

to her in a masterful way with the casual explanation, "Oh well, you know, it doesn't really matter very much which of one's friends one goes to bed with." In the relaxation of this lesbian affair, Flavia begins to tell the mixed-up story of her family life.

Flavia, as we know from the prologue, is destined to become a successful writer, and we also know that in retrospect she does not like her younger self. Why she felt repugnance about this golden summer in St-Jean, which Miss Bedford has described in such charming detail, and why Flavia turns away from her first sensual baptism to a much more stormy involvement are what this elegantly written story is about.

Miss Bedford's success lies in her portraiture of this half girl, half woman, poised on the threshold of maturity, and in her adroit sketches of the French dwellers in the coastal village; less plausible, it seems to me, are the highly colored adventures of Flavia's elders, the cynical prince, the willful grandmother, and the rampageous Constanza, who should have kept an eye on her half-worldly child.



bombers; the great Badayev warehouses holding the hundreds of tons of flour, meat, and foodstuffs went up in flames, and as the temperature dropped to 30° below, the only relief came over the ice road across Lake Lagoda.

The city endured without heat or light and on a trickle of rations; the chronicle would be too pitiful to read were it not for the resourcefulness of the human spirit. The sleds loaded with frozen corpses creaking by on the ice, the whimper of children, the chewing of leather when there was no bread, the bucket brigade of two thousand teen-agers, each carrying two pails, who in relays hauled water from the River Neva to the only bakery then functioning, the haunting diaries of those two poets, Olga Berggolts and Vera Inber—this was the spirit, the heroism that kept the city vibrant. "More people had died in the Leningrad blockade than had

with a new lover. It is a golden summer for Flavia, begun in solitude and discipline as she prepares for the examinations which will admit her to Oxford, and leading on to her sexual awakening. The girl who knows too much about the spoiled women of the world and too little about men of her own age has sent away the maid who was to have been her chaperone. She lives austere in a half-furnished house, does her writing in a stone tower loaned by her mother's friend, and swims and eats by herself. But her physical being is eager to escape from this immolation, and the person who calls her out is a bronzed Amazon, Theresé, the sun-tanned and commanding wife of a famous Parisian artist who compels Flavia to sup with them, includes her in the family outings—there are young twin boys who comment knowingly on their bohemian parents—and finally makes love

The effort to draw a fair contrast between India and the West often degenerates into familiar accusations, the Indians accusing us of lacking spiritual values and we accusing them of being so impractical that they cannot ward off the ever recurring waves of famine and disease. Katherine Mayo's *Mother India* was a provocative example of Western condescension, just as Rabindranath Tagore's lectures in America were a more subtle affirmation of India's spiritual superiority. The way things are going, we should perhaps look to a mixed marriage, a Westerner married to a Hindu, to lift the curtain on the new order, where the Indians are in the ascendancy and where the British and Europeans are admitted on sufferance. A book with such insight is *A Stronger Climate*, a collection of nine short stories written by R. Prawer Jhabvala, a Polish woman who was educated in England, graduated from London University, and in 1951 married an Indian architect. They and their three daughters are now living in New Delhi, where she does her writing. Her new book is in some respects her best, and the mood is

conveyed by this quotation on the flyleaf, "They come no longer to conquer but to be conquered."

In each of Mrs. Jhabvala's stories the spotlight first falls on the Europeans—young English girls who have come to India in search of love and a job, a writer in quest of source material, an eligible bachelor serving temporarily on a High Commission: they are pawns of one dimension, and once we have their measure, the focus shifts to the Indian emerging from the background—the lover, wife, or mistress, and the differences between them, the attraction and repulsion, are a fascinating contest of tradition and will.

Most of the Indians in these stories are educated, well-to-do, and self-centered: the beautiful Ruchira and the delicate cruelty with which she teases her suitor from London; the sulky, stately Anita, who had been more than a niece to one of India's former leaders; Har Gopal, the sensitive, harried clerk in "Passion"; in each case it is the Indian who is the materialist and the visitor from England who puts the embarrassing question. This change in perspective is best illustrated in "A Young Man of Good Family," the story in which Georgia, the impulsive man-eater from London, is trying so hard to build a fire under her Indian lover, Ranjit. She wants him to marry her (which he has no intention of doing) and to be less of a playboy and more of a man. She goes about it this way:

"Georgia often returned to the subject of what were they doing for India. She had a lot of feeling for the country and wanted every young Indian to devote himself heart and soul to its uplift. She told Ranjit all the things he ought to be doing—building dams, teaching peasants to read and write, defending the frontier—all the things *she* would be doing if only she had had the good fortune to be born an Indian. In England nowadays, she said, one felt so frustrated—there wasn't anything to do, only things to protest against. But here! a whole country to be built up! a whole nation to be revitalized! a whole culture to be awakened! 'Ranjit, how lucky you are! What opportunities!' and she dug him in the shoulder-blades as if to rouse him. He shrugged her off impatiently: such talk seemed to him just nonsense. What did she expect of

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him? That he should sink his caste and class, throw away all his advantages—for instance, the expensive education his parents had provided—and take up work he was not fitted for?”

As might be expected, Mrs. Jhabvala is an urbane judge of interracial courtship, and her ironic and amusing probing of Indian society tells us how the onetime emulation of the British has altered; now it is the British who are to be subordinated and held at arm's length. The last three stories are about “The Sufferers,” the Europeans who have stayed on too long and who have discovered that the country they once thought so beautiful and so compliant has become implacably alien.

Edward Lear was one of the most entertaining men in Victoria's England. He was witty and enchanting with children; he could draw; he could paint; his nonsense rhymes were a best seller; and of his lyrics, “The Owl and the Pussycat” is the best remembered. Like many other humorists before him, he was at heart pensive and lonely.

Lear was the twentieth child of an overworked mother, and when he was four, there was so little cash left that he was brusquely shoved out under the wing of his sister Ann, twenty-two years his senior. This maternal rejection, according to Lear's biographer, Miss Vivien Noakes, left a wound which never healed, and so it appears from the letters she quotes in *Edward Lear: The Life of a Wanderer*. He had other handicaps which he confided to his intimates: he was penniless, self-educated, and had weak eyes; and there was one more which he kept to himself: he was an epileptic in constant dread of an attack.

Little wonder that Lear became an eccentric. What is more pleasurable about him is that he was taken up by the peerage, gave drawing lessons to the Queen, traveled through Greece and Turkey with the British Ambassador, visited for a year with the Viceroy of India, was befriended by Alfred Tennyson and Holman Hunt, and sold enough landscapes to live happily for a decade in Rome. These are some of the diverting sides of his life, and Miss Noakes makes the most of them.

This tall, long-nosed, warm-hearted man in spectacles began by

drawing and painting birds, mostly parrots, and his first and happiest friendship was with Lord Derby, by whom he was employed, below stairs, to do sketches of my lord's menagerie. But he got on so splendidly with the grandchildren that he was soon elevated to the family circle. As an artist he was self-taught, and while he could cope with animals, he always had difficulty with the human figure—which is why there are so few of them in his landscapes. It testifies to his lovable qualities that throughout Lear's life his wealthiest patrons remained his greatest friends.

He was a compulsive traveler, particularly happy in Italy, Greece, and India, and riding on the coattails of friends, he went everywhere. We see him most truly in the letters he wrote to two women, his sister Ann and Emily Tennyson, and to two men, Lord Carlingford and Franklin Lushington, and his moods alternate between whimsicality and complaint. There are inadequacies in the text: Shelley was never sent down from Cambridge, as any proofreader should have discovered; the reference to Lear's having contracted syphilis at eighteen is curiously cryptic; and his letters do not distill as much laughter as we expect. It is a pity his diary was destroyed, for the one fragment of it is vivacious and indiscreet. He never could quite bring himself to propose to the woman he loved, and he tried to fight down, not always successfully, the temptation to homosexuality. The best summing up is the poem he wrote in his sixties, beginning:

How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough.

Michael Holroyd is a witty and learned Etonian in his mid-thirties whose reputation was established with his two-volume portrait of Lytton Strachey, which was selected by both the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild in 1968. In his new work entitled *A Dog's Life*, he has gone on a literary binge, writing a *jeu d'esprit* about an unpretentious English family who have grown old and irascible on dwindling capital. For those who relish English humor as I do, this is a book of effortless entertainment.

The story consumes less than twenty-four hours in the life of the

Farquhar family, whose pet, Smith, a spoiled and ancient dog, is about to die. Three generations of Farquhars are cooped up in their house with its complacent name, This'll Do, and what they do for their dog is incidental to what they do to each other. The old people are in the ascendancy here, and while they may suffer from the decrepitudes of age, what they show to others is the pride, the petulance, and the family abuse which speak out among those who are closely housed.

This is a home crammed with the idiosyncrasy of people who half hear what is said, and each one of whom has long been intent on having his own way. In order of importance they are: Eustace Farquhar, the head of the family, a six-footer, now in his eighties, and still determined to take the stairs or walk to the village despite his crippling arthritis. Eustace may have lost his money, but he certainly has retained his will and his power to tyrannize his wife.

Anne, his wife and a grandmother, sounds somewhat loony, owing partly to her deafness and partly to her wonderful capacity for blurting out the indiscreet. Anne lives in fear of the thunderstorms and burglars and in a state of constant feud with her sister-in-law Mathilda and with Miss Tooth, the antiquated trained nurse who came to take care of her child, Henry, fifty years ago, and stayed on.

Mathilda is the self-appointed taskmaster. It is she who visits the hot-water boiler three or four times daily; it is she who rewashes the dishes after the cook has dried them, who peddles on her old bicycle to the village, or goes into a frenzy dusting the living room while those in it would like to nap or read. Mathilda has never married, and now in her seventies her love is centered on Smith, the mutt.

The two younger members of the family, Henry Farquhar, the businessman, and Kenneth, his son who is home on leave from the army, are dependents to be pushed around as the elders decree. I admit that these do not seem very promising ingredients for a good story, but in *A Dog's Life* the combustion and confusion provided by the eccentric Eustace, Anne, and Mathilda—and by the implacable Miss Tooth—are at times hilarious, and repeatedly one has to resist the temptation to read of them aloud.



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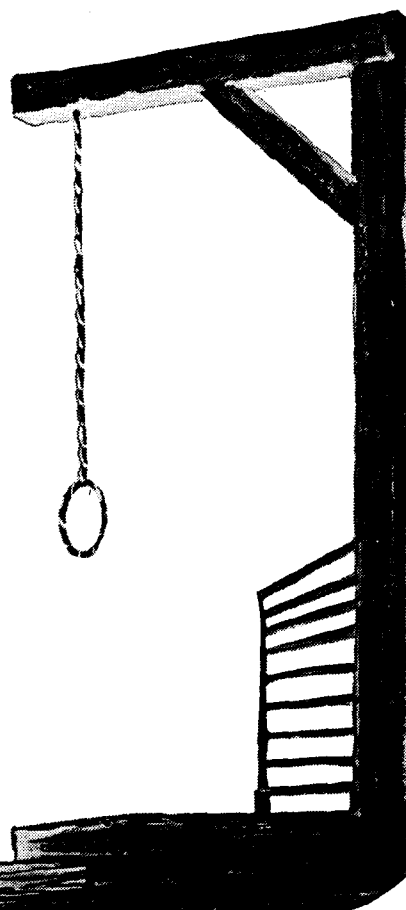
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No Thrills, Lotta Laughs

by Dan Wakefield

People dependent on movie-going for learning about the facts of life thought for a long time that sexual intercourse was performed by shooting off fireworks, inciting stallions to rear up and whinny, watching blazing sunsets to the accompaniment of swelling violins, or simply turning the lights off and moaning. But the current moviegoer knows that's not the way it's done anymore. From watching the films of our new, uninhibited, anything-goes era, the viewer learns that the sex act is performed by a man and a woman taking off their clothing, pressing their bodies together, and rolling their hips around a lot. There is apparently nothing connecting the two bodies, but the camera shows close-ups of the hips swaying and twitching, and that seems to be how it's done.

That at least is the way everyone does it in four recent movies that involve people doing it a lot. The

Les Biches
directed by Claude Chabrol
(vip)

Candy
directed by Christian Marquand
(Cinerama)

Barbarella
directed by Roger Vadim
(Paramount)

Lonesome Cowboys
directed by Andy Warhol
(Sherpix)

movies, though different in style and content, all base their box-office appeal on sex appeal of one kind or other, including a French *ménage à trois* with a little lesbianism (*Les Biches*), a gang of homosexual cowboys who meet up with a prostitute, her male nurse, and a transvestite sheriff (*Lonesome Cowboys*), an American teeny-bopper who innocently lays her way across the country (*Candy*), and a futuristic space chick who makes it with an angel on a sinister planet ruled by a tyrant

dyke with a constituency of sado-masochists (*Barbarella*).

With all that freedom of expression, one would assume that moviegoers could learn all about the hu-



man anatomy, since it is well known that people can now be "shown in the nude" on a neighborhood movie screen. The "nude" shots reveal that men and women are exactly alike except that women have larger breasts. Neither gender has any sexual organs of any kind, nor do they have hair anywhere on their body except the head. (The exception to this rule is contained in one glimpse of a naked man facing the camera in the Warhol "Cowboy" movie. This man has an appendage not seen on anyone else, but even in the Warhol movie it seems to have no relation to any sort of sexual behavior.)

One gathers from these frank movies that sex in America may not be much fun in terms of sensual pleasure or excitement, but at least it is very funny. In France, however, sex is a very grim business, laden with guilt, sin, and leading to madness and murder, at least if one is to judge from *Les Biches*. (The title means "The Does" but is translated in U.S. movie ads as "The Girlfriends," obviously to emphasize the lesbian angle, which turns out not to amount to much.) A dominant middle-aged woman (Stephane Audran) picks up a pretty, meek young girl (Jacqueline Sassard), whom she takes to her house in St. Tropez, where a couple of silly fellows who

are evidently supposed to be homosexuals are already installed, presumably for the mistress' amusement. When the young girl has her first heterosexual love affair, the jealous mistress seduces the handsome architect-lover, and brings him into the house. The architect is not there long when he observes, in the one great line of the movie, "There's something unwholesome about the atmosphere here."

But he needn't have worried.

Even when the architect gets drunk with the two women, the *ménage* never jells. The poor young girl stands mooning outside the bedroom door of the two heterosexual lovers, who are inside making those hip-twisting motions with one another. When the girl pleads for affection and tells the mistress that she loves both her *and* the architect, the mistress tells her such love is "disgusting." The poor frustrated girl gets loony and ends up murdering the mistress, thereby showing that even thinking about such a liaison is sinful, dangerous, and deadly stuff.

In America, sex is apparently taken much more lightly, and leads to numerous hilarious situations, as one learns from watching *Candy*. The seventeen-year-old Swedish international teen queen Ewa Aulin plays an American high school girl who has lovely physical endowments, the ordinary limited mental facilities, and a kind of moral neutrality that allows her to accommodate sexually the many men who are drooling over her. She does it with a sort of resigned benevolence, in the spirit of a Girl Scout doing her good deed for the day; there is no hint of any pleasure involved for her, making the act as selfless as it is . . . sexless.

In the course of the movie *Candy*

moves her hips with Ringo Starr playing a Mexican garden boy, Charles Aznavour as an eccentric hunchback, James Coburn as a hilarious archetype of the arrogant ace surgeon, Walter Matthau as a superpatriot paratroop general, Marlon Brando as an amateur guru, and John Astin (a very funny actor whose face is familiar from his role as a leering uncle in the TV *Adams Family* series) as both her lascivious uncle and her frightened father. Richard Burton is marvelous as a lecherous middle-aged rebel poet who gets too drunk to make it with Candy, a circumstance which, as Burton's unflappable chauffeur (played by Sugar Ray Robinson) wryly observes, "kinda makes you stop and think."

The male actors obviously had a good time wrestling around with the Swedish nymphet, and play their parts with realistic relish as well as great humor. Miss Aulin is gamely battered around a good deal, and performs her charitable deeds in such impromptu locations as a pool table, a flooded men's room, a hospital bed, the top of a grand piano, and the inside of a moving van. These odd situations often lead to laughs but never to eroticism, since Candy herself maintains her position as an unwitting, untraumatized, wholesome young citizen doing favors to those in need without regard for her own personal comfort—or pleasure.

The monotonous and physically wearing burden of this sort of selfless act by American women is solved in the futuristic fantasy *Barbarella*. Though based on a French comic strip, the movie is written and played by Americans, and its sexual attitude is mainly American, spiced by some old-fashioned French De Sade touches. Jane Fonda plays the heroine, an American girl of the galaxy age, who, when she finds herself on a backward planet, runs into the same sort of request for favors as Candy does. She explains to a barbarian male who wants her to lie down for him that enlightened people don't do it that way anymore; they take a pill that produces rap-

port, and press one palm against a palm of their mate. The barbarian doesn't buy that plan, and after doing it the "old-fashioned way," Barbarella admits that the old custom had its points—but she can see why it was criticized for being "distracting." She even uses the "old way" to raise the morale as well as (symbolism!) the wings of a formerly broken-down angel. Miss Fonda is pretty and funny and gets to wear a lot of kinky space costumes, which, along with elaborate props of devices for pleasure, torture, and/or both, have a certain appeal for any healthy, red-blooded fetishist, but it's all so obviously in such wholesome good fun that the kinks are lost in the laughs.

In America, sex is a humorous but not very erotic pastime for homosexuals as well as their straight countrymen, as the moviegoer can see from Andy Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys*. Uneven and rough in the Warhol style, this camp Western is nonetheless an interesting film with some high-comic scenes. Most of the explicit sex turns out to involve a handsome young cowboy seduced away from his fellows by a brazen hussy, and is just the same old hip movement thing we have seen in the other movies cited. But the interplay—the jealousies, rivalries, and jokes, sexual and social, among the gang of cowboys—shifts from the put-on to the weird sort of sudden reality that can come in this sort of improvisational filming when people are reacting to and off one another. Sometimes the camera frames a face for what seems like a sort of TV man-in-the-street monologue about Great Issues, and one cowboy tells how the gang should really settle down and try to build a home—then build a town, and build a city, "and then we'll be ready for World War I."

In this, as in the other American films mentioned, viewers hoping for a dirty movie will probably be disappointed by finding a lot of laughs and hardly any thrills, cheap or otherwise. (The French movie offers neither laughs nor thrills, but a boring kind of faded gloom.) The opportunity to deal relatively freely with sex on the screen is perhaps a more complicated and frightening opportunity than anyone bargained for. One solution is to play it primarily for laughs.

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Ormandy's Orchestra

by Herbert Kupferberg

History sometimes has a way not only of repeating but of reversing itself. In 1943 the Philadelphia Orchestra, having recorded since its earliest days exclusively for RCA Victor, startled the record world by shifting its allegiance to Columbia. Now, twenty-five years later, after building up for Columbia a record library unparalleled in size and variety by any other American orchestra, the Philadelphia has once again flipped its affiliation by returning, with considerable flourish and fanfare, to RCA.

Recording contracts have, of course, long been a major factor in the financial as well as the musical life of most major orchestras. To put the matter in its most crassly commercial terms, record royalties have been bringing the Philadelphia Orchestra a minimum of \$250,000 annually during recent years; in addition, records have helped spread the orchestra's reputation and sound well beyond its home city, thus creating prospective audiences for tour visits. Recordings also mean money to the players; under the current contract each member is guaranteed a minimum of \$2000 a year in recording fees, and some make substantially more.

Philadelphia recordings go back to 1917, when Stokowski led the orchestra across the Delaware River to Camden, New Jersey, to enregister Brahms's Hungarian Dances Nos. 5 and 6; ten years later the orchestra made the first Victor "album" ever issued, a five-record 78 rpm set of Dvorák's *New World Symphony*

which bore the designation "M-1." The orchestra left Victor in 1943 simply because it felt that it had been relegated by the company to the No. 3 position, behind Koussevitzky's Boston Symphony and Toscanini's NBC Symphony, which were grabbing off the choice repertory. Columbia quickly made the Philadelphia, under Eugene Ormandy, its No. 1 orchestra. Ironically for RCA Victor, the Boston dwindled in its appeal to record collectors after the death of Koussevitzky in 1951, and the NBC went out of business altogether with the death of Toscanini a few years later. The result has been that while RCA has retained its leading position in operatic recording, Columbia has dominated the symphonic picture in this country, issuing the recordings of the Cleveland and the New York Philharmonic in addition to the Philadelphia.

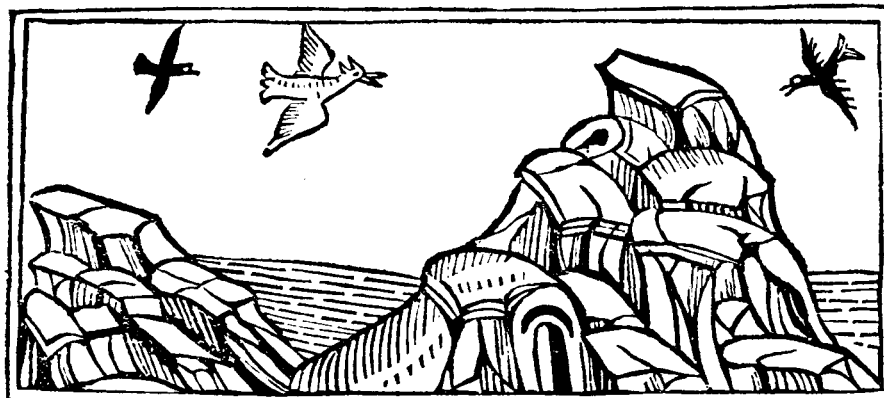
RCA is now out to change all that, with company officials regarding the reacquisition of the Philadelphia as one of their greatest coups in years. It also was one of their most expensive, for under a five-year contract the orchestra will receive a minimum guarantee of \$2 million which at \$400,000 a year probably represents the most lucrative recording arrangement any orchestra has ever had.

Although some Columbia officials publicly took the attitude that the orchestra had recorded just about all there was to record in its twenty-five years with the company, there were others who were quite obvi-

ously chagrined over the loss of the Philadelphia. Perhaps the best indication of Columbia's feelings was the furious pace at which it began to record the orchestra in the weeks before its contract ran out on May 15, 1968. Literally dozens of recordings were completed, all to be put "in the can" for release by Columbia after the affiliation with RCA began. Upon learning that one of the first RCA-Philadelphia new releases was to be a new version by Ormandy of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique Symphony*, Columbia even went to the unusual length of rereleasing, in a new jacket, a recording of the *Pathétique* made by Ormandy and the orchestra back in 1960. If this is confusing to the consumer, that undoubtedly was the intention. In the battle of new releases shaping up between RCA and Columbia, the only sure winner is the orchestra, which for months and possibly years ahead is assured of a double stream of royalty payments.

Nevertheless, officials of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association insist that their motivation in making the change was artistic no less than economic. C. Winton Balis, Jr., an insurance executive who was president of the board of directors when the move was made (he has since become board chairman, being succeeded as president by Wanamaker's executive Richard C. Bond), says that the board wasn't altogether happy over some of the repertory selected by Columbia for recording. Two of the orchestra's biggest sellers (both made with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir of Salt Lake City) were entitled *The Lord's Prayer* and *The Glorious Sound of Christmas*. Both racked up more than a million dollars in sales, and thus received the highest accolade the Record Industry Association of America sees fit to bestow, a gold-plated "Grammy." Naturally, both records also contributed appreciably to the orchestra's royalties. But Balis says he wasn't really impressed. "RCA," he told me, "simply offered us the opportunity to produce a more distinguished catalogue, rather than putting out what we call junk. We didn't create a distinguished orchestra in Philadelphia to produce *Träumerei*."

It should not be inferred from this, however, that the Philadelphia is about to give up making records





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of lighter music. RCA plans to issue a new line by the same musicians playing under the name of the Philadelphia Pops Orchestra, with conductors such as Henry Mancini, the Hollywood movie maestro.

In the meantime, RCA has released its first six Philadelphia Orchestra recordings, 1969 vintage. They illustrate the range and quality



of the orchestra, but also the problem of repertory which RCA officials are going to confront in the five years to come. In addition to the aforementioned *Pathétique* Symphony (LSC-3058), they include Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 2 in F Minor and *Grand Fantasy on Polish Airs* with Artur Schnabel as soloist (LSC-3055); the Grieg A Minor and Liszt E-flat piano concertos with Van Cliburn (LSC-3065); Bruckner's Symphony No. 7 in E in its original version (LSC-3059); Charles Ives's Symphony No. 3 and William Schuman's *New England Triptych* (LSC-3060); and four concertos by Teleman featuring such first-chair players as Norman Carol, violin, Samuel Mayes, cello, John de Lancie, oboe, and Mason Jones, horn, in solo roles (LSC-3057). Purchasers of these albums also receive a bonus record containing an interview with Ormandy and excerpts from some of the ancient Philadelphia-Victor recordings with such soloists as Flagstad, Feuermann, and Kreisler.

As the list makes obvious, one of the benefits of the shift to RCA is that the Philadelphia Orchestra can now record with soloists previously denied to it, such as Rubinstein and Cliburn, both of whom are exclusive RCA artists. In fact, there's nothing RCA would like better than to get the orchestra together with Jascha Heifetz for some violin concertos, although considering how little Heifetz likes to travel these days,

it may be simpler, if not cheaper, to transport the orchestra to California, his present base, than to bring him east to Philadelphia.

However, Ormandy did not move over to RCA to provide orchestral backgrounds for Heifetz, Rubinstein, or anybody else. Although he is a prince of accompanists and an obliging colleague, he is second to no one in his familiarity with and versatility in the entire orchestral repertory. In recent months, Ormandy has shown far more adventurousness and inquisitiveness in his programming than has been observable in Philadelphia in many years. The orchestra's current season, both at the Academy of Music and Philharmonic Hall, has been dotted with such names as Ginastera, Henze, Penderecki, and Takemitsu. The Philadelphians have a good deal of catching up to do on recent developments in music, but at least they are on the move, and for next year Penderecki has given them the premiere of his new *Slavic Mass*, a major work. Ormandy has every intention of leaving his own stamp upon the Philadelphia-RCA catalogue, but it remains a fact that most of the standard orchestra repertory pieces he has already recorded for Columbia. It should be interesting to see what repertory he and RCA will manage to come up with in the months ahead.

Already one major change has been made in the orchestra's recording procedures, for except for the Van Cliburn concertos which were recorded last summer at Saratoga Springs, New York, during the festival there, all the RCA sessions were held in the Academy of Music, the hundred-and-eleven-year-old hall where the Philadelphians have always given their concerts. Although the Academy's acoustics were usually regarded as a model of excellence, Columbia's engineers had complained of a dryness of sound for recording purposes. Accordingly, since 1956 Columbia made most of its Philadelphia recordings in a kind of union and social hall called Town Hall on North Broad Street. What there is about old union halls that appeals to recording engineers is a subject for some future doctoral dissertation; in New York City two similar locales, Manhattan Center and Webster Hall, serve a similar purpose.

In any case, RCA officials, while acknowledging that a recording problem existed at the Academy, said that a way had been found to overcome it through development of a device to enhance the reverberation qualities of the hall. Ormandy himself, hearing the results, is alleged to have said: "Town Hall was a great hi-fi studio, but this sounds like a concert hall."

Future releases will provide plenty of opportunity to compare the sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra in both locales. The initial RCA releases do seem somewhat less lush in sound than the older Columbia's, and the recording level selected by the engineers also appears just a bit lower. But these may turn out to be virtues rather than detriments; the last thing the opulent Philadelphia strings needed was to have their lushness highlighted in recordings. In the new RCA releases, the Philadelphia emerges as a beautifully balanced orchestra, with its choirs shining forth individually, yet blending into a homogeneous whole. It is a sound that is clean and clear and with a recognizably Philadelphia sonority. RCA executives are certain to be watching anxiously over that sound as future recording sessions roll round.

Short Reviews: Records

by Herbert Kupferberg

Elgar: Symphony No. 2 in E-flat; Symphonic Study, "Falstaff" (Barbirolli, Hallé Orchestra; Seraphim SIB-6033: two records). Its rich and spacious slow movement alone makes Elgar's long symphony worth hearing. Barbirolli pours on the sound.

Franck: Symphony in D Minor (Maazel, Berlin Radio Symphony; Heliodor HS-25092). Lorin Maazel's old records are better than his new, as this reissue attests. Franck's old war-horse seems positively glossy.

Golden Age of Wind Music (Hanover and Detmold Universities of Music; Vanguard-Cardinal VCS-10046). A superior baroque collection, with short, sonorous pieces expertly played and with excellent sound. The obscure composers include Melchior Franck, Valentin Haussmann, Girolamo Fantini, and others.

Haydn: Heiligmesse (George Guest conducting the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and choir of St. John's College, Cambridge; Argo ZRD-542). Records are practically the only place one can hear Haydn's intense and stirring Masses, and this is among the best recorded of all.

Barry Morell in Famous Tenor Arias (Westminster WST-17148). Morell's tenor is serviceable, if hardly rapturous. At least the repertory is largely unhackneyed, with arias from Verdi's *Macbeth*, *Simon Boccanegra*, and *Masked Ball*.

Rameau: Le Temple de la Gloire; Grétry: Suite of Ballet Music (Raymond Leppard conducting English Chamber Orchestra; L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL-297). Two lively eighteenth-century French suites, particularly the Grétry, which is filled with delightful touches. Louis XVI heard some diverting music before he lost his head.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (translated by Edward Fitzgerald and by Robert Graves; Spoken Arts SA-965). Both the classic Fitzgerald and the recent Graves versions are given complete on this fascinating record, to the detriment, alas, of the latter. Robert Speaight and Maxine Audley read the familiar verses of the Tent-maker beautifully. Graves reads his own translation: perhaps it is more literal, but it also seems leaden.

Secular Music circa 1300 (Early Music Quartet with vocal soloists; Telefunken SAWT-9504). The main piece here is *Robin et Marion*, a charming medieval version of the Don Giovanni-Zerlina-Masetto story.

Sibelius: The Seven Symphonies (Bernstein, New York Philharmonic; Columbia M5S-784: five records). A powerful orchestral bundle; the best all-Sibelius package around.

Szymanowski: Violin Concerto No. 1; Wieniawski: Violin Concerto No. 2 (Wanda Wilkomirska, violinist, with Warsaw Philharmonic; Heliodor HS-25087). The fiddling is only about average, but these two Polish concertos offer a welcome change from standard violinistic fare.

Nancy Tatum in a Recital of American Songs (Geoffrey Parsons, pianist; London OS-26053).

Some nice songs here, ranging from Edward MacDowell to Virgil Thomson, but Miss Tatum overpowers most of them with her big operatic soprano.

Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture (Igor Buketoff conducting New Philharmonia Orchestra, New Cathedral Choirs, Guns of the King's Troop, Russian Church Bells; RCA LSC-3051). The best idea in this super-duper sonic special is the use of a choir to sing the hymns and chants Tchaikovsky set instrumentally. The voices contribute depth and feeling, but the conducting lacks thrust and excitement. Still, better than most.

Twentieth Century Flute Trios (Albert Tipton, flute, Mario DiFiore, cello, Mary Norris, piano; Westminster WST-17147). The trios by Bohuslav Martinu and Jean-Michel Damase are light and bouncy; that by Ned Rorem more serious. All are neatly played, and offer a welcome change of pace.

Vivaldi: L'Estro armonico, Opus 3, Concertos Nos. 1 to 4 (Festival Strings Lucerne, DGG-Archive 198449). Vivaldi at his most healthy and invigorating; excellent sound.

Zorba (Original Broadway Cast; Capitol SO-118). Without any particularly striking songs, *Zorba* manages to offer an engaging and at times atmospheric score. It may be only pseudo-Greek, but at least it's not brassy Broadway. Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova in good form.

Short Reviews: Books

by Phoebe Adams

Voyage to Atlantis by James W. Mavor, Jr. Putnam, \$6.95. Dr. Mavor, an oceanographer from Woods Hole, joined a long line of the platonically overstimulated when he took up the notion that Atlantis was really the island of Thera, partially destroyed by volcanic eruption around 1500 B.C. Dr. Mavor proposed to collect oceanographic equipment and check the sea bottom for lava strata, sunken ruins, and the like. Unfortunately, his project had to be catalogued as archaeology, which put the oceanographer beyond his depth. He ran into bewildering landlubbers: the resi-

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dents of Thera, out of patience with foreign amateurs picking up relics and yelling for the closing of the pumice mines which are the island's chief industry; the Greek archaeology service, quite properly determined to have the affair correctly managed; Dr. Spyridon Marinatos, who had been appointed head of that service in the wake of the colonels' coup and who arrived trailing clouds of political complications. The short excavation established that Thera had indeed supported a sophisticated Minoan population, but much more work is needed on the site to establish its exact relation to Crete. Hoping to arouse financial support for further study, preferably marine, at Thera, Dr. Mavor rushed home and told the press all about it. He had the permission of Dr. Marinatos, who had already reported, in Athens, the spectacular finds on Thera, arousing no great excitement because spectacular finds are normal in Greece. But Dr. Mavor talked about Atlantis, and the island worked its evil magic on the reporters. Dr. Mavor (and, to her dismay, Emily Vermeule of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, who had been working for Marinatos at Thera) got international credit for rediscovering Atlantis. The Greeks were disgusted, and the business ended in ill temper, misunderstanding, and the revocation of certain permits to dig. Considering that the enterprise was a fiasco from Dr. Mavor's point of view, his book reveals little rancor.

Secondary Worlds by W. H. Auden. Random House, \$4.95. Mr. Auden's secondary worlds are those controlled by the artist's imagination, and the examples he considers range from Icelandic saga, in which all effects are achieved by description of what appears to be common reality, to opera, in which reality is abandoned with the first note. These essays are packed with exciting ideas and quotable lines. They have been abominably proofread.

Three Cheers for the Paraclete by Thomas Keneally. Viking, \$4.95. A very topical novel about a discontented young Catholic priest whose liberal notions are constantly put down by his stuffy seniors, cleverly drawn as both small-minded nuisances and honest, even likable men. What is never quite convincing is

the hero's dedication to a profession he finds so uncongenial.

My Father and Myself by J. R. Ackerley. Coward-McCann, \$5.00. The first half of the late Mr. Ackerley's partial autobiography concerns his father's unorthodox domestic arrangements and is mordantly amusing. The second half, on Ackerley's numerous physical and psychological disabilities, becomes what old ladies used to call "an organ recital." Homosexuality or housemaid's knee, these things grow wearisome.

Private Parts in Public Places by Robin Cook. Atheneum, \$4.95. This novel is intended to prove that British society is going to pot at all levels, and does it with a cast of freaks. Every character, from the moldering nobleman to the senile gardener, is degenerate, deformed, criminal, or just plain nuts. The style is violent, eccentric, and savagely comic, but is not consistent, because the author intrudes moral asides. A pity.

The Man Who Plays Alone by Danilo Dolci. Pantheon, \$7.95. A brave and stubborn man, Mr. Dolci keeps on hammering at the Mafia. His information is fascinating and frightening, and reveals that the organization thrives on the Sicilian's combination of isolation and pessimism.

Slaughterhouse Five or The Children's Crusade by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Delacorte, \$5.95. In this novel, Mr. Vonnegut professes a distaste for war, but he is so superciliously clever in his methods that one suspects it is merely a distaste for people.

Reflections Upon a Sinking Ship by Gore Vidal. Little, Brown, \$5.95. Six years of essays, mostly book reviews, which read well despite lapsed time because Mr. Vidal is a wit who quarrels suavely with all authority.

Will Soule, Indian Photographer at Fort Sill, Oklahoma 1869-74 by Russell E. Belous and Robert A. Weinstein. Ward Ritchie Press, \$12.50. The title tells all, except that text and pictures are unique local history, well presented and worth preserving.

Black and White by Brigid Brophy. Stein and Day, \$4.95. This portrait of Aubrey Beardsley appeared in the *Atlantic* in a somewhat different form.

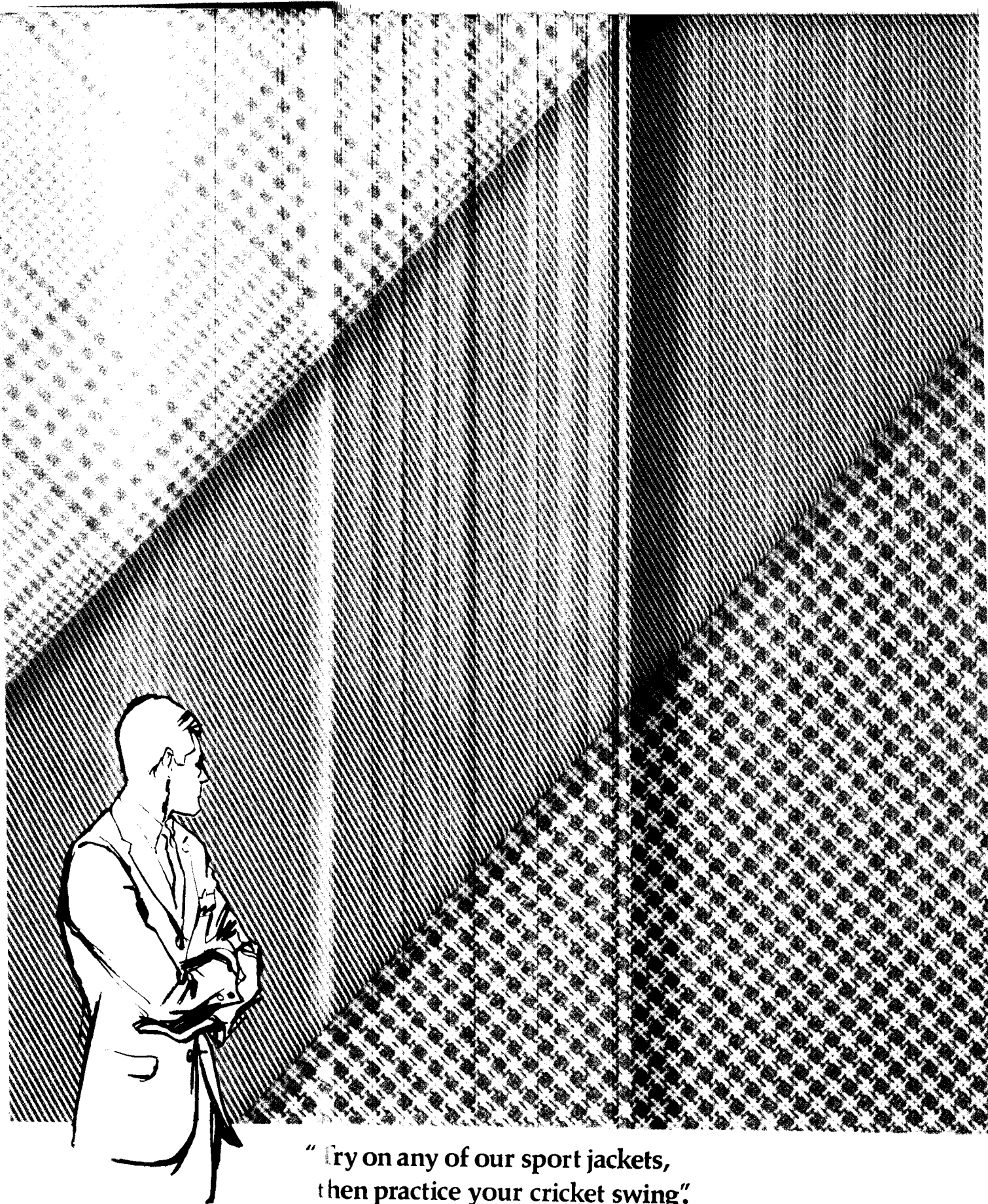
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